

We're Probably Crazy

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Relationships:	Dream SMP Ensemble & TommyInnit , Sam Awesamdude & TommyInnit , TommyInnit & Kristin Rosales Watson , Jack Manifold & TommyInnit , TommyInnit & TommyInnit's Mother (Video Blogging RPF) , Beau Beautie_ & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Billzo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
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by [smileforSmilez](#)

Summary

The world was shit anyways. With Wilbur back from the dead, tensions were high again between almost everyone and none of it would be better once Dream gets out of prison. It's not a definite thing to happen but a feeling in his gut screamed at him to leave before anything else happens. Let them have their stupid conflicts and fucked up wars. He's had enough of it all.

Or Runaway Tommy fic post revival because Wilbur sucks and there's no way Tommy's raising kids in a toxic, war-prone environment. Also, he works as the Gods' personal janitor, cleaning up unholy messes they call monsters.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Dear Fellow Traveller |

They were well aware of the situation at hand. Despite being simply an installment on some scruffy teen's communicator, Benson knew very well what he had to do. What he was made to do. The blonde teen glances around at the young children huddled on the bed of the captain's quarters. He's not entirely sure why it'd been him of all people to do this but he knew it had to be done. They were young, so small and innocent. They didn't deserve to go through what he'd been through.

The world was shit anyways. With Wilbur back from the dead, tensions were high again between almost everyone and none of it would be better once Dream gets out of prison. It's not a definite thing to happen but a feeling in his gut screamed at him to leave before anything else happens. Let them have their stupid conflicts and fucked up wars. He's had enough of it all.

So begins, Benson thinks, the observation log entries of Tommy Innit's journey across seas, his escape from the server and the trials of raising practically seven kids under his belt.

Golden fingers brushed against the stone, feeling its density as the young totem hums his tune. Raising his pickaxe, he adjusts the angle just right to harvest the ore. The pick comes down, glistening with enchantments as he mined away. Gold was a favourite, always has been and will remain so. The gold ores stacked in his inventory, including a few bits of lapis, iron and diamond. The rhythm of the work rivetting through his body as he starts to sing.

*And it's go boys, go
They'll time your every breath
And everyday you're in this place,
You're two days nearer death,
But you go...*

Silently, shaded by the cave's darkness, red eyes start to stalk over to the busy miner. Wordless movement across the ceiling as eight limbs supported the weight. Red eyes loomed over the miner and leaned over until he was just inches away but the miner paid it no mind, already knowing who was behind him. A mischievous grin evident as he takes a deep breath.

" Hey, Shroud!" He greets loudly with a sudden turn to face the other teen. The spider hybrid yelped as he jumps and falls from where he hung on the ceiling. No, he most definitely did not scream from one of Jr's infamous jumpscare. Crashing down with a groan and a curse, as the totem grins knowingly. A set of footsteps were headed towards them, hurried and weighted.

" I heard screaming. What happened?" A head of pink hair peaked into the space with an odd harpoon spear in one hand and a lantern in the other. Upon seeing the scene, a scowling spider dusting himself off with his two arms and extra spider limbs on his back, and a

grinning totem with glittering emerald eyes who was snickering, she could already guess what happened.

" Michelle, Jr's bein' a bitch!" The spider complained.

" You're the one who tried to jumpscare me first." Jr said factually. " Which failed miserably." He says with a smirk as he stretched his arms up.

" Fuck off." Shroud hissed.

" Are you two done? I think I've got enough diamonds to head back." The piglin asked with a raised brow.

" I'm good!" Jr says cheerfully.

" Yeah, sure." Shroud agreed. " The mineshaft didn't have any discs anyway." The younger teen muttered.

" Well, maybe next time." Michelle told him, sparing him a quick pat on the head. The spider fixed his hair with a slight blush and grumbled. " Let's head back, I'm sure Uncle Mimi and Michael are already back from the Nether."

Which they were absolutely not. Michael fumbled with pickaxe in his hand, standing right behind his uncle as the man negotiated with the piglin on their trade. The other piglins had regarded him with a well-mannered chuff, which he returned in kind. The first time he and Michelle went back into the Nether with his uncle, the local piglins had been surprised to find them living in the Overworld, with a human no less. Though they've made it very clear that the man was family and now they have this sort of passive relationship with the bastion here.

Speaking of his uncle, hybrid habits had the young piglin and several other piglins drawn to his golden blonde hair. The white streak nestled between them was like a silver line. He remembers how the man had tried to dye it a few times with various colours, his favourite had been blue. It was good that it was golden, it meant that he was okay. For a human, he was fairly tall too. If Michael could take a guess, he's maybe about 6ft 5 now.

" Pleasure doing business with you, Meleager." The piglin said, giving the man a slight nod. The name he'd given them had been a sort of reference of sorts. One of the kids suggested Theseus, like the Greeks, but his uncle had been quick to shut it down. Eventually settling simply for the name Meleager.

'Meleager' waved them off as he gestures for Michael to follow. " Let's go home before they burn down the tower, Big M."

" Like they haven't?" Micheal snorted.

" For the sake of you, Micheal. I hope not." The young piglin immediately grinned apologetically. His uncle loves his tower with a passion. That being said, with the number of times the kids have caused certain heights of damage inflicted on his precious tower over the years, one could imagine the kind of painstaking process he'd go through to restore the place

and its complicated redstone circuitry. Stepping through the portal, Michael relished in the brief feeling of magic enveloping him. The sensation of its slight tingle, the low hum, he finds all of it oddly comforting. Teleportation magic reminded him of nightly walks, snuggled up in long, gentle hands and hearing the soft vibrations of melodic hums.

The golden haired man spared him a quick glance as they stepped out of the portal and briefly ruffled his hair. The young teen looked up in confusion as the man smiled at him, small and gentle like a bit of sunlight shining through a single hole in a deep cave. It's small and a little fleeting, but hopeful.

The trek home had gone as usual as they descended down the hill they've climbed up, the portal safely hidden within. Micheal talked about his latest project ideas with his uncle, having been tinkering with redstone since forever. He and Yogurt were rather good with the stuff, but each were masters of their own way and making. Yogurt liked working on smaller devices, tinkering with much finer details of their work while Michael himself had been more interested in projects related to energy and its uses. Together, they've successfully designed a hydroelectric dam at the nearest river with the help of their family to supply electricity to their tower. Currently, Micheal's been looking to harvest lighting and apparently, Foolish Jr was eager to help.

The totem had been Micheal's lab partner much longer than Yogurt had been. The majority of their Projects had been...a little hazardous to say the least. His uncle had been careful to monitor them so that they don't blow up the roof like the previous fifty consecutive times over the few years, resulting in having to completely rebuild and rewire the circuitry with Benson's specifications.

" Welcome back, Tommy Innit and Micheal Underscore-Beloved!" Said AI greeted them from the screen of their communicators as they stepped into the range of the AI's signal. The animated image of a blob cartoon duck, hopping about in one place, always brought a smile to their faces. " Michelle, Shroud (Charlemagne) Innit and Foolish Jr have already returned from their mining." He informed them.

" How's everyone?" Tommy asked immediately as they continued to walk down the gravel path, passing by the gate and fences that marked their property. If the piglin knew any better, he'd think that Benson was smiling.

" Rosie is helping Michelle collect gear for a hunting trip, not far from the designated grounds, of course. Finley is sparring with his brother, Foolish Jr." The AI reports as Tommy sighs, feeling something's coming up. " Shroud and Yogurt have-"

" Please don't tell me they went-"

" Treasure hunting." Benson finished.

" Dumpster diving." Michael corrected, allowing Tommy to cast him a look. " What? They called my seaside scavenging the same thing." The man sighed, muttering something about raising racoons.

Novice Tower, consisting of smooth stone, stone bricks, cobblestone and practically anything stone in general, was an enormous, 100 blocks high (excluding the roof) tower, with about sixteen floors. Tommy removes his armour, keeping it in his inventory as he grabs a God apple from the nearest enderchest and starts munching it down heartily with a pleased look in his eyes. They were always his favorite, no matter where he's been. He tosses Micheal one of them, both of them enjoying the snack momentarily near the main door as they indulged in the temporary silence. Mechanical steps made their way to the pair, dressed in a pink frilly apron was the Sam Nook himself.

" HELLO AGAIN, TOMMY INNIT..." The garbled speech noises of the AI greeted him. " WAS YOUR RECENT ADVENTURE SUCCESSFUL?..."

" It's just a quick trip for a few blaze rods, Nook." Tommy chuckled. " I'll tell when we go on an actual adventure, yeah? I'll go make lunch and uh, Micheal." The piglin was already on his communicator.

" Hey guys, Mimi's making lunch. Get your asses at the table in...I'd say half an hour." He says aloud, fingers typing away before sending the message. " Done."

" Thanks, Big M."

" No probles." Michael shrugged.

True to his word, within thirty minutes the table was set thanks to Sam Nook and the food served as the inhabitants of the tower came rushing down the elevator in what looked like a race to see who could get to the table first. Michelle was in the lead, using broad arms to block Foolish Jr and Rosie from getting out of the elevator but couldn't stop Finley from squeezing out. The front door slams open and the poor kid was tackled by a flash of white with a war cry.

" Hah!" Shroud cried out in triumph as he dashed towards his seat, dumping a back of trash he collected to the side and just about makes it until Micheal grabs him. " Get off!"

" For Finney!" The piglin shouted, followed by a whoop from Jr as Rosie tries to pry Michelle's arm from the door. Tommy looks over the scene and shakes his head as he places down the last plate for himself before sitting down.

" Oi, quit your rough housing and eat. No broken bones before a meal."

" Yes, Uncle Tommy."

" Yes, Dad." Shroud dusts himself off and helps Micheal up from the floor. Yogurt doing the same for Finley while Michelle finally puts down the other two. They each scrambled to their seats with quiet chatter and playful shoves. " Frog legs!" The spider cheered as he pulls his chair up. Yogurt had an entire roasted chicken to themselves, the two totem siblings enjoying a meal of golden carrots and potatoes with a side of peas, the two piglins had their own distinct meals as well. Both had gapples and goldeb carrots like the twins but what differed had been the steak and fish fillet for Micheal and Michelle accordingly.

" Still not eating much, Mike?" Michelle asked with a quirked brow at the smaller than usual piece of steak the other piglin had on his plate.

" Hmm? Oh, yeah. I had a gapple earlier so I'm good." He shrugged.

" A gapple?" She asked pointedly.

" Well, maybe a few. It helps keep me up, alright?" He says, quietly taking a sip from his drink.

" Michael,"

" Here she goes." Shroud whistles as he leans into his chair to further enjoy the show.

" Gapples aren't staple food. They just give you crazy ass sugar highs that I know you're addicted to." She says sternly, Tommy grins at her fondly. Supposedly, being the eldest of the kids made her the most motherly. " Might as well do drugs." Jr snorts at that.

" I'm fine, ask Mimi." The man in question pretends not to hear, the other kids snickering as Michelle continues to chew him out for it.

" Why don't you just drink coffee like a normal person?" Yogurt suggested.

" Ew, no. They're bitter as fuck."

" Micheal Underscore-Beloved." Finley says with a gasp. " No cussing in front of food."

" Do drugs then. I know some sweet stuff." Shroud suggested with a mischievous grin.

" Shroud. No." Tommy said. " You're on dish duty today."

" What?" The spider whined. " I did the dishes last time, it's Yogurt's turn."

" Is not!" The fox exclaimed.

" Fine. Rock, paper, scissors. The loser does the dishes." Tommy proposed and the kids reluctantly agreed, resulting in Shroud standing over the sink with a sponge and dirty dishes on one side.

" Excuse me," Yogurt sang, placing the plate gingerly onto the pile with a smug grin. " Thanks, Shroud!" A silent hiss directed towards the younger teen and they replied with sticking out their tongue. Both yelped as a pink haired sheep cleared her throat. They made way for her as she carefully places her plate onto the pile.

' Thank you.' She signed to the spider before leaving once again.

Tommy smiled as Finley and Jr helped clear the table, walking over to the sink with his own plate as his prosthetic foot tapped against the floorboards as softly as he could manage. Michael eyed his foot, his mind probably thinking up of ways on how to further improve it. He chuckles to himself at the memory of the teen proposing that they add extra features to the

prosthetic which he knew were either excessive or troublesome. No offense, he appreciates the effort and ideas both him and Yogurt put into it but he'd prefer not to walk around with what would practically be an entire arsenal in one leg. That's heavy and wouldn't be very helpful with his jobs.

Dear Fellow Traveler II

Chapter Summary

Let's go back a bit to see how this really went down.

If you were to ask Tommy if he'd ever been afraid before, he would've told you he wasn't afraid of anything before promptly flipping both fingers at you. That would've been his answer before he joined the SMP. When mobs weren't that scary and death was never truly a thought in mind. If you asked him again after his exile, he wouldn't say a word and simply stare. But, if you ask him ten years later, he'd simply smile and tell you with a fierce look he's always kept in his blue eyes, of course he was but isn't that thrill of it?

Though, would you really believe it?

He understood fear more than anyone, than anything. From the moment he felt it coursing through him as he stepped onto that ship with the children following him, as he tries to find what and why he was so afraid. In his time on the server, he'd found so many things to fear, even his own brothers. His breath hitched at every memory of them, of Phil too. He flinches as a hand rests on his shoulder and for a moment he'd thought it was the dreaded Warden, but the kind eyes of an android looked at him curiously. Sam Nook had agreed to follow him, probably disobeying one of Sam's orders to stay within the SMP's vicinity. He sighs, leaning against the robot as he takes in everything he's doing.

He was running, finally running. As cowardly as that is, he couldn't stay. He could practically smell the brewing conflict that would soon break out into another war. Again. He hated every memory of it, dreaded every possibility of the deaths that come with it. Call him a coward, call him a child, he wouldn't care. Couldn't afford to. Not anymore and most certainly not after this. He glances at his communicator, two digital eyes staring back. He looks to where the kids were exploring the dock, talking about their vacation in excited tones. How blissful it was to be ignorant of the dangers of even staying at their own homes. No child deserved to grow up in war. Be damned the people who declared otherwise.

War was stupid and awful. It brought nothing but despair, be it who wins or lose. An old saying described it as winner gets coal, loser gets the ashes. In the end, neither side are that better off. He knows this, lived it. Which is why he won't let any of them live through it either.

Their first step onto land had been after hundreds of thousands of blocks away, with several nights at sea where Tommy slowly and carefully had to tell the children where they were actually going. You can imagine how well they took it, they didn't. The totem siblings started crying, prompting the waves to rise and rock their ship as storm clouds gathered. The

brewing storm made the others even more upset, all but Shroud. The young boy knew, more than the others that Tommy was just as scared as them.

" Hey, I'm scared too!" He'd told them, raising his voice above the screams. " Sammy's scared, you're scared, even Dad's scared!" He huffed. " But, everyone back at home was scared too. That's why we're here, on this ship. Everyone's scared. And that's okay." He says softly as the attention sets on him. " They're scared we'll get hurt because there's bad people on the server. That's why, we have to be brave for them! I'm still scared as shit-"

" Shroud!" Michelle yelped as she covered the younger kids' ears.

" But I can be brave too. We can be brave together." He holds out a hand towards the other kids, the storm already settling as they've calmed down. Rosie took his hand with a smile and holds it out to the others. The end result was the kids sitting together in a group hug before pulling Sam Nook and Tommy with them. " We'll be brave together."

They walked as far as they could once they've reached land, not so far from shore with seven kids honestly. Settling near a river, Tommy takes out his axe and starts gathering wood for their first shelter for the night. Days passed and as their humble little cabin is fortified with oak logs and planks, a small garden had already been made in their backyard with a neat fence surrounding the area to keep them safe.

Tommy, seventeen and still counting, decided to travel further into the woods for resources. He saw a ravine not too far from where they started their base, Benson active and ready to alert Sam Nook in case of any emergencies. He jumps down into the ravine, using a water bucket to secure his safe landing as his netherite armour shifts slightly from the fall. He quickly adjusts the straps so it wouldn't slip and looks left and right to decide which way he should go. His eyes catch the iron and diamond ores so close to his right and makes his way towards it.

With what they have, he should be able to get to the Nether some time soon. Though, a single thought at the back of his mind made him think otherwise. Dream had told him that he'd know if Tommy went to the Nether, that he'd find Tommy no matter what. It doesn't matter that the statement came from way back during his exile, he hated how Dream's timing had been far too perfect. The way he was just there, standing in front of that portal like he knew, knew exactly where Tommy wanted to go. He might be in prison now, but like with everything Tommy's been doing, he can't take any chances.

He travels deeper into the ravine, torch in his off hand. Strangely enough, there weren't a lot of monsters here, practically none at all as far as he's going in. Which honestly doesn't settle with him at the slightest. As relieved as one should be for the lack of mobs attacking him, it felt wrong. Like the mobs were purposely avoiding the area for some reason. The server's not designed for mutated mobs or any unearthly monsters aside from the withers and if the End still exists here, the Ender Dragon. He shudders as a chill runs down his spine, not a single draft present within the caves.

Come to think of it, he hasn't seen a single hostile mob as of late, there's not even a single fucking bat in the caves. He supposed his first fucking mistake was not watching his back. He turned in the nick of time as he faces several eyes gazing into his soul, the creature rattled its many legs together, clattering together with this hissing sound as it uncurls its long antennae. Long body, lots of legs, clearly an insect thingamajig, it's a giant fucking centipede of all things.

He waves his torch forward, making the creature reel back with a short hiss, ceasing its clattering and weird noises. Before he knows it he's knocked against the wall by its tail, making impact head first into the wall. Disoriented and panicked over the damage it did, he stumbles to stand back up again, immediately loading his crossbow and firing without another thought. The centipede was quick to evade the attack, the arrow bouncing off its hard shell as its jaws shielded its face.

"Fucker just gave itself away." Tommy grinned, loading his crossbow again as he fired relentlessly at the creature's face and spaces between its shell. The centipede shrieked, thrashing its body all around the small ravine vein and knocking against the stone walls. He curses as cracks started to form, spotting traces of gravel above him just barely holding on. He eyes his exit and with a firm shot, fires into the crack, widening the fissure causing it to spread to the ceiling.

He dashes for the exit, the creature shrieked and followed suit, not willing to give up its prey yet. They make chase, the horrid creature actually catching up to him. It crawls over the walls and lunges towards Tommy with frightening speed. He jumps forward, hoping the gravel would land on the beast and kill it. The cave crumbles behind him and as the dust starts to settle, he believed for one moment that it was over.

Tommy screamed as a set of jaws bit down on his leg, he must've lost his netherite boots mid-run. The creature waved its long legs, driving one into his upper calf as it tries to reel him in from its trapped position. He thrashed as it pulled him closer, screaming bloody murder as he sets his jaw. The thing's antenna whipped around and he knows that those things were very sensitive for the creature. As he eyes it, teeth grit and gaze sharp, he waits for the split second the thing was in range. The moment it was close enough, he opens his maw, as normal as it looks, and bites onto the antenna hard. The creature shrieks once more, its antenna dropping instantaneously as Tommy summons the axe of peace and drove it straight into the vile creature's head.

He takes a moment to breath, resting his back against the stone floor. He checks his communicator which Benson should have called over Sam Nook ages ago. He taps on the screen and unfortunately, Benson wasn't responding. He supposed that it could be a glitch of sorts and sighs. Looking down at his punctured leg, he frowns at the bleeding mess. It's going to be a bitch to heal for sure. It's too bad all the healing potions are with the android.

With much frustration and strain, Tommy eventually makes it out of the ravine with a poorly wrapped leg dragging along the ground. He limps across the grassy plains, tired and possibly harboring a few bruises all over. He doesn't notice the barest glint of steel on the ground, all he knows was that he needed to get home before sundown which is more than likely in an hour or so.

" Benson is back!" The AI cheered as the communicator screen flickered to life which leads to Tommy shouting in surprise and jumped, then he screamed. Metal jaws clamped shut around his leg, the rusted old bear trap locked in place as Tommy fell over, screams filling the air. " Tommy!" Benson yelped as a string of curses and pained groans erupted from the teen.

" Call - Fuck! - CALL NOOK!" He yelled, writhing in pain. The AI immediately did as told, the signal sent out with coordinates and added notes of the extent of Tommy's injuries thus far. Tommy leaned back on the grass, taking in deep breaths as he waited for Sam Nook to help him. He tries to sit up, cursing over the immense pain in his leg.

" Tommy Innit, please be still as to hinder the blood loss." Benson advised.

" I'm already losing blood, you bitch!" He yelled once again as he slumps back down in frustration. The AI goes quiet as the teen grumbles about dealing with a giant ass bug earlier. " Hey, Benson."

" Yes, Tommy?" The AI says a little more quietly now.

" I'm sorry for yelling." He breathes as he stares up into the sky. His vision was blurring slightly and he feels a little faint. " Benson, are centipedes poisonous?"

" They're venomous, Tommy." The AI corrected him.

" Fuck." He grumbles. The venom was terribly slow acting and Tommy can't tell if it's because of his own immunity to poison or the nature of it is simply that slow.

" Tommy." He cranes his head as best as he could to see the porcelain mask smiling at him. " Did- Did you kill the centipede?" Drista asked him, her voice already bringing him waves of relief.

" Yeah. Pretty badass, innit?" He chuckled.

" Badass? Tommy, that was a Death Crawler! It bit you." She says as she approached him.

" Centipede venom is not potent." Benson informs them.

" A Death Crawler isn't just some regular centipede. They eat other monster mobs, especially cave spiders." They say you become what you eat, for the case of some creatures, they were exactly that.

" TOMMY INNIT, I HAVE ARRIVED..." Sam Nook announced. The AI stilled the moment he finds the scene before him. " TOMMY INNIT, YOU HAVE BEEN POISONED... I ADVISE YOU NOT TO MOVE..." The android sat by his side to first remove the bear trap, what unsettled Tommy more now that he could properly look at his leg, it was turning black from the toes and already moving up his ankles.

" Tommy, there isn't an antidote for this stuff." Drista informed him, it was already impressive enough how he could survive for so long. Others would usually be dead within

seconds. " Tommy?" He didn't have time and he knew that. But who the fuck was watching the kids now?

" Go check on the kids." He says to her. " Now, Drista. Please." Hesitantly, she does as she's asked and leaves Tommy alone with Sam Nook.

" Take it, Nook." He hands the android the Axe of Peace.

" Tommy Innit?"

" There's not enough time and this thing," He gestures to the venom snaking up his veins. " Doesn't have a cure." He takes in a shakey breath, swallowing nervously. " Do it, Sam." The android looks between him, his leg and the next, eyes widening in horror of the implications the teen was giving him. His orders had always been to keep Tommy safe, extended to the children now as they are under Tommy's care. " Sam Nook, I order you to...to cut off my leg." He winced as he says so, clearly terrified of what would happen next. If he dies here then who'd watch the kids? Plus, the Void is a bitch to deal with.

He watches the axe gleam above him, the sun was down and they didn't have much time. Tommy leans back, gripping onto the ground as he screws his eyes. Sam Nook raises the axe, prompted by the given order and the threat of Tommy dying for him to move forward. The android, checking his own inventory for torches and items to seal the wound, takes a small breath of his own.

The Axe of Peace comes down and Tommy screams.

Dear Fellow Traveler III

Chapter Summary

Man's meets GODS.

Silence echoes around him like a record on repeat, whispers of his own thoughts already filling his mind within seconds of simply standing there. His last memory had been screaming and feeling the sensation of the axe cut through his flesh in one clean motion, eyes frantically scan the darkness, the thought of death filling him with dread. And as it were before, he'd found nothing. He cursed under his breath, shuddering and weak as he wondered if it'd been the shock that killed him or the immense blood loss.

" Tommy?" His head instinctively turns towards the voice, as gentle as a soft breeze but felt within his soul like a storm. He cranes his neck to meet her eyes, deep brown eyes shielded by a translucent black veil. Her deep brown hair, draped over her shoulders and back like a curtain of silk, framing her face. " You slayed the Death Crawler?"

" I- Yeah," Phil's always talked about Lady Death with such gusto and so much adoration in his eyes, as much as he'd been able to stay at home at least. The description not exaggerated in the slightest somehow. " Shit, that wasn't your pet was it?" He's not sure what kind of pets Kristin or any of the Gods would have.

" No no no! Far from it." Oddly, she looked as bewildered as he was. " Are you okay?" She asked him ever so softly that he could almost laugh at how warm it felt.

" Do I look okay?" He gestures around to the empty space. " I get bit by some giant bug and get my leg chopped clean off, with my own axe might I add, and end back in here!" His expression softens further as his own words sink back within him. " I'm back here."

" Tommy, we're not in limbo." Death informed him. He looks up again, eyes wide in surprise.

" We- We aren't?" He stammered and she smiles, shaking her head gently.

" This is just a space for me to talk to you." She says soothingly, sitting down to get a better look at him. " You're alive." She breathed, a sad smile forming on her lips. " As you should be."

" What did you want to talk about?" His family had always been pretty cryptic about everything, their intentions, what they've done, where they've been and so much more. Even his friends are like that. If he could even call them his friends. The select few that he barely trusted, only showed him their bit of kindness because they want to use him. Like everyone has. He was the soldier to all their stories, even now to their children as he guards them. But,

the children are not to blame for the sins of their parents. Never. He wonders wholly what she wanted from him, what she wanted to use him for.

" The Death Crawler was among several others who are detested by the rest of the pantheon. However, we can never directly interfere with the lives of mortals." She began. " Some of us have champions or chosen angels to walk among them. Some for more selfish reasons than some." She leaned in a bit to whisper. " I'm kinda one of them." The implications making Tommy crack a smile before covering his mouth to stifle a laugh. He's not sure how to act around what he supposed was more or less his mother.

" I'm absolutely one of them." Another voice interrupts and he stiffens at the sound. " Be calm, child." He carefully looks up at the porcelain mask, the creature before him wearing a rich green cloak adorned in golden chains and decorations, three pairs of wings sprouting over his back and along with the rings of halos over his head was the carving XD over his mask. " My sister speaks of you often. I hadn't expected you to be our next hunter."

" XD." Death says sternly, sending him a glare.

" Look, I understand you're having this touchy feely moment with your adopted son, Lady Death. Many apologies by the way." He adds carefully. " But I don't think, for as long as I've observed him, that he'd appreciate any sugarcoating." Tommy frowned, of course they just wanted something from him. No. If they want something, it's not gonna be free.

" You want me to work for you, don't you?" He sent glares to both Gods, fists curling once again.

" I just wanted to check on you." Death insisted instead. " I can't let you go back to the Void. I will not watch another son fall into madness again." She sighed, voice quivering slightly. " I...I wanted to give you a gift. XD makes up all sorts of stupid excuses to give George Nottfound whatever he wanted under the stupid pretense of a contract." She sent a glare to the other god.

" It's a legit contract!"

" That he forever stays your 'best friend', thus making him immortal aside from him being able to ask literally just about anything from you. Simp." Tommy wheezed at the very scene, an unbelievable sight that wouldn't have been possibly thought before if he hadn't witnessed it.

" Hey! There is a mortal here." He hissed.

" Aww, didn't want anyone to scorn your mighty image? Fucking simp." She winks at Tommy, making him smile. " Anyways, point is, I wanna give my son a gift and he deserves it for killing the Death Crawler. Are we clear?"

" Fine."

" Wait wait wait wait." Tommy interrupted. " Don't I get a say in this?" The two Gods looked to him and exchanged a few glances before nodding. " First off, I don't give a fuck what you

Gods want to do as long as it doesn't interfere with me and my kids. I don't give a shit of you're simping over Gogy or if you're my mom. I love you but you let me just..." He fails to continue and simply sighs. " I know how people work and I've heard enough stories about Gods and their gifts to be cautious enough about it. I'll take your gifts but only if, one, it doesn't tie me down to you. I don't want to be recognized as your apostle or any sort of vassal. Two, I don't want anything with rebounds or curses, because that's a dick move. Three, I'll mostly take money but only enough for me and the kids." Taking any more than that would be as if he owed the Gods and he'd prefer not to be in any kind of debt to anyone. Rejecting Gods always have retributions of sorts, mother or not, he's not taking any chances.

" Bold as ever." XD laughed, clearly amused. Lady Death thought on it for a moment, hand over her chin in a manner that reminded Tommy a lot of Wilbur.

" Do you accept books?" She asked him.

" Depends. What kind?" Kristin grins, almost excited as she presented an array of books, half of which were most definitely enchanted.

" These are the only ones I have but I think you'll like them. Take one." She offered, allowing him to browse through them. She laughed fondly as his mouth hung agape over the offer she was making, looking through even the non-enchanted books which contained a few crafting recipes he'd never known were possible.

XD observes the interaction, growing more and more interested at how this would play out soon.

Rag And Bone I

Tommy fastened his prosthetic leg in place, checking it over for any hicks or chinks in the metal. He moves the appendage and taps it a few times on the floor to test it. He moves over to his desk, a single enchanted book resting over the dark oak wood. A red candle stood alight, the wax never burning and the flame a flickering blue. Moving over to it, he takes in the soft blue light and flips the book open to its most recently added page. The words gleamed beneath the light, written in smooth cursive with looped dots for the 'i's. He reads through the contract, double checking every bit of information written within. The quest was to slay another serpent like creature, a basilisk apparently. Known for its consumption of magic and devouring for magical items as well as turning it's victims into stone.

The Gods certainly had a problem with a snakes.

He'd already spent the last couple days preparing and were ready to finally bring the eldest two for their first giant monster hunt. Of course he's brought the others to much smaller quests before, most of which do end much more quickly. He hadn't really intended to bring them into the job, but if he'd learned anything from Phil is that you don't just leave your kids. For him, he rotates the schedule for each quest and would go straight home the moment the job is complete. Payments are usually delivered at their doorstep anyway.

He closes the book, tucking it away into his enderchest safely and heads out of the room.

Michelle waited by the elevator for Micheal to come down, she was fully dressed in her white blouse and pleated battle skirt, her black leather corset wrapped around her waist and long black trousers. She adorned metal grieves around her arms along with her netherite chest plate, leg guards and boots. Her usual pigtails are braided to her sides, framing the collar of her neck with a clasped shawl draped over her shoulders.

The elevator dings and out comes Micheal, his shorter mane still a bit of a tangled mess, a black eye patch over one eye and wearing a fur collared jacket over his black and yellow shirt. He gives the older piglin a raised brow.

" Is Mimi already suited up?" He asked as he adjusts his own chest plate.

" Naturally." She shrugged as they walked down the hall with a fast pace. " Come on, I don't wanna miss my first giant monster." "

I know, I know! Slow down." He hurried his pace to catch up with her, a small smile tugging on his lips. He'd be lying if he said he himself wasn't excited. I mean, look at them. Seventeen and already off to fight giant monsters. Shroud, Rosie and Jr were sixteen, while Yogurt and Finley were fifteen and fourteen respectively. They find Tommy already fully suited, save for his helmet, he was completely decked out in netherite, his red sash around his waist hid a short dagger for emergencies. Among the advice their uncle had given, one of the most important ones had been to always, always have a backup. The battlefield can be a mess, a horrid chaotic mix of mistakes and strategies. Anything can happen. From where they stood, Meleager the hunter looked more like a knight from the darkest fairytales. Considering

how dark the netherite is even with the glow of enchantments, it certainly did make him look more like a ghost in armour.

" We won't be long, Dad." Shroud says to him with a bright smile, Yogurt standing nearby with an eager swish of their tail. " Look who's here!" He announced as he spots the two eldest approaching them already. " Congrats on being old enough to go." He tells them.

" I'll take you with me next time." Tommy tells him with a slight chuckle. It was fair, the tree eldest each started learning how to fight at the same time. They were usually in charge of the tower whenever the man was away. " We'll be back in a few days, try not to break anything while I'm away."

" No promises." Jr says casually as he sips his mug of tea from the dining table. Finley snickers as Rosie nudges Jr with a pointed look.

" I said try." Tommy sighed with a fond but tired smile. He looks over each of his kids, already gave them each their hugs and kisses. He waited a moment before ruffling Shroud's hair, making the teen protest.

" Dad! You're messing up my hair." Shroud playfully swipes away the older man's hand.

" I'll be off now. Stay safe, be good to each other and be careful." He tells them as he opens the door and leads the two teenagers outside. They followed him to the stables, grabbed their horses and rode off. Tommy leads the way, having been given the general direction of the creature by the Gods aside from the quest contract written down in the Beasties book kept safely in his enderchest, accompanied by a very detailed prophetic-ish dream regarding its location and history. Because what better way to educate your employees with a live action show which they can't willingly skip.

Like an unwanted video game cutscene or dialogue. As such, the hunter would write down the creature's data and analyze its characteristics. Weak points are crucial for each hunt and just about any kind of information regarding the creature would be pretty helpful. Sometimes they'd add sketches and pictures into the book, Tommy would add a dried leaf from each trail he followed into the book, specifically the ones closest to the monster's lair. Like a scrapbook. Scrapbooking with Gods.

Speaking of scrapbooks, a certain sheep was very fond of the hobby. Rosie dangled her feet over the edge of the balcony of their roof. Michael trusted her more than anyone to make sure his lab isn't invaded by anyone, the space being his most precious sanctum. She watched as the three figures disappeared from view and silently wished them good luck. She recalls the first time Uncle Tommy left for a quest, traveling with him had been an odd green cloaked girl with a sharp toothed smile painted in child-like fashion on her porcelain mask. He'd been nervous, unsettled and constantly looked back.

Sam Nook had reassured them repeatedly that everything will be alright. That he'd be back any day. The morning of his return, a chest had appeared at their doorstep and their uncle had come home not long after, beaten and bruised but overall fine and absent one girl. The same week, construction for Novice Tower began. Two weeks after, the girl returned and they left again. He told them he was fighting monsters and as they grew, their belief over the statement

wavered. A mercenary would've been more believable, yet Tommy was always known for doing the most unthinkable.

When he came home staggering with his veins popping out and a deep green hue, he was ushered immediately to the potions room where Rosie had been secretly trying to teach herself about potion making. Tommy knew, because of course he did. He guided her, teaching her the ways of creating the antidote that isn't the usual regen or healing potions. Proper poisons required proper antidotes. Later on, once he'd consumed the antidote, he explained it'd been an Acrean, a withering clump of vines and snakes with a neurotoxin that hurt like a bitch, according to Tommy. It was then she and the others knew, fighting monsters meant so much more than it seemed.

Somehow, he'd known that he couldn't be going on the quests alone anymore. So he didn't. They'd each had a go on the various weapons he'd collected and crafted, some completely unheard of. He wasn't a bad teacher, the weapons they'd stuck with were self honed once they were comfortable with something and teaching all seven of them, keeping mind of their hybrid traits at the same time, couldn't have been easy. But, Tommy had managed. Maybe more so than what anyone would expect, he didn't stop there of course. He taught what he could. Farming, fighting, basic first aid which became an essential lesson that everyone needed to grasp at least the basics, even a little potion making. He started mentoring them in different fields, Benson and Nook helping wherever they could.

Rosie wouldn't say she was the most scholarly one among them. Not when natural geniuses like Yogurt and bookworms like Jr were around. She knew of another who could catch more things than he'd let on, as the nature of his family did. Tommy had mentored both her and Shroud in potion making, herself further mentored in first aid and nursing. Their uncle having to have learned to treat arrow wounds and injured men before he even learned how to cook. He'd lived and grew in war, he hadn't planned to have them go through a similar process, albeit on smaller scales. They learned that every piece, every scrap can be important, that anything can be of use. More so now with some of the finer rewards he'd received from his hunts.

Aside from riches and abundance of enchantment books, Tommy would rather be paid in knowledge. The kind not many remember or care much to keep, the kind the Gods would know and share. He was a simple yet brilliant person. Drista had stopped coming along around the time the little sheep turned eight.

Rosie sighs, night fast approaching as she watched Shroud and Yogurt return from their trip to town. The look on his face certainly meant he'd made a lot of good trades with the villagers. His cowboy hat low over his head of raven black hair, poncho over his chest and long along his back, effectively hiding the netherite armour he always wore underneath. A habit from his days growing with Tommy's anxiety firsthand, man wouldn't let him go anywhere without at least that one peace.

Yogurt wore something a little simpler. With denim overalls and a black shirt striped shirt, they wore an old black cap with gold accents over their head. The cap fits perfectly through their ears, made specifically for hybrids. The giddy fox grin must mean they've found something to tinker with and Rosie might as well start fortifying the lab.

Finley sat on the floor of their room, with a pencil in their mouth and a piece of paper blankly staring back at him.

" Hey, Foosh?" Jr makes a hum of paying attention. " How do you write a letter to Dad?"

" Oh, I don't really write anything." Their brother shrugged. " I just say what I wanna say and that's that. Dad would love anything, really."

" I don't know."

" I mean, we could try something different this time." He offered to his younger sibling. " What do you want to tell him?"

" About Sekhmet and Osiris." Jr paused, as much as they've always told their Dad everything, they never really told him about that. " I know Uncle Tommy said that it's up to us and I know he said that we should be able to choose what we wanna do, but Foosh." She looks up to her brother, her emerald eyes gleaming like the precious gems they were. Teeming with worry and nervousness. Their cover names were given for a reason, slowly becoming second nature to them. They felt natural, as if they'd always have them. Eventually they've agreed to settle them as their middle names.

" Do you think Dad would be okay with what we've done?" Their father was a pacifist of sorts, no question about it. He's refused to kill anyone on the server and only fought out of necessity. They pair of siblings were hesitant, neither were really keen on having to break their father's heart should he be against the whole affair.

" Well, we've technically never killed anyone." Foolish Jr began.

" But the monsters were-"

" I know." He sighed. " But look at it this way, aren't zombies and skeletons similar?"

" They were suffering." Finley muttered quietly.

" Yeah, well, so were the monsters." The pair were living totems of undying, of course they'd recognize the screams and whispers of lost souls. The voices are faint, quiet and weren't much more than hissing cries, like a ghastr. They were too little to restore, too little to bring back and were in constant agony. The monster's souls were different, a screaming opera of pure agony and pain. They've been there, helping Meleager hunt smaller monsters as he taught them how to fight. They've seen it all, they could sense it even. The relief of those souls as their life fades, as they could finally pass on peacefully. Meleager was quick and efficient, he would never allow the creatures to suffer in death even though he himself had.

" I'm sure Dad would understand and I mean, we could wait it out a bit longer."

" Nah, let's do it."

" Now?"

" Yes."

Rag And Bone II

Chapter Summary

Shroud and Yogurt go treasure hunting.

Chapter Notes

Voice claims :

Michelle - Ashley Johnson ([Yasha] Critical Role)

Michael - Josh Brenner (Rottmnt)

Shroud - Jack White (White Stripes)

Foolish Jr - Ben Schwartz (Rottmnt)

Rosie - she mute but her hums and stuff sound like Lisa Hannigan

Yogurt - Nataly Dawn (Pomplamoose)

Finley - Aurora

" I'll be off now. Stay safe, be good to each other and be careful." Shroud watched his father exit through the door with his two friends following closely behind him. His fingers twitched, just a little. Tommy wasn't an absent father, he was always there when they needed him, never away for too long and would grasp at the opportunity to stick around as long as he could. But, the problem had been that Tommy, by most accounts, was fairly normal. Save for a certain feature that contributed to his survival, Tommy didn't have anything else. He doesn't have thicker hides, or extra limbs nor a single talon on his fingers. If the previous years were anything to go by, Tommy could get hurt. Badly.

That's what stung the teen most. His Dad was an incredible person, make no mistake. But, he was just one man and of all the times he came home bruised, limping, poisoned, the image of his father coming home one limb short was etched into the back of his mind. He'd been six then. Six, watching his father struggle with the loss but refusing to yield as he smiles through it all. Thirteen when he started to learn how to fight.

" Welp, we should get going, Gogo." Shroud said as he adjusted his hat.

" I am ready." Yogurt says with a raised brow, already standing with the horses' reigns in hand out the door. " You've just been standing there all lonely like. Just, staring off into space with that deep dumb thinking face." Yogurt imitated his previous expression down to the slight lip pout.

" Hey!" The fox laughed, a high pitched giggle full of yelps, as the spider lightly smacked their shoulder. They ride to the nearest village, enjoying the open scenery and fresh air as the wind blew past them, it was one of Shroud's favourite moments in life. The speed, the way the wind just woosh past him. That and one other thing.

" Excuse me, sir." The farmer looks up to face two young hybrids grinning innocently. " We saw that old radio up on your porch and we couldn't help but notice that it looks like no one's been using it in a while." The spider says sweetly with a charming smirk.

" Ain't you two little young to be Rag N' Bone Men?" He tells them as he slings the pitchfork over his shoulder.

" Probably." Yogurt shrugged.

" It's never worked since my horse gave it a good kick a couple years ago." The farmer explained. " Go on and take it."

" Thank you!"

" I saw some stuff in your yard, mind if we take some of it?" Yogurt asked at the next house.

" Oh, Gogo. Don't be rude."

" It's fine." The old lady chuckled. " Take whatever you like."

The routine goes on. After making a few trades, the duo would go around looking for junk people don't want anymore. Despite his poor eyesight due to his hybrid traits, Shroud definitely had an eye for things. More than half the things he found would always end up being sold back to wandering traders and pawnshops that recognize its actual value. Yogurt had an eye for detail, always able to spot the littlest things on a whole lot of the junk they find, especially if the junk is electronic. Objects had history and boy did they have a knack for finding the right kind. A lot of the things they pick up came from old houses, the elderly, war veterans and widowers.

Old people were easy to talk to, they had all sorts of cool shit from the years they've lived. There were a lot of times when they find something that came with a story. Everyone likes a good story and as much as he loved the old folks sharing their own, he preferred his Dad's stories more. His Dad had travelled further than any man on his server, going through shortcuts in the Nether guided under the Blaze Empress's protection, bringing home stories from all walks of life. On the first monster trip Shroud had been to with Tommy, he was about fourteen at the time, they met a middle-aged man who was travelling to find the same beast they were hunting. The creature had killed his son and he was looking for revenge.

He didn't make it out, the monster had gotten him by the throat but only after he'd gotten it with a sword through its stomach. Both died the moment they landed on the ground. He remembers helping to bury the man, wishing him a good rest while Meleager disposes of the monster's body. Which reminds him of his own cover name.

" Charles!" Shroud sighed. He'd hoped he wouldn't have to deal with this.

" It's Charlemagne to you. Kret." He says to the man casually, hands steady. Yogurt ignored them for the most part but started to absentmindedly test out a new dagger.

" Hey, pretty thing." Kret says to Yogurt with a low smirk, one Shroud had longed beat the shit out of.

" Sit on a dick, dipshit." The spider barked a laugh and high-fived his partner as the creep twitched his eye.

" I don't swing that way, vixen." He attempted to counter with a patient smile.

" No one likes you either way." The teen adds, now making Yogurt laugh. " Let's bail." He doesn't bother to spare the creep a single glance as they made their way out of town, guys like that don't deserve the time of day. " You good, Gogo?" He asked them quietly once they were out of earshot. The young fox nods silently, hugging her arms as she starts to lose part of her composure. He hid his frown at the reaction, silently wishing the creep would simply die. " We got a lot of good stuff this time, huh? I know you definitely got something good out of that radio."

" Yeah." Yogurt grinned. " The internal circuits are totally intact and get this, some of the buttons are actually pretty decent. Oh, and that old communicator we got from the wandering traveler too! Man, I can't wait to get back." The young fox goes on about the treasures they found, happily describing the mechanical and electronic finds with glee. He smiles at their improved mood.

If there was anything else his Dad was right about, it was that men are awful. Except for the select few of course. Otherwise, they're assholes. That creep tried flirting with Yogurt ever since they were kids and he still hasn't gotten either of their actual names. Charlemagne was Shroud's personal self given middle name, much like Tommy's.

" I can't wait to get the third out of the four big licenses." He sighs in dramatic longing.

" Four? Weren't there like three?" Yogurt asked.

" Nah, I added one. Look, there's the driver's license, business license, property license and, license to kill." He listed them down cheerfully. " I can't wait to get that one." He adds with a grin.

" I have one." They take out a card, signed and credited, with the titular license. Shroud stares at them briefly, blankly looking onward with his red eyes.

" Okay, not gonna question that." Which was the smart move when dealing with Yogurt. " But, guess what I found at that old traveler's house." He takes the object from his inventory and holds it up for them to see.

" No." Yogurt said with a dramatic gasp.

" Yes." He replies, grinning even wider as he flips the disc over his fingers, the black center of the vinyl flashing the title 'Stal'. He keeps it out of the fox's reach, holding it up high before putting it back into his inventory. " Dude, chill out. You'll get to see the discs with the rest soon." Yogurt simply pouts at that and attempt to move further ahead from him. " Gogo, come on! Just wait. I mean it's not like I'm always bothering you about your super secret project."

" Duh, that's why mine's a secret."

" Hey!" They race back home, teasing and joking around together. Going through the routine, they sort out their things. Separating their junk from the supplies with help from Benson and as soon as they were satisfied, both retiring to their respective rooms. Yogurt hurried down the halls where their room was located right next to the other girls.

They quietly closed the door behind them, locking it up so no one would bother them as they worked. Every bedroom within the tower were pretty much the same size, it can be cramped or spacious based on how they arranged their things inside. Yogurt's had a single bed wide enough for them to roll around or curl up into a ball like the little fox they were, a tall book case for all their books and notes, two large chests, an enderchest and of course, their big ass desk. Seriously, aside from Michelle who just has her brushes and art supplies all stacked around the table and Michael who has reign over an entire lab, the fox would be proud to say they had the biggest desk in the entire tower.

They sort out their junk, labeling them between electronic to mechanical, between to open up later or sort tonight and a couple simply for breaking. They take out the radio first and pry it open, taking in the circuitry design with delight. They sailed their moving chair across the room with a whoop and stopped right in front of the smaller cabinet they had next to the bed. Carefully, they pull up a roll of paper and sail back to their desk with glee.

Their bright orange eyes, a dancing flame among their snow white fur, glittered at the sight of the open page once they spread the roll of paper over their desk. The entire design was made in theory, no actual research since there aren't any long range communicator signal devices for them to study, nor was there much information on it. Uncle Tommy had always encouraged them to do what they loved and as supporting as he could be with their interest in redstone engineering, he was no expert. Of course, he had some familiarity with the mechanics and circuitry but nothing on senses of communication and the such.

While he, Micheal and Yogurt shared a certain interest in some aspect of redstone, they have several stark differences. Tommy was more versed on basic circuitry and mechanics, building vaults, traps and an array of more chemical means redstone could be applied, especially since he had a knack for potion brewing and alchemy. Micheal was much different, with a stark interest in robotics, the usage and research of renewable and nonrenewable energy, as well as the engineering and forging of weaponry. Which was why he had an anvil in his lab along

with several forging items and materials. He tends to make his own tools and is always working together with Tommy when testing a new weapon to craft. Though, both did have a distaste for explosives. Which was why they were lame.

Yogurt, the smartest one™, had mastery over robotics, advanced machinery and is in fact the fox behind their personalized communicators. With references from Benson and Sam Nook, they were able to recreate the device, improve it and even upgrade its design. Which was why Yogurt was now eager to get a start on their new project, a long range communication system. They know that they aren't supposed to contact anyone from the SMP to avoid risking being discovered, but they miss him. Their actual Dad. They were his kit, his daughter. They know that their Dad is afraid of things to come, with their Grandpa being resurrected and the rocky relationship with Grandza, plus all that jazz with Las Nevadas. But, if Finley and Jr can talk to Foolish, God of the Ocean or not, then they could talk to their Dad too. Heck, everyone can talk to their parents again.

They don't mean to be a little jealous seeing Shroud able to talk to Tommy, and the man had been fair to everyone. But ever since they stopped writing letters home less than ten years ago due to an emergency notice by Uncle Tubbo that Dream had escaped the prison, they couldn't help but feel this sort of longing. Of course they'll tell Uncle Tommy someday, just...not yet.

Yet.

Rag And Bone III

Chapter Summary

Some Ocean magic, Jack cameo, checking on Tommy and singing Shroud.

Foolish Jr and Finley walked hand in hand, carefully walking down the marked gravel path, relishing the comfortably cool feeling on their bare golden feet. Their weapons are kept safely in their hot bar, always within reach just in case. Being made of gold had its drawbacks of course. They hadn't been allowed to actually go anywhere alone until they learned to properly use their weapons first. It's a good precaution, their father had agreed to it either way. They make it to their shell garden, a small cave carved right into the cliff side of the beach.

*Hear on the wind how the pendulum swings
Feel how the winter succumbs to the spring*

The glistening waters of the cave are illuminated by collections of corals decorating the mouth of the cave, serving as a sort o barrier to keep the drowned out. Within the cave, sea lanterns and sea pickles light up the room, assuring no mobs to spawn in the area. Shells of all shapes and colours decorate the floors and stone shelves carved into the walls. In the center of the room laid a single lapis block, barely immersed in the water.

Over the palisade morning will break

Finley selects a decent sized shell from the shelf and holds it up closer to their face. They begin to sing into the shell, the patterns glowing softly with every note, they sang of their tales as Sekhmet and introduced Osiris as Jr joined in the song. They sang softly, like a secret being told mischievously to their parent.

Rise up to meet it, oh sleeper awake

They placed the shell on the lapis, Jr focusing his magic as the waves moved. Together, they watched as the shell is swept away and carried into the sea by the ocean's currents. It will reach their father, most definitely.

' I'm glad I could have this talk with you.' Rosie signed to the android.

" OF COURSE, ROSIE.. WHATEVER MAKES YOU COMFORTABLE..." Nook told her with a smile. The young sheep smiled and wrapped her arms around the robot. Nook returned it gently, accustomed to act as the children's council when they need it. He smiled quietly to himself, knowing that her wish would come true. After all, Tommy Innit had told him before

of a similar wish. He just has to nudge him into the right direction. Rosie will never be alone, not on his watch.

Gather the soldiers, the heir to enfold

Benson checks over the adoption papers Nook made sure he always had safely tucked away in case they ever needed to be printed some day. The duck AI then checks on the heart monitors of the tower residents. Yogurt and Shroud are in the room, from the calm pulses they seem to be indulging in their respective hobbies. Rosie with Nook in the brewing room and the two totems must be visiting the beach again. He cares for all them, truly. Now to wait for the other three to return in a few days.

Crown him and give him a scepter to hold

Jack Manifold, owner of Big Manifold Hotel, leader of Manifoldland, paced nervously in place. There'd been a bit of an issue lately at his secret base in the desert, something's been destroying his fences and torches and eating his livestock. Which would've been no problem if it were another player or some mobs but this felt different. Partly because the property damage seems to be half of his things melting. Melting! He doesn't go anywhere without his netherite anymore, not even to Niki's. The server's been a bit lul lately so of course the next event happens to him. The universe must hate him.

Sound every horn as the columns extend

Wilbur feels a slight chill throughout the caves as he travels deeper, the torch barely lighting his way as his father inspects some runes. He'd been bored to death at the cabin and was embarrassingly eager to follow Phil around for this expedition. Not like there's actually anything interesting anyway. However, the look on Philza's face may say otherwise.

Up to the hill where the king will ascend

" Um, Mimi?" Michelle brings him out of his stupor.

" Yes, dear girl?"

Look to the sky where the sign will be shown

" You okay? Doesn't look like you slept last night." The young piglin told him.

" I'm fine, Michelle." He reassures her with a smile. " I just can't wait to get this over with and go home."

*Heaven and earth and the king on his throne
Look to the sky where the sign will be shown*

Shroud's voice has an incredible range. Going from deep growls and the highest notes. His voice would be described as a tenor. He mostly indulges in covers of classical rock, deep south and a hint of pop. Though, on occasion he does sing more folk type songs. Especially ones written down by his father. The notes of his voice and guitar echoed throughout the

room, he knows he sounds good and keeps going. Sometimes it feels as if a thousand voices are singing with him.

He sings the climax, no words in particular. Simply a melody that gets higher and faster before exploding in an echo of sounds that fill him with so much energy as he plays. The song's end is abrupt but satisfying, he dips back into his bed with a satisfied smile. It felt glorious.

Tommy should really make more songs.

Deadwood I

Chapter Summary

Hunting basilisks

* **Bold** words are piglin/other languages

The Nether is as warm as can be. Good or bad, well, that's up to the person isn't it? Some may argue that it's really fucking hot but to a dead man who's spent three months in a cold empty void, this was somewhat welcome. He's already learned to ignore whatever familiar memories he's had in the heat of the literal hell hole, he also holds no fear over the past threats of a mad man. There wasn't a need to. The Nether wasn't his to control or track who's been going in and out of it, this was the Empress's domain. Furthermore, the Empress's quest. None shall interrupt him, not the ghastrs, not the wither skeletons, not even gold hungry piglins.

" Get the fuck over here!"

" Mimi, an attempted homicide is happening within your vicinity!"

Except these two.

" Michelle, don't kill your brother." He says in a tired tone, barely looking at where Michael had built up a column to protect himself.

" Give me my shulker or I swear I'll-"

" Sorry to interrupt but Mimi said no to homicide." The young piglin said in a singing voice. " Relax, I just wanna see- AAHH!" Michael screams as she starts mining the column with a deadly glare. " Okay okay!" He tosses it back down to her in defeat.

" Fionn." The piglin froze as the man's voice dipped deeper and carefully looked over where the man was standing on the netherack. " You do not go looking through a lady's purse. It's rude." He says sternly. " I spent my entire teenage years stealing and I've never looked through a woman's purse."

" Sorry." He mutters quietly for them both. They've been traveling for days and Tommy was once again reminded of how much he felt like Phil. Did Phil have to deal with two piglins like this? Thinking back on his two brothers, the twin piglin hybrids, he most definitely did. The situation may be a little different but it was all the same. Gods, he felt old. He pauses and looks around, the two teenagers following after. " Do you guys hear that?" The piglin asked, ear twitching.

" Sounds like you when you're whiny." She said, hand already reaching for her spear. " Meleager?" The man signalled them to stay quiet, pointing down a trail of blood disappearing into a corner. He crouches down to inspect it, blood may look the same for most people but once you've known what to look for, they've become easier to distinguish. Pig blood was always a little thicker, had this stench about it if you'd know what it smells like and quite literally a little bit like bacon. Probably because of the surrounding temperature. The two younger confirmed with their heightened sense of smell that it was piglin blood.

" Stay close." He tells them, unsheathing his sword from its scabbard and stalked the trail in silence. Piglins are stubborn, unruly bastards from the bastion. Which applies to all of them, truly. Except his kids, they're very sweet. When they wanna be at least. They follow the trail, cautiously paying attention to their surroundings as they did so. They neared a corner, the whines and whimpers more louder now. Someone was grumbling, a slight growl to quieten the ones whimpering, if Tommy guessed right, were two dogs. The sight wasn't expected but unappreciated.

" What the actual fuck?" Tommy couldn't be more proud of Micheal's use of profanity. There's a guy with two dogs. The problem? They're in a cage and from the looks of it, man's was about to cook one up and eat it.

" Put the puppies down!" Michelle ordered him, the tip of her harpoon pointed sharply at the other piglin.

" I got these first! Find your own food." His voice was just a pitch higher than Micheal's, his mane disheveled and mangy, wearing torn clothes and bandages wrapped around his left arm. Gods, he looked like a skinnier version of Technoblade.

" Where did you even find these guys?" Micheal ignored the growl that left the young piglin as he approached the confined canines. " They're so skinny." Too skinny by Tommy's accounts. He knows his bitches, they may be greyhounds but not so much you could see their ribs.

" Actually?" Michelle asked and took a good look at them with curious eyes, lowering her spear. The piglin was about to run until Tommy caught him by the shirt. They panic momentarily before their gold hungry eyes were drawn to the golden carrot the man held up to his face. He reaches for it but Tommy pulls it back out of his grasp.

" Where did you get them?" The piglin's eyes widen a fraction hearing Tommy speak piglish. He allowed the younger to gawk for a moment, it amused him seeing the expression. Seems his habit of surprising people never left.

" They- They came from a ruined portal near my bastion." He answered, though hesitantly.

" And where is your bastion?"

" It's, uh, this way." They followed him carefully until he arrives at a beaten up path, the bastion was soon in view but like all horror movie situations, it was off. **" There's usually a few brutes at the gates but,"** A gloved hand covers his mouth, the piglin thought better than

to object as the armoured man seemed to glare at his home ominously. The man looks around carefully, the bastion is a wide place with plenty of holes and pathways. He barely spots something moving in the corner of his eye. By the looks of the younger ones, they saw it too.

" What's your name?"

" What?"

" Name." Tommy repeated, turning his head towards him.

" Des." He answered swiftly, the young piglin already starting to load his crossbow.

" Go back to the cave with the dogs." He ordered, his tone leaving no room for argument. They watched him go, seeing him glance back momentarily before continuing. " Atalanta, Fionn." He calls to each of them. " Let's hunt a giant snake, ey children?"

Des ran back to the cave where upon arrival, the hounds growled at him. He growled back in response but they weren't afraid of him anymore. They were free now, able to move and no longer caged. Though he wondered why they never left or ran since the Overworlder had asked them, in a surprisingly gentle voice, to stay put. Begrudgingly, he sits with the dogs, baring their teeth at him until they were able to sit just a couple feet away from them.

He waits for a while, not really thinking of much to do until he heard it. The shrieking hisses of a monster unimaginable. They were worst than ghastr shrieks, angrier than blaze growls and were louder than enderman roars. The dogs whine at the sound, standing up instead of cowering and looked more worried than afraid. Moments after, he hears the telltale rumble of hooves against the ground and soon a small group of piglins, familiar faces of members of his bastions soon appeared before him, most of which were either injured or young. Herding them towards himself was the one of the ones the Overworlder came with.

" Stay here." He ordered them. Within a flash, the one-eyed piglin unsheathed a short sword from his side and dashed back from the way he came. Bewildered, he looks around the crowd, from his fellow bastion members to one or two brutes milling about trying to get a headcount. Though, there was always something out of place. A trend of the day it seems.

" Matri." He mutters, searching for her face in the crowd. **" Where's Matri?"** He doesn't find her in the crowd, not even among the injured. **" Hey, where's Matri?"** He asks the nearest brute.

" We haven't seen her, Des." They told her while tending to their wounded leg. **" We'll find her after the Overworlder is done- Des, wait!"** The call falls on deaf ears as he ran, following the direction he'd seen the apparent Fionn run off to.

He sees his bastion, or what would soon be left of it as a serpent's body milled in and out of the paths, flicking its horrid tongue. He sees the Overworlder hiding behind a wall on one of the higher floors, his Matri behind him with a wound on her side. She holds her golden sword firmly in hand, eyes distrusting and afraid. He spots the female climbing upwards, the serpent tailing her dangerously as she dodges its every strike. Fionn is on the opposite end, loading up a crossbow with a striped object Des probably hasn't ever seen before. He aims it straight

at the creature's body and fires. The rockets went off with a whistling hiss, exploding at the serpent's face and body. The creature screamed, whipping its body around as the bright flashes clouded its eyes. It rose, eyes now focusing onto the piglin with a deep glare. He freezes in place as the basilisk's eyes were put to work.

The Overworlder leapt from his hiding place, sword in hand. He raises it as he jumps over the floor's ledge and buries his blade into the serpent's eye. The monster shrieked, it thrashed its head around roughly, sending the man flying into a nearby pillar. Fionn took Matri under the arm and scrambles to lead her back outside. Des wasted no time to reach them as he ran to help.

" **Matri!**" He called her.

" **What are you doing here, foolish child?**" Matri hissed. " **The snake's still-**"

" **Now, Atalanta!**" The tip of the harpoon spear penetrated the serpent's skull. Atalanta used the rope attached to the spear to hoist herself onto the creature's head. She rips it out, blood splattered against her cheek and coated the spear in red.

" Fucking- DIE!" She growled as she stabbed it repeatedly, causing the serpent to thrash its head around. He almost didn't notice Meleager moving in closer, footsteps quick and as silent as one can be clad in full armour. The sword he held was much longer than Matri's gold sword, he could practically taste the metal simply from looking at it, this blade held its own air, its own voice of sorts. The deadly air it held was not of malice, nor of hate. It's bloody, hungry though never for the sake of taking a life. It's dutiful, undoubtedly loyal and always, always on the move somehow. Very much like the man who held it as he moved. The cut was swift and smooth, the serpent's head fell with a thud as its body writhed and struggled over its unfortunate parting. They watched as it still wiggled about, not knowing what it meant to die until it writhed straight into the lava. Atalanta stepped back, wrenching her spear out of the creature's head.

" Good work, Atalanta." The man told her. " Are the survivors evacuated?" Fionn nodded. " That's good. You did well." He glances towards Des, the chill before long gone from the moment he spoke to the two piglins he came with, replaced by a somewhat warm gaze. It didn't feel as warm as the hot lava, or the usual air of the Nether. It was so, different yet familiar. Like how Matri would look at him sometimes. " I'll clean up here, go set up camp with the others, the usual procedure."

" Sure." Fionn shrugged. " See you in a few hours, Mimi."

" Stay safe!" Atalanta reminded him before ushering both Des and his Matri to return to the camp.

The hours later was mostly checking on the survivors and doing head counts. Atalanta and Fionn were going around checking on any injured and distributing rations of food for them at a controlled pace. Atalanta gave out orders and organized groups for hunts so that they could save whatever food they have now for later. With not much to do, they followed. Their chief was dead and now Matri would be appointed leader for the time being, Fionn mentioned that there was a bigger bastion along the path to their home where they could settle if they

wanted. Other bastions like themselves had each followed Meleager and settled there as well. Speaking of the man, he was nowhere to be seen. Not a single flash of his armour or any sound of his voice. Fionn and Atalanta didn't seem worried and told them he'd be back in a few hours. They had time to decide whether or not they should move by then.

Curious, Des decided to investigate himself. He had the sense to crouch, carefully making his way to what remains of his ruined home and saw Meleager himself, hunched over something. Quietly, he hid himself behind some debris, carefully peaked behind his cover and froze. Golden hair catches his eyes first, the strands of gold were drenched in sweat and a silver streak tucked in between. Frozen in place, Des has to hold his breath as to keep himself from shouting or getting noticed as he watched said man, Meleager himself, fucking eating the serpent's head.

He watched how the man not only consumes the snake so easily, as if he were eating some steak, but the fact he was eating it so carefully. Not a drop of its blood made stained his armour, aside from when he was fighting it, no he was clean. There isn't even anything left of the head either, pure ivory white bone is laid down on the blackstone and he's practically crunching down on pieces of it. Teeth going through the serpent's fangs easily. It was so unnatural, horrifying. He gathers himself and immediately leaves the scene. He scrambles back to the camp, not noticing a pair of blue eyes watching him disappear from sight.

Deadwood II

Chapter Summary

Goin home again with the dogs.

Walter and Betty have joined the party

Des stayed close to his Matri as they walked, their bastion had decided to follow Meleager to their new home. By tradition, they were absolutely indebted to him in many ways. For saving them, for killing the enemy who had killed their previous chief and now, providing them a new home. The man did little to raise his voice but it echoes nonetheless. The two young piglins stayed close by his side and Des wondered if they followed him willingly or were simply forced to. Though, they could be indebt to him in a way. Perhaps their previous bastion had to give them up to repay him. They must've started pretty young to be able to fight so well. Would that mean his bastion would have to give up the same compensation? If so then they'd probably hand off one of the more higher ranked children. Like the child of a brute or higher brute. Or the chief.

Wait.

Des glanced at Meleager who was leading them as the brutes guarded their rear. The armoured man seemed to notice right away and meets the piglin's gaze. They stare at each other for a good moment, Des already sweating buckets and more than thankful that his surroundings are a good enough excuse to brush it off. Then Meleager does something he'd never expected before, he waved.

It's somewhat contrasting to what he'd seen just the other night. He wonders what kind of eyes are hiding beneath that helmet. Would they be as warm as his demeanor around Fionn and Atalanta? Or would they be cold, hungry like a predator's? Maybe they'd be blank like hoglin eyes. Does he have any eyes actually? Is he secretly a wither skeleton? Wait- no, skeletons don't eat and he definitely has like hair and flesh. He seems nice around those younger than him.

Then it finally occurs to Des, his Matri was now acting chief. He's the only son. Which means...

Shit.

Averting his gaze, he tries not to think of such a possibility. Nope. No way would he ever travel with a guy that can literally eat monsters. What kind of teeth does this Overworked have? Are they all like this?

" Weird kid." They heard him mutter quietly under his breath as they walked.

" Who?" Micheal asked. " You mean Des?"

" Yup, the lad that tried to eat Walter and Betty." Tommy confirmed as the two dogs jogged along either side of him.

" You named them already?" Michelle laughed. " Never change, uncle."

" What you on about? They were hungry and needed names. I'm not going to walk around calling them Dog 1 and 2 all day." The two teens snickered as he huffed.

" Walter and Betty was better?" Michael added, causing Michelle to laugh.

" They like it." Tommy retorted. " Isn't that right, Walter?" The greyhound looked up at Tommy with such loving eyes you could practically see sparkles.

" Well, I'm not judging." Michael shrugged, though Tommy could tell he totally was.

" None of the sass, Fionn." He warned the teen and he responds by holding his hands up nervously. He almost didn't notice Michelle had slowed down to talk to that Des kid. He dismisses it lightly, that girl was always rather friendly. He'll just have to keep an eye on them for now. So he did.

And had never felt more annoyed.

It started out pretty friendly. Talking about whatever, Michelle being her usual energetic self and the kid looked rather surprised at first but soon started engaging in the conversation. But as the hours go on, it became somewhat apparent that the two were inseparable. They were always hanging out from walking, trekking down old netherack paths and even on breaks they'd sit and eat together. It's safe to say Tommy wasn't comfortable with how chummy the two were being.

" Fionn, Fionn." The piglin looks up the sound of his name being called.

" Yeah?" He answers, mouth full of food.

" Could you not-" Micheal's already swallowed it down as Tommy sighs in defeat. " Whatever. Why isn't Atalanta eating with us?"

" She's been hanging out with Des." Micheal shrugged. " He seems like a chill dude." Tommy scoffed at that, deciding to pay it no mind for now. He glances over at the pair as Des seemed to be telling her some sort of story and she was listening with full interest. He catches Tommy's gaze and visibly flinches. The reaction sparked a rather interesting recollection of the little pig running away from him while he was disposing the basilisk's body.

That very horrified expression that he's seen on others, on the Gods when they discovered this. On his own children even when they found out about his hunts. His lasting contract with the entire pantheon revolved around his ability. He's pondered it before. What it does to his body, what it means for him. Hell, he's always known what he was outside the eyes of his

adopted family. A strange child, born unnaturally as the Blood God had put it, not blessed nor cursed. If he eats monsters, then what does that make him?

" Hey, uh, Atalanta?" Des called to her as they continued their way to the built path of cobblestone.

" Yeah? Got something on your mind?" She whipped her head around to face him. Her mane, a deep pink, deeper than his own Matri, waved in the air elegantly. He lava softly glows around them, the light reflecting off her green eyes beautifully. **" Des?"**

" Um, right. So I wanted to ask. Just, what happens to the monsters after you and Meleager kill them? Where do they go?" He asked as Atalanta nodded thoughtfully.

" Well, monster flesh is pretty messed up. If any other natural predators or hoglins get a bite of it, they'd turn into monsters themselves. Meleager makes sure to dispose of the body so that nothing bad happens." Atalanta explained. **" If you're wondering where they go, we send them to the void."** She finishes before walking ahead towards Fionn and whispers something to him. The male glanced between her and Des with a raised brow and quietly shoots Des a small glare.

It didn't take long for them to spot the bastion they would soon be welcomed into. The structure was enormous, a dozen brutes guarded the walls, watching them approach with crossbows and golden weapons in hand. Several members of his own bastion shifted slightly from foot to foot as Meleager spoke with two chief piglins that were running the bastion together. Matri was brought forward to represent them and were welcomed into their herd with open arms. The others followed suit, greeting their new bastion members and ushering them into the building. They were alike, all of them. They've all lost their homes before and lost loved ones, together they rebuilt and welcomed others that Meleager guides to them.

It wasn't a common practice, actually. If a bastion lost their home, then chances are they are scattered and living as nomads or get captured as slaves by other, stronger bastions. Here, where they've all suffered, beaten and low in numbers, all were welcomed and treated as equals. Des watched as Meleager starts to leave with Fionn and Atalanta by his side. He'd soon learn that the man was their Matri, and then the only condition he had for the bastion to continue thriving as they are is by living together peacefully. Meleager was sharp, kind yet merciless. He had cut down piglins who'd gone against his one rule of cooperation and peace.

As their new bastion, they were to abandoned some of their old ways in order to fit in. For better or for worse, each of them would comply. Meleager was both their saviour and monster, a being benevolent and cruel at the same time. As much as he preferred peace, crossing him usually led to the individual disappearing. Regardless of rank or what they were.

If you become what you eat, then does that make the one who consumes monsters, a monster himself?

Well, Tommy certainly didn't think so. They walked down his cobblestone path, the bastion already out of sight as they entered the gated tunnel.

" Walter, Betty!" He calls as the pups followed him through the portal. " He gives them a quick check once they crossed, Michelle cooed as Walter liked the palm of her hand while Michael lets Betty sniff him. " You lot doing alright?"

" We're good!" Michelle said as they straightened up again. Tommy grinned beneath his mask and patted both their heads gently.

" You both did well." He says, they could picture his warm smile already, how tired he must be at the same time. Looking at him, picturing that smile, reminded them of a soft sunset, when the skies are a deeper sky blue, the clouds are pink and the sun's rays paints an orange gradient melting into blue. Suddenly the skies are dimmer and the sun is gone, Tommy's shoulders sagged as he lets out a small sigh. " Let's head home." He says as he turns his attention towards the path.

Michael and Michelle glanced at each other briefly, not liking the way the mood dropped. The dogs reacted quicker than they could, immediately running over to Tommy and playfully circling him. The bark and move about relentlessly, sniffing his hands and whining. Tommy chuckled, already melting at their need for affection and it felt as if a million stars had lit up the gloomy night sky.

Whatever had gone through Tommy's mind no longer mattered for now. Right now, they've had a job well done and were expecting to see a chest full of treasures as soon as they get back. True to their word as always, the Gods had filled the chest to the brim with all sorts of riches and allowed Sam Nook to guard the gifts until Tommy accepts them.

It was part of their deal that the reward be delivered at his doorstep the moment the quest is completed so he didn't have to worry about inventory space when traveling. He had this trouble early on when receiving the rewards, he didn't have much space so the Gods had granted him shulker boxes, which were in fact highly illegal and pretty rare considering that the End is sealed off. Plus, the gods simply weren't comfortable with simply giving him lesser pay, like it was beneath their standards apparently. So the treasures would remain in the chests until he inspects the rewards himself and accepts. Likely because of his trust issues even to the Gods. The pay has to be up to par with his work after all.

The only God who didn't have such an issue was Death herself. Her method of payment had already been given ever since she's run out of things to give away. There is only so much she could do. So much. Indeed.

" Dad!" Shroud was the first to run out with the younger kids to welcome them home as soon as he closed the reward chest.

" Uncle Tommy!" Finley jumped up, Tommy nearly stumbled over as the weight of a golden child pushed against him. Yogurt didn't hesitate to tackle him to the ground, causing the poor man to wheeze as the air is knocked out of him.

" Oh my Gods, puppies!" Foolish Jr exclaimed as the pair of greyhounds ran up to them. They greet their two eldest siblings back into the tower as Shroud helped his father up. " Where did you find these guys?"

" Some bitch tried to eat them." Michael shrugged.

" Well, he looked pretty desperate." Michelle added.

" Please, you're only defending him cause he's got a thing for you." Her face flushed with a deep pink hue as the other kids grinned mischievously.

" Ooooh~" Before anything further could be said, the sound of a bell brought their attention. Rosie stood in front of the door with one arm on her hips and the other hand holding the string of a large bell with a sign that said,

~ATTENTION BELL~

In all caps. She points to the three adventurers and signed to them ' *Hurry your asses to the med bay. Stat.* '

" Yes, Doctor Rosie." They simultaneously, making her flustered as Michelle chased Micheal inside. Jr and Finley immediately got themselves armfuls of dogs, gushing over them as they're brought inside.

" WELCOME HOME..." Sam Nook said cheerfully as he collected the treasures to be stored and sorted later. He closes the door behind him with a soft click, eyes wrinkled in a smile as he watches the warm scene with content.

Deadwood III

Chapter Summary

Tommy has a little talk with Yogurt.

Foolish shares a shell with Puffy

Yogurt had been knee-deep in their thoughts when they heard a knock on the door. Their ears perked up as the figure outside shifted their feet awkwardly in a familiar way.

"Yogurt?" They curse silently at the sound of Tommy's voice.

"In a minute!" They shouted as they scrambled to keep their things back where they belong. Stuffing whatever tools they had into the drawers and rolling up the plans before anyone sees. They stuff the rolled up plans into their ender chest and rolled down their sleeves before heading for the door. "What's up?" The young fox says awkwardly as they opened the door to meet the eyes of their uncle.

"Do you mind if I come in?" He asked politely. "I think we need to talk."

"Is this gonna be a heavy thing or am I like in trouble?" They asked meekly.

"Do you think you're in trouble?" Tommy quipped with a raised brow.

"Nooo...?" They drawled with a cheeky little smile. The man chuckled softly at the answer, grinning down at the little fox softly.

"No, you're not in trouble, Yogurt." He reassures them. "I just wanna talk about your little project coming along." Their smile faltered and ears going flat against their head. They stared up at Tommy nervously, their expression simply inquiring how. "Did you really think you could hide anything from Benson, dear? I swear, he's even nosier than the most obnoxious busybodies in the nearest town." He says jokingly, pausing briefly as he watches Yogurt's tail tuck between their tails and he hears a sniff. "Hey, hey! I said you're not in trouble, remember?" He says softly, kneeling down a bit so he would seem smaller and eyes leveled with their own. He always thought their eyes, as bright amber as they were, were like a flame amid a snowy white plain. "Easy, sweet. It's alright, you're not in trouble. It's alright."

"Promise?"

"I promise, kit." Continuing their conversation indoors, Yogurt relays her plans and what she wished to do.

" It's just, Finley and Jr get to magically communicate with their Dad. It's just been a while and I haven't heard from him in ages. Not him or Big Q or Uncle Sammy, heck I'd give anything to hear about Slime too!" Tommy grinned softly as they half giggled to themselves, taking a seat next to them on the bed. " I miss them."

" Me too, kit." Tommy sighs. " But, you-"

" Can't." She interrupts him. " I know about the whole....thing with my grandpa and Grandza too, plus who knows what shit they've gotten themselves into over the years." The man opens his mouth to speak only for the little fox to interrupt him again. " And I know you've got like bad blood with like 90% of the server and we're out here for our own good, plus they haven't caught Dream yet..." They glance at the man briefly, he used to freeze up at the mere mention of that name. " But, it's been forever. No warnings, no news, like nothing's happened for the past ten years." They laughed nervously.

" Well-"

" But, what if something did happen? Like if they tried calling but they couldn't reach us?"

" Kit,"

" What if it's all gone? Las Nevadas, my home, Snowchester,"

" Yogurt-"

" Uncle Tommy, what if they're dead?"

" Yogurt. Breath." They finally register the firm hands on their shoulders as their sharp eyes focused on the only adult they knew out here. The man who would ignore his own nightmares and panic attacks to calm theirs, the man who never wore armour indoors and had nothing on but some long khakis and a black t-shirt with an old compass around his neck like a precious jewel. " In and out like we practiced, yeah?" He helps count their breaths with them. " Are you okay?" They nod.

" Can I get a hug?" Wordlessly, he opened his arms and allowed the fox to basically tackle him, not even phased. He holds them close enough for them to hear his heart, how calm he was in the situation but also how the question sparked him with the slightest fear.

" Yogurt, I'll be honest with you, I don't know if I'm ready to call or contact anyone, really." He began, taking a breath momentarily before continuing. " I literally up and left with you lot almost in a flash. Originally, I only told Puffy that I was leaving because I had Shroud and as far as I can remember, my homes tend to be blown up. I didn't want that for him, my kid. Then Tubbo came along to try and get me to stay but I could see he was scared too. Then he started thinking I should take Michael with me, then Puffy wanted to send along Michelle and I was delayed. Then I got a message that...I could leave with all of you with me. Your dad sent me that message by the way, he promised he and Foolish would keep Las Nevadas and Wilbur busy while we leave. They gave me supplies, a ship, some tools but I knew they weren't for me." His eyes looked down into Yogurt's, a soft somber gaze like a cloudy sky in the late evening. " They were for you. All of you." It took a moment for them to realize the

cloudy grey sky wasn't somber or sad, it was peaceful. A silent acceptance to the blissful rain it promised. " And well, seeing how you are, I'd say you're all worth it."

" That was really sappy, Uncle Tommy."

" Shut." Yogurt giggled as he glared at her playfully. " So, to wrap things up, you're not in trouble but if you do wanna build this thing then you'll need more than just used junk. I don't like it, I'll admit but I will help you if you'd have me."

" Really?" Yogurt brightened up.

" Of course, kit. But you have to include your siblings."

" No! They're..." Yogurt wailed, biting their bottom lip. " They're uncouth."

" Uncouth?" Tommy laughed as he repeated the word.

Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of blocks away stood a man with skin like gold, eyes that gleam like emeralds and a sharp toothy smile. He stands in his father's office, cradling a colourful shell with a wide smile as if it were the greatest treasure of all. He shared their song with his father, his children's voice harmonising as they told their tale. He isn't upset of Osiris and Sekhmet, for as much as the pacifist he claims to be he's glad they were doing alright at least. He knows how much he lived up to being the totem of Death before, naming himself as Death's harbinger with every soul he claimed. For all he's tried to leave all that behind, he'd been forced out of retirement once more.

It saddened Puffy the first time she heard it, her son used as an asset and it ached her when news of Dream's escape spread like wildfire, her wayward child missing to this day and it terrified her when Technoblade declared Las Nevadas as his enemy. It didn't simply mean another war, another death, nor another era on the server, it meant that everything Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo feared had come to light. The first of the three having the insight to leave before everything went to shit and as the server either ignored his disappearance or cursed him for it, she was one of the few who were more than glad for it.

War leaves scars for all ages, marks marred deep in the wound. A past tragedy, a festering ache of the present and the bane of the future. The smallest of the server, the children some of them had taken to had been safely evacuated beforehand. Sure they were handed off to the hands of a minor but there was Sam Nook and Tubbo even gave up his personal AI project to keep an eye on them. Not a single one would be treated as an asset or leverage, not like they had been once.

She's kept every letter her daughter sent her, with little drawings and doodles scribbled on the corners of every page, which were regretfully only a year's worth. Tubbo had sent them a letter to warn them about the prison escape and they were never heard from again. Until, the year Foolish Jr turned nine and as Foolish walked along the shores of the beach, hears the way the ocean calls to him once more. How the shell was delivered safely to his feet and at that moment he knew, his son had an incredible aptitude for magic. How he wept when he hears their singing, voices woven into magic. Oh, they'd grown so much then.

Foolish listened, sharing a bright smile with his father as they listened to the children's voices. Children free from war, choosing to live how they want and being absolutely badass at monster hunting. It was from the first shell did Foolish finally resumed some of his duties as the God of the Oceans. He couldn't leave Las Nevadas as per the contract to deal with some of the cursed creatures and had reluctantly allowed Meleager to do the job for him. Of course he knew about Tommy's new job, he's a God. The entire pantheon made such a big deal about it.

A new hunter who's not tied to any divine being, completely free lance and pays in material possessions. In terms of Gods, that's pretty cheap. Plus, he wouldn't except fully enchanted weapons. He wanted materials, enchanted books, that's it. Such a bargain! Most hunters were either immortals or made a deal with one of the Gods. But Tommy? Tommy Careful Danger Kraken Innit made a working contract with the entire bloody pantheon and his pay is so cheap. Man's doesn't want immortality or any of that divine shit, he's literally just looking to live.

The books offered up as payment weren't just run of the mill enchanted basics either, these were off world. Crafting recipes of weapons never before seen on the server, of knowledge some men could only dream to have. Foolish himself had sent a rather rare book about ocean magic which he knows Tommy would share with his kids and the times when they did some scrapbooking in that special beast collection book was pretty fun. By then, Tommy had gotten himself a prosthetic and hasn't exactly told anyone about it. Not even Puffy.

Though, it was mostly under the hunter's request. He'd preferred if they'd found out themselves someday. He could respect the young man's decision then. It was Tommy's call to make, he wasn't different yet he wasn't exactly the same either. He was still Tommy, smart, kind Tommy and he looked wiser beyond his years somehow. It's as if he's reached some sort of understanding of the world, an ascension if you will.

The only little detail his didn't particularly enjoy of the hunter's contract was the part for the disposal of monster corpses. One where by unanimous vote, he'd been granted access to the 'void'. He recalls Death and Time's small dispute afterwards, such a thing had been unthinkable but it'd been granted as Tommy's collateral by the whole pantheon.

To use the 'void' as a means of disposing the remains of monsters and granting Tommy Innit, the very definition of gluttony.

Church : Interlude

Chapter Summary

Meeting of the Gods after his first monster kill

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The gathering of the Gods was a rare event. It doesn't happen often, nor is it something that simply happens on a whim. The meetings would last as easy as thirty minutes or up to months at a time depending on the issue. Though, making an entire pantheon of Gods gather up for a meeting regarding a hunter's contract was something only Tommy could ever achieve.

At first some of them were enraged, having to be called from their duties and businesses simply to draft a contract for a mere hunter. Usually hunters were simply champions or chosen favourites of the Gods or some of the lower Gods themselves. The universal term for those who were chosen by the Gods either as angels or champions, would be 'Blessed'. Then, it became apparent that Tommy was completely unaffiliated. Since he's already been disowned by the Angel of Death, hereby allowing any previous connections he's had with Death herself to be deemed null since Philza had been the one to adopt him first.

With hair of gold and eyes so blue, some might even assume he'd always been Philza's son from the start. But the Gods could tell from a glance what he was, to them he bared no resemblance whatsoever with the angel. Hell, to them, he wasn't even what they would call a human being. A copy, an imitation of another person. Though, they knew very well that he was most certainly alive with a sentient mind and capable of feeling emotions as much as any other being. It was clear that a copy was still a person, capable of making his own choices and mistakes.

His existence was willed by the Gods mostly out of curiosity, see how it goes. They'd told him then, if his existence proved to be hazardous for the servers he inhabits then he would've been slain ages ago by a hunter. So here he is, standing before Gods who even considered killing him before he'd even grown old enough to walk. It's sickening, truly. Even they regret having such thoughts but it was necessary. They gave him a chance in life, he simply did enough not to be screwing it up as badly as he thought. Another part of him that had them concerned was the fact he was revived.

The factor being that it was something unwilling was taken into consideration, his circumstances at birth and his time spent in that 'void' was also included. As a being that came to be through...opposing means, he had been given a gift to aid him in his survival.

" So the reason that I'm like this." Tommy, who was seventeen and just lost his leg, looked at the Gods with an odd look in his eyes. " Is because one of you thought it'd be interesting to see what happened if there wasn't a limit to what a person could eat?" The boy could eat and digest anything. Sticks, stones and even full on bone. Not a single thing missed. It's how he survived exile for so long despite the starvation. He wasn't keen on using this ability growing up with his old family, it wasn't normal or remotely humane to them. There were days when Phil would leave the house too long with Techno and Wil, he couldn't cook much at the time so he had to adapt. Why else would he think mud was so tasty? It's a constant in his meals when they're away.

" It helped, did it not?" He dares not to cast a glance at the echoing voices of the God, who's smile was one of pure amusement and boredom. " You should be grateful, little runt." Tommy ignores the God's gaze looming over him, looking down as if he were an unsightly stain. " Not even turning to look at me? Can you tell how 'acquainted' I am with your older brother? He is among my most favourite of champions."

" He's not my brother. Not according to him."

" Ah, right. You were disowned. How unfortunate, little runt." The God says in a mocking tone.

" Don't tease him, Blood." The clear voice of the Empress rang out.

" Do you think so lowly of me, dearest?" The Blood God pouts.

" Shut your mouth, you crazed War God." She warned with a hiss akin to sizzling lava. Her hair a deep shade of brick red, long dreadlocks that flowed with a lava like glow at its ends. " Tommy," She calls him softly, a small smile making its way to her lips. " Do ignore him. We've heard a lot about you."

" I can see that." He deadpans, glancing around the room of Gods with anticipated looks.

" I mean you can't really blame us for your whole 'gluttony' curse-thing." The God of Fortune spoke. " The only way we could actually let you live is with some sort of curse following it. No offense kid, but you're quite literally not meant to be alive."

" Chandler." The God of Time reprimanded. " We really wanted to let you live since...well, you were made with good intentions but it wouldn't have been easy. Usually things that were made like this are considered challenging our authority. Cursing them had been our default in order to hinder others from trying as well."

" So I'm just like them. Those monsters."

" No no. Tommy, you're different." Drista says. " Those weren't made like you...they were....they weren't even..." She trails off, struggling to find a good answer.

" They were made for the purpose of corruption and bloodshed." Eyes were now drawn to the Sky God who'd been quiet for some time. " They do not hold any humanity or sentience in their soul. They were born to kill. Tommy Innit, you have a remarkable chance here as our

hunter. How about this, I'll give you the first term of the contract. Since you're completely unaffiliated with any of us, we can ask for your services regardless of which God." He offers.

" Alright." Tommy answers after a beat. " But I want to be able to decline the job." DreamXD hummed, immediately noting down the terms and conditions as the condition continued far more smoothly than he expected.

1. The hunter will remain unaffiliated to a specific God and will only be connected to one God per quest.
2. He will be granted free roaming access across the Nether during the quests.
3. The hunter will destroy any if all remnants of their quarry.
4. The hunter is allowed to reject and request a different reward.
5. Hunts outside of the Gods' needs are permitted.
6. The contract will remain active until his apparent death or return to the SMP.

" Anything else to add?" XD asked around. Tommy raised his hand.

" About the whole disposing issue, not everything turns to ash now, innit?" Murmurs flitted around the room as the Gods looked between one another.

" Wouldn't his curse be of good use here?" One of them said.

" What? Have you seen the numbers and sizes of some of these things?" He vaguely recognizes Foolish's voice. " There's no way he could eat all that."

" Just upgrade his curse then."

" That's absurd!"

" Disgusting." The Blood God snorted.

" What would upgrading my curse do to me?" He asked them bravely.

" It'll give you absolutely bottomless hunger. You'll eat and eat without delay." The Empress explained. " You'll feel full ever again."

" Nope!" He says immediately. " I am not going through that. Can't I get like...a second stomach or something?" One of them laughed.

" We can't simply changed your internal organs, you silly runt." The Blood God cackled.

" But, we can alter his curse." Death offered. " I can still make some changes since he's been unlawfully taken from my realm." She said.

" So, you have access to alter his code." Drista finished in awe.

" I don't know if I'm comfortable with that." He laughed nervously.

" What if I told you I could get rid of your limbo?" Kristin looked towards Tommy with a bright glint in her eyes. Their gazes locked and she knows the pain he's suffered from the

'void', she knows the nightmares it still brings him.

" What do you have in mind?"

Chapter End Notes

What Tommy sees :

Blood God : little runt. (Mocking)

What others see :

Blood God : little runt. (Affectionate)

I Predict A Riot I

Chapter Summary

A very Rosie-centric chapter.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being late gang. Am back.

She listened to the wind blowing past her long fluffy hair. Rosie watched the immense view from the ledge of her tower, her eyes glazing over the vast landscape of valleys and hills. Foolish Jr sitting behind her with a box of supplies on his lap.

" Pass the rod, please." Wordlessly, he passed on the metal rod to Michael who was tinkering with the final bits of their new communications tower. It'd been a bit of a surprise when Yogurt announced the project during dinner, but a welcome one. Everyone wanted to pitch in almost immediately. The fox shared their designs, allowing them to be reviewed by the others and was even open to suggestions. Benson and Sam guided them through it all, making sure the designs fit it's purpose.

" Guys, I've been thinking." Shroud says suddenly.

" That's dangerous." Yogurt says dismissively, hanging upside down as they rewired the tower circuits. Shroud responds by giving the chord he was holding a light pull, it tugs on the fox's harness and they let out a nervous laugh. " Sorry. Continue."

" As I was saying, I've been thinking. We're calling our parents, right? Well, you guys are at least. So, what are you guys gonna say?" He asked them.

" Well, my Dad's pretty up to speed with all the stuff me and Finley get down to." Jr tells them.

" I was thinking about telling my dads regarding my brilliant inventions."

" Ahem." Yogurt gives him a pointed look.

" Fine. Our, brilliant inventions. Though, I kinda... don't exactly know where to start. I mean, my own dad built nukes from the bottom up. Fucking nukes, man. Would...Would any of my stuff actually be enough to impress him?"

" Of course, it's impressive! I can't wait to show my dad everything we've made together. Especially our custom communicators!" Yogurt cheered. " Come on guys, this is our chance to call home. Lighten up!"

" I don't mind calling up my mom." Michelle walked up with a tray of drinks and snacks. The younger teens immediately agreed to take a break. " I wanna tell her all about our adventures and stuff. I haven't heard her voice in ages. Though there is one thing bothering me." She adds. Shroud feels a slight inkling to what she's about to say as he helps Yogurt down.

" Dad." He states and the eldest of them nods. " When we left, half the server wanted him dead or use him for something. The other half just didn't really care or they're caught up with their own thing." He says, recalling his earlier days on the SMP. He remembers how everyday Tommy spent waking up in dread. Afraid of whatever was to come to their doorstep. Friend or foe, brother or not, he was a quietly paranoid teen in a world out to eat him alive. Irony now how he retaliates by eating up the world before it could ever sink its horrid teeth into him.

" My grandpa might catch on." The fox mutters. " But, we could probably block the signals from being traced."

" It's possible." Michael nods. " We could definitely send false signals too to send them off our trail." Who 'them' were didn't quite matter.

" Come to think of it, our parents would definitely recognize our names and voices, yeah?" Shroud speaks up with a more spirited grin. " And people are gonna find out about us eventually, right?"

" Where are you going with this?" Jr asked cautiously.

" Get to the point!" Finley yelled as they rushed up to join them.

" I say we make our comeback a little more special. Make it grand. Picture it guys, kids missing for ten years with radio silence all the way, calling up out of nowhere and the first thing they hear is music. How about it?" The spider proposed.

" Hold on. You want us to essentially turn our heartfelt reconnection with our parents, a musical?" The piglin tries to sum up. " I'm in. Not exactly ready to deal with that kind of emotional baggage yet. Hell, none of us are." Passing nods were given as they each agreed.

" Yeah, yeah! We could keep it ambiguous and shit." The spider continued. " I know sure as hell that our parents would be glad to hear us and, any baddies trying to pin us down won't know shit."

" Cause it'll all be done in the music room!" Jr added. " Soundproof and no background noises to give them even the slightest clue about even the biome we're in." Their discussion continued as they worked, a little rewiring done to connect the appliances straight to the music room.

They further discussed it with Tommy, who helped them pick out a song to practice and play. The man was well verse in the language of music notes, his brother had sent him off to the nearest church while he worked to get them extra cash and dear Tommy at the time made fast friends with the local choir. They taught him how to read musical notes and mastered the high notes of hymns as well as several other songs. All for free. Wilbur stopped leaving him at the church once he was old enough but he still went anyways. He's aware of the talents the kids had and helped arranged their roles for their first ever gig.

The gut wrenching nervousness to be talking to their parents replaced with gleeful excitement. It's also quite a step for Tommy himself. Though it isn't directly he himself who's going to be making the call, the kids are calling the mainland and by extension, so was himself. It's a rather risky move but with three redstone enthusiasts, two AIs and an entire arsenal of contingency plans, they were practically prepared for anything. Tommy has seen horrors of the world that put Dream's necromancy god complex to shame. He's met real Gods, beings who could literally change his entire being in a single night while Dream had to use manipulation and whatever he has at his mortal disposal, the Gods had no such qualms. They simply do and it happens.

That was power at its finest. Raw, controlled and yet so natural.

As it were, one might believe his belief in Prime would've wavered by now with all the despair he's seen. Though, it seemed that the Gods were definitely using him like they used their blessed ones. His faith in the Gods continued much to their surprise. He knows they could break the contract they've made with him without suffering any repercussions but they hold true. Power wasn't so simple, it wasn't made to be controlled by corrupt and selfish men. The power mortals hold are fleeting and never lasting, yet they still crave it so. Power is responsibility, a faith. He's seen such power held by an empress in a realm he's visited, how this ruler, as regal and tall as she stood, would still bow in respect to those who've aided her. Her following of the concept of giving back what you get didn't seem as simple as an eye for an eye. Some things are certainly sweeter than revenge in blood. It's the victories of living better, being happier while still holding a sense of empathy for your enemy and having them know so well that you hold such a feeling and still succeeding, that was sweeter.

Those who've done wrong will eventually get their comeuppance, in this life or another. Those who were wronged will have their troubles eased someday. Be it by their own hands or another. Surviving in this life takes more than simply going through everyday and reacting. It takes taking in what you already have, what you were and who you'll be. Sometimes you simply just need to live.

This is so sweet.

Tommy sighed as the voice cooed. His next job was coming up soon and apparently, it was Lady Death's turn. Of course, procedures as usual. When a God wants to send over a champion to hunt, they have much easier access since they're already connected with the Gods. In Tommy's case, he's technically connected to all of them. They contact him one at a time during his duties, though unrelated Gods have a habit of coming in to see how he was doing anyways. DreamXD gave excuses that as the God of the Overworld, he can rightfully check in whenever necessary as Tommy was an Overworld inhabitant.

Isn't it a little risky?

And there he is.

It's fine. They'll never find him.

Drista added. As the Goddess of Chaos, she just does whatever the heck she wants. Her justification for being another voice in Tommy's poor head? She found him first.

" Well, kids. Our next adventure is coming up soon." Tommy announced as they finished up on lunch together. " Shroud, Jr, we'll leave two weeks so make sure to get prepared by then." The pair glanced at each other briefly.

" Hear that, Jr? No messing around." Shroud says.

" Are you telling yourself that?" The spider glared as Jr stuck out his tongue.

" Have fun, Shroud." Yogurt waved.

" Oh, kit, you're coming along too." The man informs them suddenly.

" Wait, me?" The fox looked around curiously as confused glances were cast around. Usually they followed a ruling hierarchy where the older kids go first and right above Yogurt should've been Rosie. They glance over to the pink sheep who continued to eat lunch without a hint of discomfort. " But, I thought it would've been-" Her fork meets the plate loudly as she practically stabs the potato. " - Rosie...."

" It's just a slight change of plans. Rosie will have her turn when she's ready." The sheep scoffs at that.

' And you would know that, wouldn't you?' Rosie signed before standing up abruptly. She takes her plate and moves over to the elevator.

" Rosie?" Shroud calls after her as she shuts the elevator cage.

" Rosie." Michelle calls even softer. The sheep gives them a small wave before pressing the button and the elevator moves up.

" Clean up when you're done with your food. I'll go talk to her." Tommy sighs as he makes his way to the elevator as well. He's doing what every parent does when they're worried about their kids, checking on them. The bare minimum that many parental figures in his life have failed to do. The children take note of his eyes, a sea of clouds rolling across strong mountains and peaks, undivided, unyielding. He arrives at her door, a rose shaped door handle greeting him with a soft glint. " Rosie?" He knocked softly. There's a small shuffle on the other side and footsteps lightly make it to the door. A piece of paper slides underneath the door and Tommy takes it into his hands carefully.

' Why can't I go?'

" Sweet, we've been over this." He sighs. " You're not ready." There's a scribble and another note.

' I can aim and fire just fine. Better than you even.'

" I know, but you hesitated."

' It was once. Once and you shut me down.'

" Well once is already dangerous enough. If I hadn't gotten to you in time, you could've been-"
" The word fails to make it past his throat. He swallows, taking in another breath, speaking softer. " I'm sorry, Rosie. I truly am. But when that thing went for you I was so scared, terrified that I wouldn't make it. You aimed, dead center at its head, don't think I wouldn't have noticed how good you are, your finger on the trigger and yet you didn't shoot. I'm not mad you didn't make the shot, hun. I'm scared. I'm one man," His voice growing softer. " And I can't- I'm not strong enough, to- I can't lose you. Either of you. Every time one of you gets hurt, I feel like I've died already. Like the void that sits inside me could swallow me whole." The door clicks open and the moment they noticed each other's glossy eyes, the pair automatically fell into a hug. Tommy holds her close, relishing in every heartbeat and breath she takes as she sobs silently. It takes him a while to speak again, sobs between his own breaths making it relatively hard to open his mouth. " I know you're capable of taking care of yourself, Rosie." He tells her once they've calmed down. " You're strong, determined and an incredible shot. All I'm asking is for you to sit this one out just this once. I-I don't think my heart could take that much." He gives a half-hearted laugh, it sounds dry and devoid of its usual humour.

Rosie looks up into his eyes, how it reminded her of the slow grey clouds on an especially rainy day.

' It's okay, old man. We'll inherit your stuff when you pass one day.'

Tommy pauses, staring straight into the sheepish look in Rosie's eyes. He raises a brow, this is why they can't have emotional moments in this house.

" I'm not old." Rosie makes a thinking face and shrugged. " I'm not!" He laughs, brighter now as he wipes his own tears. " You good?" Rosie nods and points at him. " I'm good. Let's get back to the others and pretend none of this drama happened."

' Scared they'd think less of you?'

" No, it's because if I don't have my eye on them someone's gonna burn down something." True to his word, someone did. Michael accidentally set the lab on fire. Again.

I Predict A Riot II

Chapter Summary

Tiger cameo

Chapter Notes

Think of it as a discord vc



: Finley



: Michelle



: Shroud



: Foolish Jr



: Yogurt



: Michael



: Rosie



: Tommy

Light seeps through the curtains of his room. His bleary eyes are open, blissfully ignoring the call of the morning light. Locks of raven black hair messily brushed back with a lazy hand. For a man who viciously owns a casino, he looked extremely docile. He barely lifts himself before a weight pushes him back down into the mattress. There's a low growl above him and he sighs.

" Tiger, get off." Quackity groaned at the feline but it refused to budge. He would've just pushed him off if it weren't for two factors. One, Tiger was being adorable and cuddly. Two, true to his name, he's literally a three hundred pound tiger. How the poor duck man hasn't had his bones crushed yet is a mystery in itself. There's a light knock on the door and a familiar voice presents itself.

" Quackity?" Sam's voice calls from the other side of the door.

" I'm up." He answered in a muffled voice, burying his head into the pillow. " Come in." He adds after a brief pause. The door opens and the warden of the impenetrable prison Pandora's Vault steps through in full uniform.

" Good morning." He greets him and the duck makes a noncommittal noise.

" Why are you always wearing that? You keep coming going back and forth to that goddamn prison literally every week. There's no one fucking there, Sam." Quackity says as Tiger rises from his place with some light coaxing by the creeper hybrid.

" I still have to keep it maintained." The duck hisses as Sam opens the curtains, the blinding light almost like a burning flame for the gambler. " Don't be so dramatic, even Schlatt's already up."

" Don't talk to me about that fucker." Sam chuckled as Quackity tosses a pillow in his direction but misses entirely. " How's Jambo though?"

" Jambo's fine. He took a piss at Wilbur's old burger van."

" Nice." He grinned as he slips his shirt on. In all honesty, he hasn't spoken to the man in a little over three years or so since the Grand Hunt. Of course, he's seen him wandering around a bit around the edges of the tundra the Syndicate dwelled in but never long. He wouldn't smile, nor would he gaze anywhere but the skies. In his eyes, lost as they were, seemed to be searching, waiting. He's seen such eyes on Tubbo and Ranboo before they started to shut themselves in their enormous mansion, quitting their respective jobs in the process. Puffy has a similar look sometimes, waiting, searching out for some sort of sign. Hell, even his own men, Fundy and Foolish have the same look.


He glances over to Sam, wondering why the man had grown so quiet. He sighs as he spots him. Of course Sam had the same ass look on his face as he leans against the window sill. It's been a good ten years since the kids left the SMP, since Tommy left. At first, a lot of them thought he'd kidnapped the kids somehow, some thought it was just another prank. Then, Puffy came forward to explain some shit and hell, the other parents on the server consented it. For a while the runaway felt like a cowardly move, they moved on without another thought. Had their continued spats and conflicts. All that stopped when those...things appeared and it all led up to the Grand Hunt. Then soon, as they collected their wounded and licked their wounds they felt a certain hollowness. The parents were especially effected by this, as depressive as they were. Somehow they felt grateful that the kids weren't around for the shit they pulled off. Then they felt regretful. A part of Quackity still feels as if he'd been responsible for driving Tommy away.

" Looking for someone, Sam?" He teases him lightly. The creeper doesn't answer, not that he needs to, but spares him a smile.

Simultaneously, their communicators ring. They glanced down briefly at the numbers, inviting them to an unknown channel. Outside their window, Fundy was looking down curiously at his own communicator. It seemed that perhaps the entirety of Las Nevadas is receiving the call, maybe even the whole server.

>Purpled : I'm in the call. It's safe.

With the fear of any malware or pranks out of the way, they each answered their comms and joined in the call. And they first thing they hear is the sound of a tuning guitar and the most fairy-like voice they've ever heard in their entire lives.

 : ~do dodo dododo...
~haiyayayayaya...


Foolish lets out a small laugh as the voice starts making odd noises into the mic before resuming the melody once more.


" Finley!" Another voice calls with fondness. " Stop playing with the mic."

" I was just testing it, Michael." Ranboo almost spat out the hot cocoa he was drinking upon hearing the name.


" You'll have your turn, Finney." Puffy could recognize Jr's voice anywhere by now as she listened.

" Everyone ready?" There's a whoop in the background and Fundy could feel his tail moving about with anticipation. It didn't take long for them to notice the different icons flashing for different voices. The current voice had a spider's icon and as the room they're in quietens, there's a light beat in the air followed by the sound of the main singer clearing his throat, only for another to start first.


 : ~Hey baby, won't you look my way? I can be your new addiction

 : ~Hey baby, what you gotta say? All you're giving me is fiction

★ : ~I'm a sorry sucker and this happens all the time

 : ~I found out that everybody talks

 : ~Everybody talks, everybody talks

 : ~It started with a whisper. And that was when I kissed her. ~And then she made my lips hurt

★ : ~I could hear the chit chat. Take me to your love shack. Mama's always gotta back track. When everybody talks back

The song goes on, melodies filling the air as they all listened in on the channel. The relief they felt upon simply hearing the children's voices, albeit as grown as they were, relieved them of their long dreaded fears. They sounded wonderful, beautiful together. A sheep icon would constantly flash, having incredible mastery over the guitar.

" Thank you, thank you!" The voice of the spider icon said with a familiar flare. " Get ready for take 2." For their next song, was more action packed than the previous one and full of this incredible energy that simply screamed their defiance to the fear of Death. Accustomed to danger and fully skilled, they were more than just alive. They were really living their lives and now extend a glimpse to the others beyond millions of blocks and seas. The spider icon and the voice Puffy could very well identify as Michelle completely took over the song, playing the main leads as the others supported them. The therapist was more than overjoyed to hear her daughter's voice echo with such triumph. She could almost picture her, pigtails

like the way she likes it, broad and tall like some of the other piglins she's seen and most definitely strong. How she missed her so dearly, her and all the others.

The kids say their goodbyes, promising to play again in two days time. Words of relief and how glad they were that they were all alive. Fundy having a similar reaction as he sinks to his knees.

" The kids are alive." Karl mutters. Maybe this timeline isn't so bad after all.

Some may call it fate, she calls it chance. She had barely caught the song, the voices of the young deities of the God of the Oceans. She waits for them at their cove, fascinated at the wonderful decorations and many shells they've collected over the years. She waits, everyday since the children had made their voices known to the rest of the server. She wonders how Wil took it, if he's still alive that is. She ponders momentarily what happened to him, for him to turn out so much more differently than what she remembered of the man. The man she loved was a poet, a man who loved collecting stories, a little odd and had an odd fascination for sand.

Yes, she was supposed to be dead but her spirit never truly rested. Mers don't die so easily either way. She became one with the sea and as her body became the waters than ran through the server, she watched the fall of those she called her family. When her body had begun to reform once again and separated itself from the sea, barely a shape in the water, it'd been too late. Her love was a mad man, her son a broken man, her in-laws anarchists and the last man standing, a scarred young teenager.

She could not bring herself to stay much longer and returned to the hidden realm of the Mers. These spirits, wailed at her death, she was but a water spirit like themselves. Confined to the sea and never to return to the lands. Some spirits eventually become the shells, rocks and other creatures of the sea. She was one of the few that remained the spirits they were.

Quietly, she observed an oncoming pair. One, she could easily identify as the young deity, the other however, was a sheep hybrid. The sheep must have sharp eyes for she drew her weapon before even reaching the cove. The young deity, wise for their age, had recognized the being as a water spirit and assured her companion it was safe.

" Hi!" She waved as stepped into the cove with a pretty grin. The water spirit bowed to the young deity, greeting her softly. " Come on, Rosie. It's okay. She's friendly, right?" The spirit nods and gives the hybrid a small wave from beneath the waters. " Hang on," They looked through the shelves before selecting a pure white conch shell and handing it over to the spirit. " Water spirits can't talk outside of the water without magic." She explained helpfully. Bringing the shell up to her face, the spirit prepared herself to speak after all these years.

" Hello?" Rosie blinked. Her voice was as gentle as a single water droplet, as pure as white sand and rather nervous. " It is my great honour to meet you, Lady Finley and Rosie."

" Finley's just fine." The totem reassures her. " What's your name?" The spirit smiled, leaning into the shell once more.

" Sally."

I Predict A Riot III

Chapter Summary

GET BILLZONED!!!

Stop.

Tommy holds up his hand, signalling his group to halt as he looked around. Shroud adjusts his hat, watching his father with a touch of curiosity as he brings his gaze a little more to the east and signals them to keep walking.

" Hey, fish." Jr responded with a hum. " How do you think Dad always knows where he's going or like, when there's danger or something?" The totem pauses, technically he does know that the Gods do talk directly to Tommy to guide him to their target after sensing the voice of his own father on him but he and Finley never really thought to tell anyone about it. Stuff like that wasn't his business anyway. Though he doesn't think the others would be surprised though, literal treasure chests appear on their doorstep and yes, they know about the whole hunting situation. So he did what was best, he shrugged.

" Dude, you ask this literally all the time." Yogurt whined. " A man can know where he's going without a compass like how you somehow know your way around caves."

" Well that's cause my super sensitive paw beans help me detect vibrations." Shroud removes his padded gloves and flexed his fingers. " You got beans too."

" Maybe it's just experience?" Jr suggested as Tommy looked over at a distance and started moving again, signalling them to follow.

" Do you even know my Dad?" Shroud whispers a little too loudly. " He's shit at directions."

You are rather terrible at directions, little runt.

" Oh, shut it." He whispers quietly to himself as he continues onward. " Why are you even here? This isn't your hunt."

I can do as I please.

Tommy rolled his eyes as the God is chased away by XD and Death. At least they weren't arguing or anything. Like the very children currently following him. When was the last time he had a good banter? He hardly recalls having loads of them with his friends and family, if he's even allowed to call them that. He glances upwards, watching a flock of birds fly down the opposite direction he was going. Oh, right. He did have a few banters with some friends he made along the way. Good bunch they are, being his hunting crew before he started

bringing in the kids. He thinks Tubbo and Ranboo would've liked them a lot. Albeit how he met each of them under different circumstances of course.

" Our next destination is going to be a little different than most, kids. It's not exactly nice."

" When has anywhere monsters lived were nice?" Shroud scoffed.

" You never know." Tommy shrugged.

In a matter of fact, their destination was a vast desert with nothing more but sand, cacti, dead bushes and ooh, more sand. They arrived shortly at a desert village and decided to cool off at one of the inns.

" Gods, it is burning out there." Yoghurt sighed as she dusts the sand out of her fur with a small annoyed huff.

" It's not that bad." Jr shrugged and the whole group just shot him with this look. " Shutting up now."

Tommy shook his head and sighed. He glances between his kids briefly, Shroud was fanning himself with his hat, Yoghurt took on a more human form for her fur to cope while Jr eased back against his seat. Had it been Rosie, the poor girl's long curls would've caused a heat stroke. She'd probably shave her head if she found out that this was another reason why Tommy wouldn't let her come along.

Each of them silently perked up at the sound of a wooden chair being dragged across the floor. Their eyes followed the direction of the sound as it moved closer and a heavily cloaked figure immediately closed the gap between them. They placed their chair next to Tommy's and sat down quickly, leaning back with a slight stretch.

The kids were careful not to tense as the figure grinned, one mustn't show too weakness to a possible enemy. Foolish Jr knew from looking that the man definitely had some sort of ties to divinity. Possibly Nether related but its always been difficult telling apart the Blaze Empress or Blood God's blessed chosen from looks alone. In terms of action, that was much easier to set apart if you knew what aspects to look at.

" Quite with the theatrics. You're spookin' me kids, Bill." Tommy spoke up once their drinks arrived.

" Now you've ruined the surprise. Great work, 'Meleager'." The man gave Tommy a nudge, to which he returned with equal force. " Wow, so no introduction?" He cleared his throat as he nodded at the kids, making the other man chuckle. They ordered a few drinks for themselves and the kids. Nothing alcoholic of course.

" Kids, this is Billzo. Or your Uncle Bil for short." Tommy introduced the heavily covered figure. " He's been my friend since I was a kid."

" Hello!" Jr waved at him.

" You must be the golden boy, Ocean God's son, ey?" He guessed before cocking his head towards the other two. " Fox child, I'm guessing Fundy's? And Tom's boy." He says with a lighter pitch of his voice.

" Or in this line of work, Osiris, Orion and Simon." Tommy finished. " What brings you out here anyway? I don't remember your contract extending anywhere beyond the Nether."

" A bloke a few hundred blocks away hired me to deal with a few, I think he called it a pestilence." Billzo waved his hand about. " Needed info on his place first so I'm not working for some weirdo,"

" Like last time." The cloaked man reached to shove Tommy but he dodged. This causes the man to laugh as the children observed their interactions. They've never seen Tommy being so...playful before. Not since they were small.

" Yes. Like last time." He grumbled. It was soon revealed that Billzo was a hunter like Tommy himself, his contract bound to the Nether as he himself was cursed by the Gods. " It wasn't anything personal, I just stole something I shouldn't have and boom, I'm cursed."

" Maybe keep your hands to yourself?"

" That's rich coming from you." Billzo scoffed. " At least I wasn't cursed for being born." The kids gasped as Tommy eyed him dangerously before smirking.

" Are you asking me to eat you whole?" He threatened playfully.

" Hm, freaky stuff but as a bisexual man," The blonde man almost spat out his drink as some of the kids snicker in the background. Yoghurt wheezed loudly as they slammed their fist on the table.

" What the fuck, Bil?"

" Anyways." The cloaked man said, practically ignoring the looks tossed his way. " Are we hunting the same target? I'd love teaming up. Like old times."

" Old times? We're 27." Shroud scoffed and his father shot him with a glare. The spider whispers to the other two and they shared a small giggle to which their guardian chose to ignore for now.

" Whatever. What's your quarry?" In a blink of an eye, Tommy's black pupils resembled a deep abyss surrounding by an amptier, darker night sky, illuminated by millions of stars which watched patiently over the darkness. Silent and bright.

" Fayémm. The Hell Ants." The cloaked figure grins

Night fell and they prepared to set out again before the sun rises. Billzo accompanied them as it appears the location of the wyrm was in fact in the same direction as they were heading to anyways.

" We're far enough." Tommy announced out of the blue.

" Finally!" Billzo took off his cloak, the big cloth and gloves is tucked away into his inventory as he stretched up his skeleton arms. He wore a yellow shirt with a black long sleeved turtleneck underneath. A red sash wrapped around his hip sat comfortably over the black pants he wore which were tucked into a pair of golden boots. " That thing was like a billion degrees." He wiped the nonexistent sweat from his forehead. Aside from his arms, his face and torso seemed visibly human as he smiled a toothy grin at the kids. " Ta-da! Your uncle's a fucking skeleton!"

" Yooooooo! That is sick!" Shroud exclaimed as Jr whistled in appreciation. Why not? The man looked good. His face didn't seem to age much, a red and black cloth tied over his head kept the front bangs of his hair back while the rest of the clump of ashy black hair is tied into a loose short ponytail behind him. Half of a skull is painted from his hairline to the corners of his lips while the structure of his vertebrae is painted over his neck.

" Ohmygosh. Does the sun burn you? Is that why you've been hiding under that cloak? Do you even eat?" Yoghurt started blasting him with rounds of questions which he answered accordingly.

" The sun doesn't burn me but people tend to freak out when they see me. Then they stab me. It doesn't always hurt but it's oh so very offensive. My skeleton parts don't really feel much temperature but I can still touch stuff and I'm no hybrid. I'm cursed." He answered simply.

" What happened?" Jr asked curiously.

" He took the amulet off the body of a skeleton while raiding a Nether temple." Tommy explained.

" Low and behold, that skeleton turned out to be some sort of skeleton king or some shit and well, I'm cursed for life now. So sad." He wipes a fake tear from the corner of his eye. " Anyways, kids. Lesson is, don't take shit you don't know about. Accept if your Dad says it's okay. You always seemed to know if something is cursed somehow."

" Intuition."

" Bullshit." Billzo countered.

" So," Shroud drawled. " You were telling us about one of your adventures with Dad?"

" Ah, yes." The skeleton man grinned. " So there we were, going through the haunted swamp waters infested with leeches and bugs when out of nowhere, Aimsey gets picked up by some evil vines and gets yanked away! We had to go rescue her so Beau and Freddie came up with a plan..."

Tommy watched as the kids listened intently to Billzo's stories of their adventures before they even turned twenty. Considering how he's already told them the stories before but instead using different aliases to substitute his friend's names. Billzo had been replaced with the name Skellington, Beau as Emma, Aimsey as Lydia, Freddie as Badlinu or Tarrant and Eryn

had been called both Cyberonix and Victor. It probably doesn't take long for the kids to put two and two together since he had substitute himself as Meleager or Ichabod.

It's weird and unnecessary but still fun. The kids never really got the chance to meet them as they always went their separate ways after a mission. He wonders if he'll see the others some day as well. Last he heard was that Eryn was heading towards the SMP for Gods knows what, Beau had an entire town to lead, Freddie was looking for some sort of clue to something and Aimsey had to go fulfill the Nameless God's needs. His actual name doesn't have a close any translation to say it right nor is his actual role truly defined. He had been banished once but had ascended once again into Godhood with Aimsey as his faithful (and unfortunate) follower of sorts. He calls her his disciples but apostle would be much more accurate considering his current position.

Hello! Just checking in. Anything remotely interesting?

What are you doing here, W&\$^&\$€Y\$?

Like I said, checking in. My disciple is taking her time doing something boring so I thought I'd check in. Hi, Tommy!

He sighed. Whispering his own greeting to the Nameless God. He has his own distaste upon the God's overall appearance and form. Mostly because he looked and sounded exactly like Tubbo, only that he makes his voice a much higher pitch. He can't touch anything but he can touch *everything*. He's...the embodiment of the term weird. Not in a horrifying or awkward way, simply eerie beyond words. You never know what he's capable of.

His form, like some of the other Gods were based off the first human they see when they visit the mortal realm. In this case, while browsing carelessly through different timelines, he saw Tubbo. Kristin took the form of one of the first souls who actually worshipped her, Foolish was born a totem but did base part of his appearance to a young man who died at sea, XD took Dream's form albeit with a more heavy and distorted voice, the Blood God after a priest and the Empress after the same priest's lover.

Drista, for all the forms she could've taken, took Tommy's. She's met humans before him but he was the first to befriend her. They aren't exactly alike but at a glance, one would've mistaken them as siblings. Though, he never did mind.

Welp, this is boring. Bye-bye!

Good riddance.

XD, don't be mean. You're no better.

Pan Master Slash I

Chapter Summary

Welcome to Manifoldland!

Chapter Notes

There's some references somewhere.

The kids looked around the town- province? Settlement? Settlement- they've arrived in. The buildings were widely made up of concrete and sandstone. There was one steel building in the very middle but it looks incomplete and tilted. Not fabulously tilted like some famous landmarks, dangerously tilted. Not a lot of remarks were to be made as the place was riddled with ants. Huge, blood red ants the size of full grown men. You'd think after travelling for a few days they'd be able to catch a break.

" Alright, lads." Tommy sighed as he unsheathed his sword. " Let's clean this up." They immediately jumped into action.

" Sir! We're being overwhelmed!" One of the guards told him as they tried to hold the ants off with their weapons.

" Fucking hell. Where the fuck is that guy I hired?" Their leader growled under his breath as he block the jaws of an ant with his shield. A blur of black and white flashed in front of him as a long pike pierced the ant's abdomen. The white fox hybrid growled as they pinned the monster into wall before a crossbow bolt goes through its head.

" Nicely done, Orion!" The cloaked figure cackled as he arrived.

" No probles, Uncle Bill!" The fox waved as they switched their weapon to a battle axe that looked a size too big for them. " Osiris, boost me!" They shouted as they dashed towards a gold skinned warrior armed with a sickle cane and circular golden shield just as the gold man had severed the head of a larger ant.

" Okie!" He readies his shield towards them and uses it to toss her straight into the air.

" Hello, name's Billzo. Mercenary, monster hunter, bisexual extraordinaire." The cloaked skeleton man introduced himself. " Or just call me Bill." He hold out his hand to the man. Not even flinching as an explosion rings behind him as a spider hybrid enters the scene armed with a whip that somehow sets the monsters aflame.

" Jack Manifold." He adjusts his bi-coloured glasses and takes Bill's hand, shaking it. " Took you long enough to get here."

" Well, ran into an old friend. You know how it is." He glances at the battlefield and Jack follows his gaze to a knight in fully enchanted Nether armour, mowing through the monsters with ease using a long sword and several daggers at his disposal. Bill loads up his crossbow and readies his arsenal in his hotbar before joining in the fray.

Simon assisted his father a little, cutting down the ants coming up from behind, not like he wouldn't have seen them anyway.

" Need help, fishie?" He joked as he cuts down one behind Osiris and they were back to back. His whip takes down three more with one strike.

" If only." The totem scoffed as he cuts down four consecutively with his sickle cane and used his shield to behead the fourth one once it was down.

" Hey, Orion!" He waved once he spotted them.

" Hi, Simon! Just one sec." They growled as they swung the heavy battle axe around with ease and a wide grin. Using its weight to pivot themselves around the battlefield with flexible and quick moves.

" Do you kids need anymore weapons?" Meleager asked them once his part was cleared just for a good second.

" Nope!"

" We're good!"

" Nah!" They each answered as Billzo gets behind Meleager with several rounds from his crossbow.

" Does anyone need water?" He asks again after cutting down another ant.

" Yes, please!" Orion waved as Simon covered them. Meleager tosses them the bottle and they down it all in one go before getting back into the fight.

" Just like back then, yeah?" Billzo asked with a teasing nudge. " Minus you and Beau-"

" Shut." Meleager growled as he shoved Billzo back, causing the skeleton to cackle.

" What? It was the best thing I've ever seen." He sighed at the memory as he fired a few more rounds. He spots his employer still into the fight, he wasn't as fast as the others but he was doing rather well holding his own. He moved with pretty good reflexes, able to dodge attacks

than most people could. He was cautious but still a little careless. Billzo shot down one of the ants coming up from behind his employer and Meleager moves over to assist him.

" Where's the Queen?" He asked the man.

" What?"

" The Queen. You already know where she is, don't you?" He cuts down several more ants to give them space. " Well?"

" She comes out once in a while but only if we kill enough of these fucks." He grunted as he strikes down another.

" Simon!" Meleager called from across the battlefield. " Light it up." His son smiled, pulling out his second whip and starts lashing them both around.

The others took cover as waves upon waves of flames spread through the ants, setting them ablaze at even the slightest graze of his whips. There is fire all around, a sea of flame brought upon by the whip's lashes.

As the flames finally die out, the battlefield is cleared, corpses of ants burning up into ash, filling the air with the scent of ozone and this weird bitter taste. At first there'd been silence, nobody moved save for the few injured soldiers which were moving back into the buildings.

Tell your child to run.

" Simon!" Meleager bolted across the field to reach him as the ground started to rumble. A shiver runs down the young spider's spine as he stumbled across the barren land towards his father. He pulls his into an embrace as the ground splits open and the nasty big head of the Ant Queen screeches into view. It snapped its jaws dangerously, just barely missing the pair as Meleager shoved him back. Though, the durability on Meleager's armour is insanely high.

" Alright then. You have my attention." He grinned beneath his helmet as he takes the Axe of Peace from his arsenal and surges forward for the attack. The kids wanted to help but were immediately held back by Billzo.

" She's immune to fire, kid." He tells Simon and loads his crossbow with green bolts. " But, terribly weak with corrosive shit." He jumps over the barricades and starts firing at the thing, providing Meleager the support fire while the knight dealt the heavier blows onto the beast.

Jack watched him with a weird sense of familiarity, it was something in the way he moved, he swears he saw the barest glint of blue eyes between the spaces of that helmet. In those eyes he sees rich blue skies over a vast desert, every grain of sand accounted for in its imagery. The Ant Queen attacks using its jaws, Meleager just about dodging it in time but not before it closed over his helmet. Quickly, he allowed the helmet to be taken as he jumps back. The sun's rays bounced off his golden hair as his sharp blue eyes stared the creature down with a glare. He knows this man.

" Dad!" Simon shouted in dismay in sight of his father narrowly dodging another attack. Jack stares at the spider for a good moment before remembering the rumours of Tommy taking in a kid of his own. He'd scoffed at the idea of the child soldier ever being capable of raising one, let alone three teenagers with complete mastery of weapons and honing their hybrid traits. " We gotta do something." The spider looked to the others.

" Let's cut off its leggies so it loses its sense of direction! Ants count their steps." Before any further discussion, the fox ran off.

" Orion!" Osiris called after them as Simon jumped after. " Simon!" He groaned and soon joined them. Simon climbed up the buildings and readied his whip. Orion was already cutting stem after stem of the creature's legs, effectively angering and disorienting it. The Ant Queen finds them with their sense of smell and raises its stub to stomp over them.

Meleager dove forward, holding the fox securely in his arms as to shield her from the blow. He looks up and the leg is caught by some sort of string. Simon grunts as he grips his whip, Osiris joining him and together, they manage to tip the ant over to its back.

" Bill!" Jack knows that voice and the images start to overlap as the Axe of Peace is passed over to the skeleton. With a grin, Billzo makes a dash for it, axe tightly in hand as he drops the jump boost potion at his feet. He leaps into the air, twisting his body as he brings the axe down on the Ant's narrow neck.

" GET BILLZONED!" He cried as it comes down, the head rolling away as it is severed the main body. The body twisted and frantically moved its legs about. Taking Orion's pike from behind them, Meleager impales the Ant Queen's abdomen, causing it to cease all movement.

Simon cheered as the deed was done. The monster slain and he and his family were still alive.

" Shroud Charlemagne Innit!" He freezes as his full name is called.

" Oh shit." Osiris muttered as they both are given a glare from Meleager.

With one arm holding onto the scruff of Orion's neck, he strides towards the two teens who sheepishly came down from the building they climbed.

" Dad, I-" He's cut off with an embrace as Meleager holds the three of them closely.

" You scared the shit out of me." He told them as they there for a good minute.

" We're sorry, we should've let you know about our plan." Orion apologized first.

" Yeah, definitely not our faults." Osiris yelled as Simon elbowed him.

" That was dangerous, and I know it's in our line of work but you need to remember to tell me these things first. What am I supposed to do if anything happened to either of you?" He looks through their guilty faces and sighs. " It's fine. We all make mistakes, but you always need to know how to fix it. That's how you learn. So what are you supposed to do next time?"

" Tell you about our plan?" Simon guessed.

" That and the fact that you have to discuss it with me. We'll work it out together." He smiles softly as he pats their heads gently. " Still, great work. You moved as a team and didn't even need verbal communication to get a message across. That shows how close you are."

" Ew, I don't wanna be close with Shroud." Jr sticks his tongue out.

" For once, I agree fish face." Shroud scowled as he fixed his hat.

" I'm everyone's favourite!" Yoghurt beamed, making Tommy chuckle.

" Man, you kids are incredible." Billzo complimented them as he returned the axe.

" Look who raised them." Tommy grinned, making Billzo scoff.

" Tommy?" He whips his head around to find fucking Jack Manifold standing there, the town leader holding his helmet. He approaches them awkwardly to return the helmet.

" Jack Manifold." Tommy says in an even tone.

" It's...good to see you?" He makes a single sound of acknowledgement before turning back to Billzo.

" Can you handle the rest of them? I think my kids and I are done for the day."

" Sure, mate-"

" Are you leaving already?" Jack asked him.

" What if I am?"

" I- You can't. I hired you to deal with all these pests. You can't just leave halfway done." He complained at first, uncertainty clouding his eyes.

" You're confused, you hired Billzo. I just happen to have a similar mission."

" Well, you could- you could stay! I'll pay for everything. Just please-"

" Jack, I serve no mortal. If you're really looking to pay me, it's gotta be something more impressing than what the Gods usually pay for me and my kids. Unless you can give me something the Gods can't then you and I have no business."

" Wait, Tommy." He reaches for Tommy's cape before the man swipes his hand away.

" You want my help. *My help*. After leaving me to stew over my death alone, after trying to kill me yourself and yet calling me the monster."

" I've never called you a monster."

" I don't owe you anything. Maybe I might've when I thought you were a hallucination during exile but you tried to kill me. Over and over again. One time with fucking nukes!" He emphasized. " I've already killed their queen. The remaining clean up should be manageable if you find the nest in time."

" Tommy, please! Don't leave me. Not like everyone else did." He takes a shakey breath as he hugs himself, one hand patting over the little cupcake sewn over his parka. " Not like Niki." Tommy paused, looking back at Jack with an unreadable expression. " Please. I don't- I don't want to be alone anymore."

Pan Master Slash II

Chapter Summary

Michelle and Des

Jack and Tommy talk

Chapter Notes

Bold words are other languages

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Being the oldest had its perks aside from all the responsibilities. You get to go to the Nether by yourself for trades, hunt on your own, boss your siblings, etc. It also means you can sneak out of the tower every once in a while and no one really questions it. No one except the two new dogs her uncle had brought home a few weeks ago.

" Come on, scram. I can't play with you two right now." She tried to shoo the two greyhounds away but they didn't move an inch. " What? Is it food? Finny gave you guys like a mountain of treats." The dogs are silent. " Please don't tell me you wanna come with." Betty wagged her tail as Walter gave an excited bark before circling Michelle with a whine. " Okay, okay! Man I can't say no to you two." The kids had fallen for the two dogs harder than their uncle did. " I'm not going anywhere dangerous. Just...seeing someone." Betty growled. " Fine. It's Des." The two hounds whined and growled at the name, showing clear distaste which shouldn't be surprising considering how Des tried to eat them. " We're just gonna go mine somewhere. You know, get some quartz and glowstone, maybe some netherite if we're out for a while- WHICH WE WON'T!" She says before the dogs could begin to howl, to sound the alarm and awaken the most paranoid guardian after their Uncle, Sam fucking Nook.

Des paced around the portal to the Overworld, he contemplated walking through it. He even stood right in front it but just as he took one step towards the swirling portal, Atalanta took a step out of it. He freezes momentarily as their snouts were inches from each other.

" **Hey,**" He greeted her awkwardly.

" **Hi!**" She returned the greeting, smiling casually before walking around him. Walter and Betty growled as they stuck to her side.

" **Oh, I didn't realise you brought snacks.**" He teased as the dogs barked in offense.

" **No!**" She looked at him with a pout. He admires the way she looked today. The long tunic vest showed off her muscular form as her mane is tied up into a big single braid as golden silk sash wrapped around her waist with bits of golden jewelry hanging off of it.

" **I'm joking, I'm joking.**" Des coughed. " **So, you ready to go? I found some warped forests nearby if you wanna check it out.**" He offered, subtly curling his arm as he rubs the base of his neck, showing off that he'd been following her workout tips lately and the few impressive looking scars on his arm.

" **Sure!**" She slings her diamond pickaxe over her shoulder and smiled the same as usual. Friendly and kind.

They follow their usual mining route, collecting gold, quartz and even a few of those odd fossils that Atalanta insisted to collect along the way. The two hounds stuck obnoxiously close to Atalanta, always making sure Des wasn't too close or anything. They took a small break under one of the warped trees and talked about whatever. Des shared some roasted hoglin meat while Atalanta provided the vegetables and bread from the Overworld to go with it.

" **I just remembered!**" She gasped suddenly. " **Have you ever been to the Overworld?**" He pauses momentarily from his happy chewing before swallowing.

" **Not exactly but I would love to see it.**" He offered with a light tone as he finishes the last bite of his sandwich.

" **Then let's go!**" She insisted, already grabbing his arm and leading him back to the portal.

" **Woah- wait, now?"**

" **Yes.**" She shoves him through the swirling purple portal and follows after with the hounds closely behind.

He's greeted with cold air brushing over his face, feeling denser yet clearer than the air he's used to. He breaths it in, gasping slightly as it brushes into him like a cold touch. He touches his neck as he relaxes himself to breath slower. What really awed him was how big it was. The sky, of which he heard stories of was vast and dark like an endless void littered with a million little lights that shine more beautifully than the glowstone.

" **Those are stars.**" She tells him as she follows his gaze. " **Uncle Mimi says that after someone important dies, they become a star so they can light up the path for everyone else. He also said that the stars will always be there and if one dies out, it means that everyone who remembers them is all gone.**" The hounds joined them in their stargazing, standing side by side as they looked up in awe of the world's vastness.

And the air, becomes too much for Des. He stumbles a bit as his breath quickens. Atalanta was quick to catch him, cursing under her breath. Piglins take time to adjust to the Overworld and she'd forgotten that little fact since both her and Michael grew up here. She escorts him back through the portal and sits with him as he catches his breath.

" I am so, so sorry. I forgot you needed time to adjust, oh gosh."

" Atalanta," He breathed her names, a smile on his lips as he looks up at her in awe. **" That was amazing! The stars, the sky, by the Empress, it was incredible!"**

" Really?" He nods enthusiastically as she helps him up again.

" I'll train myself to get used to it from now on. I wanna see what the sea is like. Is it really all blue and full of water?"

" Yeah!" She nodded, letting out a bit of an excited squeak in her voice. **" I'll even show you the farm, oh, the rivers and like beach. It's huge!"**

" Definitely." They paused taking a moment to realise they were holding each others arms, fingers intertwined. They separated awkwardly, with small chuckles and shy smiles. **" My Matri is probably looking for me by now."** He coughs.

" Yeah, um, I gotta go too. Adventurer stuff, y'know?" She steps towards the portal. **" So, same time tomorrow?"**

" Hmm? Oh, yeah. Yeah. I'll see you tomorrow." He nods awkwardly and she finds it really cute.

" Okay, bye!" She waved at him.

" Bye!" He waves back and they take a second longer before going their separate ways. Stepping out of the portal, Michelle hadn't stopped grinning since and brushed back some of her hair when she glanced back at the portal wondering if Des was glancing back too. Gathering herself to leave the area, she freezes. Her eyes are locked with shining emeralds.

" Finny?" The totem child stared at her as she chewed on a golden carrot while another piglin with an eye patch was loudly sipping his drink next to her.

" So," Michael drawled. **" How was your date?"**

Jack felt awkward at best, terrified at worst. He was relieved that Tommy agreed to stay and help with the rest of the monsters as well as in organizing the mass evacuation of the settlement but thoughts of how easily Tommy could kill him right now were coming up then and again. Not that Jack didn't have his own armour but Tommy no doubt had an entire arsenal in his hotbar alone, he had the Axe of Peace no less. Then there was that sword. It felt dark and deep, like a chasm with no end and it seemed to scream Tommy's name all over it.

And the kids. Gods, he hasn't heard about any of them for so long. Not since they all disappeared along with Tommy. At first, he and Niki had both thought the boy had kidnapped them, taken them away from their rightful parents on his own conquest for greatness, acting like a hero or some shit. Then word came from the parents themselves that they actually had to beg Tommy to take their kids away. What sort of parent does that? Let your kids be raised by some reckless teen who didn't know shit about taking care of others. Or so he thought.

The kids looked alright, they even know how to fight well. They're responsible for each other and they know it, watching each other's backs and even now they were still able to act like kids. Joking about and teasing one another. It was nostalgic in its own right. The kids were...they were alright. Sure enough, from their interactions with Tommy, which lacked any awkwardness or tension, it was clear he raised them himself. Looking back, it was probably the right decision.

The blonde man stayed clear of Jack, much to his relief and yet, discomfort. A part of him wanted to talk with Tommy, even if it ends up in a screaming match or a sword to his neck. He wanted someone to talk to him, someone he knew from before everything went to shit. Because even Niki, Niki of all people, had left him alone. Left him for another server, for a better friend, for a bear.

He hated knowing she was willing to leave him in pursuit of her own peace, albeit even if it seemed like she would come to regret her decision. Albeit how he asked her, begged her not to leave him alone and yet she did. In the moment she hopped servers, he wondered if this was what Tommy felt when Tubbo exiled him. When his best friend left him for his own goals. For the greater good, they said. He glances at the old picture of L'Manburg that he'd place on his desk, occasionally picking it up for a closer look whenever he was alone in his office.

" Jack." He screamed as he turned around to find Tommy standing right behind him.

" Son of a- fucking hell, mate. You scared me, Toms." Jack chuckled nervously.

" I knocked. Like three times." The blonde said, quirking his brow.

" Right, sorry. I got distracted." He apologized and there was an awkward silence between them.

" I wanted to talk to you. I think you probably know what about." Jack invites him to sit on the couch together as he prepared them both cups of tea. " About my exile,"

" Sam, talked about your exile." Jack cuts him off suddenly. " Turns out when he's isolated, Dream's pretty talkative." The blonde doesn't flinch at the name like he used to, which is pretty good actually.

" So you know then." Tommy took a sip from the silver cup.

" Quite so. Do you still get hallucinations?" He asked cautiously. A bit direct but Tommy wasn't one to pick up on subtle questions. He preferred getting hit straight on.

" Not since about nine, eight years ago I think? There was this blob thing that made me and my mates see mass hallucinations. Funny enough, I haven't had problems telling what's real and what's not since." He smiled slightly.

" That's good. I'm glad you're alright." Tommy pauses for a good moment before smiling back at Jack, and he swears he could somehow see summer blue skies and flower fields.

" And how've you been? Aside from the obvious." He gestured around the soon to be abandoned town.

" The usual. Tubbo kicked me out of Snowchester by the time I finished building this place. Niki stayed with me for a while, until the day Dream escaped. She helped him, you know? Her, Technoblade and Phil too. Then, uh, Ranboo died." Tommy placed his teacup back onto the saucer and stared wide eyed at Jack.

" What?" He half whispered, suddenly the sky is filled with smoke and ash, the flowers turning into ashes.

" But, he came back! Dream revived him." The scene didn't change. " Sad to say, soon after he escaped, an epidemic swept over the SMP. A lot of people were effected and when the first casualty from the disease happened, Dream, he- He let himself be captured again. He's currently in house arrest at the church, I think. He's not allowed to leave the area and-and he made a vow with the Goddess of Death." The smoke cleared and the blonde continued to stare at him.

" What kind of vow?"

" The Vow of Life."

Chapter End Notes

The Vow of Life is a promise to the Goddess of Death to never harm another living being under any circumstances and must always save a life if the person is capable. If the vow is broken, the person will die immediately.

Pan Master Slash III

Chapter Summary

They will never let him die.

Chapter Notes

Song : My love will never die

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade stepped onto the porch, closing the door behind him. He stumbles slightly before making his way to sit next to Wilbur on the stairs. The dead man had a packet of cigarettes in his hands, his eyes staring down at the pack as if it'd personally insulted him. He doesn't even flinch when he hears Technoblade sit himself down and instead drops the pack down the stairs.

My love, my love
My fearless love
I will not say goodbye

The older twin would usually say something about littering on his property but he stayed silent. They glanced at each other at the same time. Red eyes meeting brown with the same tired expression. They each wanted to say something but as usual nothing comes up and soon they simultaneously fixed their gaze ahead, staring into nothing but the white snow.

Sea may rise
Sky may fall
My love will never die

The dead man remembers walking down that very path just a few weeks before, the weight of his father pressed against his back as he carried him, how the enormous black wings dragged across the snow and left a trail of feathers and blood. He remembers the supposed quick expedition his father had invited him along for a bit of bonding. It happens every so often when he needs to get his mind off of something and frankly, Wilbur doesn't usually mind. Ever since the epidemic and Dream's Vow of Life, the server reached a state of lull. It was peaceful but ever so sombre. Those effected by the epidemic still haven't gained consciousness and some members of the server had decided to leave the main SMP and travelled. Rumours have it that Niki left the server completely after leaving her kingdom to Karl so he could watch over Sapnap and George. Hbomb has been helping him and

apparently he used to have a memory issue. His memories have stopped decaying but he doesn't remember a whole chunk of the server's history except for the more recent events. Anyways, he went into the caves with Phil and they stumbled over something unpleasant. Vile, monstrous, disgusting.

Go on, go on
Go bravely on
Into the blackest night

The creature was like a wolf at first, pretending to be wounded and Wilbur had foolish enough to try and help it. He would've been back in limbo if it weren't for Phil. The thing bit his arm, he remembers how his father screamed as the creature rose out of its hiding spot, showing its six legs and two tails. The Angel of Death slaughtered the beast, but the damage was already done. He remembers watching his father fall back, like a log of timber onto the ground. How his arm continued to bleed and the veins popping out as he groans.

Hold my breath
'Til your return
My love will never die

" He's not going to get any better, is he?" Wilbur asked his brother and he shook his head softly.

My heart, my heart
My drowning heart
Oh all the tears I've cried

Technoblade's eyes continue to stare at the path, he remembers finding Wilbur climbing up his steps, his expression more panicked than when they were back in Pogtopia, or when he heard Tommy left. He remembers those pleading eyes and when he brings in Phil, the voices start to shriek.

Dadza
No no no no no no no no
It was a Canus Adder.
BAD WOLF
NO
DADZA
deadza
NO

Oh I may weep forevermore
My love will never die

He ignores them as he does whatever he could to get rid of the poison, amputation wasn't an option here. He's just about managed to extract most of it, but some of it had already reached his heart. Wilbur had to hold him down as he writhed in pain. He remembers how his father screamed and cried as the venom aches throughout his entire body. It's a miracle he's even alive.

He was lucky.

He shudders at the sound of the voice that separated itself from the others. How it rumbled and whispered into his ear.

*My love, my love
My fearless love
I will not say goodbye*

Had he not been the Goddess' beloved angel, you would've had to bury him already. My champion.

The relief when Phil passes out, was suffocating instead. Wilbur almost panicked how limp he suddenly became. They took him to his bed, hoping for the best and so began their routine of caring for him.

They had to drip feed him while he was unconscious, spoon feed when he had the strength but he struggled to move as even the slightest movement of a muscle caused him great pain. The beginning was horrific, he screamed and cried at every waking moment. His wails filled the cabins as his boys tried to tend to him as best they can. Slowly, the pain grew more manageable but no less agonizing for the man.

Sea may rise
Sky may fall
My love will never die

" Wilbur," His father had called him one day in a soft voice, raspy from crying so much. " Kill me." The dead man had stared at Phil wide eyed as he saw a mirror of his broken self laid before him. " Wil, please. It hurts. Wilbur." He'd shaken his head and outright refused but Phil refused. " Please. Please! PLEASE!" The Angel begged and the force of it summons Technoblade into the room.

The warrior found Wilbur hunched underneath a table, hands over his ears as his father's teary eyes looked up at him with hope and pain.

" Tech, he- he won't help me." He was quick to his father's side, not wanting him to strain himself any further. He pondered silently why his twin wouldn't help their father.

" What is it?" Technoblade had once told Phil that he'd give him the world if he wanted. " I'll get you anything." Phil smiled gratefully despite his pain.

Sea may rise
Sky may fall
My love will never die

" I need, I need you to kill me." He froze and stared at Phil as the old man fumbled to hold onto his shirt, teeth grit in pain. " Please, Tech. I can't do this anymore." He understood now and refused. He gave his father a sedative and let him sleep off the effects before helping Wilbur out of the room.

" I don't think we can wait for him to get better on his own any longer." Wilbur nodded in agreement. " I could probably track one of them. Try to extract the venom and we could figure out an antidote."

" Sounds like a plan." Wilbur agreed. " We could maybe even try getting the cure for the damned epidemic.

" You mean **I** could find a cure for the epidemic." Technoblade emphasized, allowing his brother to glare at him. " Someone needs to stay and take care of Phil and I...I can't." Wilbur took a much longer moment to glare before sighing and finally agreeing to the plan. Without another word, Technoblade stood up to prepare for his journey.

" Just one more thing, Tech." Wilbur called. " You heard her too, didn't you?" Each of them had flashes of how Phil's hair turned deep black and as he laid back down, she sang.

Sea may rise
Sky may fall
My love will never die
My love will never die

" Yeah."

Chapter End Notes

Phil be sick and suffering.

Gila : Intermission

Chapter Summary

Special motherinnit time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

" I don't trust him." Shroud growled as he leaned into his seat.

" I don't either but Uncle Mimi said they'll be fine and honestly, who are we to go against him." Jr said with a nonchalant wave of his hand.

" It'll be fine, Shroud." Yoghurt helpfully patted Shroud's back. " Besides, Uncle Billzo's with them. If anything happens, we kill Jack Manifold." They shared a collective nod and went back to their break.

" What exactly are we looking for down here?" Jack asked, axe in hand and wearing enough armour to keep him alive.

" We found something weird. Thought it'd be one of yours." Billzo supplied as Tommy continued to lead the way through the tunnels dug by the ants. It hadn't taken too long to deal with the corpses, much of it burnt at stake. The Queen however, Tommy had dragged away the corpse, claiming that he'd deal with it. After a few hours, Jack looked around and found that he did get rid of it, not a trace of the Queen was left. It was odd, such a big corpse could disappear in a matter of hours. He asked how he did it but Tommy simply shrugged. Getting rid of a corpse that size was a dangerous skill that the man preferred not to delve into.

" Does any of this look familiar to you, Jack?" They reach a huge iron door, partially buried in dirt with rust creeping up the metal.

" I've worked in labs before but I don't think I've ever built this." He brushes off some of dirt, revealing the corners of some sort of engraved symbol. " Yup, not mine. There's like a sort of logo here, though. It says something like, uh, 'Simons Labs'." Tommy pauses, where has he heard that before?

" Interesting." Billzo nodded. " Let's break in!" Without a second thought, he breaks through the metal door with his netherite pick and they were greeted with a rather large room. " Ooh, are there any shiny things here?"

" Hang on, I think I know this place." Tommy says to them, stepping through first. The iron walls remind him of home, somehow. It certainly can't be pure coincidence, could it? There's papers strewn around monitors practically crowding the table holding them together. His eyes land on a monitor not quite sitting on the table. He walks over to it, finding it attached to a rather short mechanical body.

" What is it?" Jack and Billzo ask from behind him as he looks the android over. He kneels slightly to look the machinery over, the internals were a collection of circuits, a pretty live looking enderpearl contained in a water tank and a singular missing piece where it looks like to right where a heart would be. Jack notices this and looks around the room for anything they could use.

" C.H.A.T. Customized Helping Assistant for Tom." Billzo reads out the blueprint he found. " Aw, Toms. You got yourself a robot." He teased but Tommy didn't quite react.

" I found it!" Jack hold up the object up in the air. " Think this might fit." He carefully lodges the piece in place, a heart shaped object which was labelled redstone-prismarine power generator. He closes the hatch and gestures the others to take a step back as the robot starts to twitch and monitor screen attached as its head starts to flicker. There's a few flashes of white before the monitor blinks on soft blue background, two digits opened, like a pair of cute little eyes. The digits moved around the screen indicating that it was looking around. It looks up at the three strangers and immediately scrambles to hide behind the chair it sat in.

" Hey, hey, it's alright." Tommy signalled the others to keep quiet as he quietly and carefully approached the odd machine. " Hey, I'm Tommy." He holds out his hand gently, waiting patiently for the little thing to reach out and- pricked his finger with a needle. " Motherfucker!" He cursed aloud as he withdrew his hand, the other two already bursting into laughter.

" Very smooth." Jack teased.

" Fuck off." Tommy hissed as he looked back at the machine with a glare finding it already stepping out of its hiding place and the screen analysing something. " You took my blood sample, didn't you?" The machine dinged, showing a check sign with words that said 'MATCH'.

Hiii
TOM
You found us
FOUND
FINALLY
found us
Hi Tom
Tom
Tom

The screen displayed a series of text before settling back on the main face again, this time displaying a wide smile. The robot jumped up and down with glee and repeating the name in a robotic voice.

" What the fuck?" Billzo muttered as the little thing zoomed around the room, knocking over several objects, searching vigorously for something.

" Hey, get out of there!" Jack yelled as he picked up the robot, causing it to let out an alarming shriek, waving a photo frame in hand frantically.

" Jack, put them down. They don't like it." Tommy scolded, taking the bot from his arms.

" It pricked you and you're treating it like some pet." Jack huffed as the mechanism displayed an image akin to sticking its tongue out.

" They're not a pet. The blueprint says assistant. Read properly, mate." He says as he sets the bot down again. The machine twitches again before shoving the picture frame into Tommy's face. " Don't do that, you-" He freezes as he looks at the photo. They two shared a concerned look as they pictured clouded skies all around the blonde.

" Tommy, is everything okay-" Billzo pauses as he comes around and glances at the photo. " Holy shit."

" What?" Jack leans over to get a look and his jaw drops. In the photo was a woman with wavy blonde hair like silken gold, black framed spectacles. Her piercing blue eyes held the same expression Tommy usually had for photos. It was safe to say, they more than simply alike.

Tom

They looked down at the bot, tugging his cape. Tommy sighed as he looks down on it and smiles slightly.

" It's Tommy. Tommy Innit." He clarified. The bot took a moment to process before pointing at the frame excitedly.

Motherinnit!
Motherinnit!
Motherinnit!

" You really think that could be..." Jack trailed off as Billzo took the picture to make a comparison.

" Hard to say no." The skeleton man said.

" Well," Tommy drawled as he places his enderchest and takes something out of it. A stopwatch gleams in his hand as he looks down at chat with a small smile, Death's last reward to him. " Let's ask her." He presses the knob and a blue wave of energy sweeps through the room, covering it all in a blue hue. Now standing in front of the monitors with her back turned to them was a bluish specter of the woman in the photo. She seems startled to be in the room and looks around the room.

" What the bloody hell?" She even had the same accent. She turns around and almost jumps at the sight of the three, she looked ready to yell, brows furrowed and an expression that

could make grown men cower in fear. Then her eyes landed on Tommy, how she studied him and took his features. " Chat?" The bot perked up from Tommy's side. " Am I dreaming?" She focuses her gaze back to Tommy, now more confused and hopeful. There was cut through her labcoat where a dried blue liquid stained it, where her heart should've been. " Who are you?" She demanded, in a voice laced with curiosity and caution all in one.

" Um," Tommy gawked awkwardly as he squeezed the watch. " My name's Tommy." He introduced himself. " Are you...my..." Her eyes widen, turning glossier as her mouth opened in shock.

" It's you. Oh my God. My boy," She moved forward to touch him but barely touched his cheek. " Chat, hug my son." She ordered and Chat complied. " Look at you." Her voice trembled as she gazed him lovingly. " You're beautiful." Tommy opened his mouth slightly, staring back at her as his eyes start to water.

" Mum." He managed to say as he swallowed.

" Yes, I-" She sniffed. " I'm your mum and you're me kid." She says softly, almost unable to believe her own dead eyes. " My boy, my baby Tom!" She cheered happily, making Tommy chuckle with how she was. " You're so big! Last time I saw you, you- you were at least 5.7 kg but now, look at you. Look at you." She says looking at him up and down.

" Mum," He calls her softly.

" I'm sorry, I'm rambling." Billzo grinned as Jack rubbed his eyes. Gods, they were so fucking similar. " I just never thought I'd see you again, especially not like this but it looks like you found your way around the rules." She glances at the watch as she pulls away.

" Naturally. Doesn't have much time so, yeah." Tommy nodded. " Right," He coughed. " Uh, Mum. These are my mates, Billzo and Jack Manifold."

" Pleasure to meet you, Ma'am." Billzo gave a small bow.

" Same here." Jack mimicked the bow.

" It's wonderful to meet you." She says. " My name is Sara Simons."

" Now, Mum. As amazing it is to meet you and I mean really, but what happened to you? I just wanna know why." He didn't need to finish the sentence as Sara looked to him sadly.

" You were just a babe." She began. " I've always wanted my own kid but as fate would have it, I simply couldn't. So I pursued science, in hopes that maybe I could bend the rules and still have you. In the end, I was able to use my own DNA and with a little tampering, you came to be. It supposedly an impossible process, I had to stabilise your genes with a mix of a few others but never too much to corrupt your growth process but anyways, you were born a few months after and I had you in my arms for a good year. Watching you, loving you. I couldn't be happier." She smiled lovingly at the memory of helping Tom through his first steps, feeding him, caring for him. Her baby boy. " Then, the storm came. A wicked man wanted me to replicate the process, make him an army but I refused. I couldn't risk him hurting you,

hurting us. After handing you off to a friend, I knew what I had to do next. I erased every single data I had on the process and I knew, my research had to die with me. So I let him kill me." She finished. " I had a few colleagues who were working on a project for you. A best friend by design, I suppose. Though the design was made by a younger scientist called Kazoo. So, there's chat." Her form starts to flicker and the timer on the watch indicated they were running.

" Mum?" Tommy called her.

" I know, baby. It's alright. I'm just so happy I could finally meet you, see the big man you've grown to be." She smiled at him and he shakes his head.

" No, I just met you! There's still so much I want to tell you. I have kid named Shroud, I adopted him and we have two dogs and- and horses and shit." He hold onto her, as hard as he can as she starts to fade. " No, please. Please."

" I love you so much, Tom." She tells him as she pulls away gently and cups his face with her hands, her thumb brushing away the tear sliding out of the corner of his eye. " I'm proud of you." She glances over to Jack and Billzo and smiles. " Please watch over him. Shouldn't be a problem for two handsome lads." They nodded to her and she returns her attention to her son, smiling wide as her body starts to fade. " Chat has movies. Especially Finding Nemo, it's a special movie. Goodbye, you kind, wonderful, loud child." She kisses his forehead in a familiar manner and the light fades, his mother is gone.

Tommy stumbles to his knees, he doubles over as he sobs over the loss of his mother once more. Chat continues to hug him.

Chapter End Notes

The Delorean : A stopwatch crafted by Lady Fate and Father Time to celebrate Death's wedding. The stopwatch allows the user to summon a specific spirit from the dead for a limited amount of time. It only works if you have anything personally connected to the spirit or if you are in a certain either where they lived or died.

Time Apart I

Chapter Summary

Bring a bald man home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shroud never really questioned his father's adopting habits, I mean its how he got picked up. They got Walter and Betty out of it, the horses, the farm, heck now they even have Chat. The little bot was by far the sweetest and most chaotic thing to exist. They had like a million different texts written on the screen when they talk and will only select few sentences from the many jumble of words to speak with their robotic voice. His Dad even made the guy a cute blue sweater with two hearts on it to represent the two most vital components that kept the bot running.

He doesn't mind Chat. They're cool and even though they only listen to their Dad, there's a super sweet and sad backstory for it so it's excused. Though, there's one stray following them that he definitely doesn't like.

" Dad, why are we bringing an old bald man home with us?" The spider said aloud, making his two friends snicker.

" Hey!" Jack said in offence. " Tommy, say something to your kid." Billzo's shoulders are shaking as he tried and failed to contain his laughter.

" Yeah, Tommy." He teased.

" Shroud, we're taking him along because his house is gone. Be nice to the homeless." Jr doesn't even try to hide his windex laugh that he inherited from his father.

" You really are father and son, eh?" Jack groaned but quietly smiled to himself. It'd been so long since he's seen Tommy like this anyway. " I heard your covers by the way." Jack told the kids. " You kids aren't half bad."

" Half bad? Buddy, we are the cream of the crop. In fact, pretty sure the next radio call should be happening soon." Shroud says proudly. While he might be lead singer and bassist, Michelle has better vocals, Rosie's a killer on lead guitar, Finley is practically ethereal and Micheal is their pianist.

" We don't exactly have a radio tower out here to connect to." Jr remarked.

Chat twitches and moves their antenna about, twisting and turning, causing the others to cast worried glances at them. Their screen buzzed and there was a few beeps until,

🐉 : Is this on?

" Holy shit, Chat. You're a service tower too?"

Convenient.

He had to agree with XD on that one. Whoever designed this guy was a certified genius.

★ : Are we on track?

The mic is tapped twice and they could practically hear her smile.

★ : My first time solo, hah. Ready when you are Micheal.

A roll of drums enter the track, carrying a steady fast paced beat followed by some added melodies. The mood of the song is festive, one that intones pure celebration. There were small bits of Finley's voice added in as background effect.

In the main casino, Quackity connected his communicator to the speakers. The rhythm already had him tapping his feet, this was definitely something he could dance to, he could feel it. Karl was visiting him while Sam checks on the sick housed in Kinoko. Puffy immediately burst into the casino with Foolish so she could hear the song better. They could hear her taking her breath and she started to sing.

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai When our heartbeats collide I won't mind, in a place we've never been before I'm reaching out for the moon and stars beyond it

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai Is it you I will find? Though I feel left behind sometimes when you close the door I wanna know who you are, I wanna know it all

Purpled turns up the volume on his communicator a little, his foot tapping against the floor as he sat on a chair next to Punz' bed. He hears the bed shift and looks up to find Punz staring at him.

" Could you, turn it up a bit?" He asked softly. Purpled obliged and the mercenary leans back into the mattress, relaxing as the song echoes throughout the room. Sam has it on low in another as he checks through all the heart monitors and medical instruments.

★ : ~The moment that life hits you You can't avoid the issue You're disconnected from the world you thought you were part of But if you close your eyes and let go Of that mirage you haven't met, nobody else decides the words you see in your heart

★ : ~So, line up, the party's over here Come one, come all, jump into the fire Step up, we are whatever we wanna be We are free, that's all we desire When you pass through the veil of fantasy There's a world with a rhythm for you and me

Quackity's taken to dance floor already, dragging Karl with him. Foolish moved fluidly with the fast rhythm while Puffy cheered. Schlatt watches them dance with a drink in hand, a small smile tugging his lips as he's never seen any of them so energetic before. The scheduled radio calls were now something they looked forward to, always bringing up the people's mood.

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai How can I find a love lost in time? There's an answer in the stars for me
All the way across the galaxy, go on forever

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai I will follow the signs 'Cause I know when I reach the end it's you I'll
see Though we can't waste our time here, it's now or never

Wilbur nods to the rhythm as he prepares lunch for Phil and himself, he starts to hum and wishes the moment would last a little longer. The song carries on, giving him the slightest bit of joy as he worked.

Ranboo hums loudly as he helps to clean up some parts of the mansion, swaying side to side before checking in on Tubbo. He finds Tubbo humming along, albeit weakly and starts to sing along with Michelle as best he can.

★ : The relentless force of nature The visage of our future Sometimes I know it feels like
fate is never on our side But as I stand inside the vortex I wanna have you here beside me
You're all I need to leap into a perfect sky!

★ : ~Stand up, the party's over here Come one, come all, jump into the fire Keep up, let go
of your fears Stand proud and tall, we will never grow tired Line up, the party's right here
Come one, come all, let's follow the north star Step in you are whatever you wanna be You
are free just like all of us are Dance away a world you never loved from the start It's our ride
to the future, are you ready to depart?

Quackity spins around with Karl, laughing together as Puffy shoves Schlatt into the pool out of pure spite and maybe having too much energy as she keeps dancing.

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai When our heartbeats collide I won't mind, in a place we've never been
before I'm reaching out for the moon and stars beyond it

★ : ~Lalalai, lalalai Is it you I will find? Though I feel left behind sometimes when you
close the door I wanna know who you are, I wanna know it all

Tommy smiles proudly, knowing how she's singing her heart out. Her voice has this quality to it that just echoes. It resonates inside you in a way that's difficult to fully describe. It's like having a stream of colours wash over you. Shroud sings along, his voice blending in well with the fast paced rhythm as Yoghurt drums their fingers to the beat.

*Maybe it's a dream, I don't wanna wake
Even if a light goes up, I don't wanna know reality*

*We didn't waste our time here
It's now or never*

Chapter End Notes

Song used : U (English version)

Time Apart II

Chapter Summary

Enter Cricket Crew

Finley sits by her cove, talking to Sally about what she did today and the song they say. The spirit was already gaining a more solid form as parts of her body began to look more opaque. She helps braiding little golden beads into the totem child's bangs, a recent gift from her father. There was a tassel for her brother as well. Currently, the spirit had taken upon herself to become a messenger between the Ocean God and his children. She would pass on messages that sometimes couldn't be put into song, physical gifts between parent and child.

Foolish had offered to bring Fundy to her but she assures him that she would visit at her own time. She's waiting to meet with Tommy first since she's technically trespassing in his land, it's only fair to make him aware that she's there with them. A small beep from the totem child's communicator indicated a call.

"Hola?" Finley answered the call. "What kind of guest?"

Jack could already see the tip of the tower at a distance, they were approaching Tommy's land soon. They pass by the barn and cottage house which had been their first home, the bee apiary and even the stables where they stopped to drop off the horses.

"Welcome home, Tommy!" Benson cheered as he appeared on Chat's screen. "I see you're bringing more guests."

"Yes, well-" Tommy pauses, looking back at Benson in surprise. "What do you mean more?"

"I'd tell you but I want to know why you're replacing me!" The AI cried, the little duck blob crying on screen.

"I'm not replacing you, fucking drama queen." He brings out his communicator, to which Benson had transferred to. "Benson, this is Chat. They're my friend." The AI grumbles something in what sounded like a series of ones and zeros. To which chat exploded, multiple lines screaming 'rude' and 'bad benson' on their screen. Billzo coughs and Tommy continues to lead them to Novice Towers. There's muffled conversation inside and the blonde knocks on the door.

"Why don't we just go in?" Jr asked.

" Because we apparently have more guests and seeing how our defence systems aren't up, I'd say they're between non-hostile to confusing." Jack hummed slightly, seeing how this looked to be a little bit unusual of a situation than usual. The door swings open and it isn't Sam Nook that answers, nor either of the kids. Forest green eyes look back at Tommy's own blues. " The fuck are you doing in my house?"

" Wow, I come all this way t' visit you-"

" No, you don't just show up at my house, opening my door-"

" - We've been friends fer a bloody fucking decade and you still build with fucking cobble of all things-"

" - DO NOT INSULT MY COBBLE!"

" COBBLESTONE IS SHIT!" They glared daggers at one another before her lips quirked into a mischievous smile somehow more impossibly chaotic looking than Tommy's. " Long time no see, King."

" Fuck you, don't call me King." He grumbles as he stomps past her, leaving the others staring in wide eyed surprise.

" Do you prefer Queen?" He flips her off. "What you gawkin' about for? Get in, Aimsey should be done knocking out Eryn by now." She says as she leads them inside. " Good to see you, Bill."

" Good to see you too." Billzo scoffed.

" Hold on, I don't think I understand what the fuck was that just now." Jack says as he glances around the well furnished living room and dining area. " It's like there's two of them." He mutters in horror.

" At first but I assure you, she's worse." A man comes up to them, a panda hoodie over his head and wearing a casual black jacket, holding his hand out to shake Jack's hand. " I'm Freddie."

" Jack Manifold." He takes his hand and Freddie squeezes it just a little.

" As in the fucker who tried to kill our Tom?" He asks jokingly though his eyes seemed to interpret it as more of a threat. The words were loud enough for others within their area to hear. The house's inhabitants and guests turned towards him, staring quietly.

" We've talked it out, stop scaring him. All of you." Tommy cuts in, already changed into a plain black T-shirt and giving the room pointed looks. The kids welcomed him home and he patted each of their heads fondly.

" Oh, Tommy!" A woman in a red beanie called. " How do you like your hot chocolate?"

" Extra whip cream, Aimsey." He answered as Sam Nook helped her prepare the drinks for the kids. " There's no way you lot would be here for no reason. What is it?" He invites them

to sit down on the couch.

" You sure you want to talk about it with your kids around?" Freddie asked after dropping Eryn, an unconscious man with a headband over his head much like Billzo and Sapnap.

" We can handle it." Shroud insisted as he immediately took a seat next to his father, Rosie taking up the opposite. The other kids already made themselves comfortable around the sofa, completely surrounding the man in the middle. " So, is it related to the Godly pantheon, monsters or what?" The other adults in the room gave Tommy a look which he dismissed with a wave of his hand.

" Well, I'm going back to the Bear SMP." Aimsey announced as she arrived with Sam Nook, trays full of hot chocolate in their hands. Everyone took their respective cups as she settled on a seat between Beau and Eryn. " Bear contacted me recently about a party and invited to come back."

" Hold on," Jack interrupted gently. " Bear SMP as in where Niki ran off to?" Tommy nods in confirmation for him. " Oh, uh, how is she?"

" She's doing alright. Was a little jumpy at first, like fresh from conflict kind of jumpy but I think the SMP's been really helping her out." She informed him and he smiles a little sadly. " She's sorry she left you, you know?"

" Doesn't change that she left, does it?" He says bitterly. " Is there like a guest room I could go to? I think I'm turning in for the day."

" I CAN TAKE YOU THE GUEST ROOM, JACK MANIFOLD..." Sam Nook offered and he was lead to the elevator.

" So, um, Bear said I could bring guests and I was wondering if by any chance you guys wanted to come along. You know, have a party and all that." She finished with a smile.

" I'm afraid my contract is here doesn't let me go to other servers yet." He tells them. " Plus, who'd watch the kids while I'm off server." If he went anywhere on the server, he could still teleport back home via ender pearl stasis pod they have in the bunkers which were only for emergencies. The stasis pods wouldn't work if he's off server.

" I could." Beau answered. " I've finished my study period and will probably be replacing my Nan as head woman for the town later. So I'll be sticking around."

" I can go." Billzo says enthusiastically as Freddie agreed. " We'll just drag Eryn there, he probably would've said yes."

" Wait, head woman?" Micheal asked. " As in the lady that's in charge of the town we've been going to?" When Beau nodded, Shroud rubbed his hands together mischievously before clearing his throat and switching accents. " Madam, I believe there are a few youths in your settlement that requires reprimand." The adults, save for Tommy, eyes him for a good moment before laughing.

" That's actually a pretty good imitation." Freddie complimented.

" Oh, this is no imitation. This is how I actually sound, I just thought southern accents were fun." The spider hybrid explained proudly. " Fucking- Look who raised me." He casts a glance at his father while Rosie scoffed.

" What?" Billzo gaped. " Now that's a talent."

" Tom, you good?" Aimsey asked and Tommy nodded, leaning back into his sofa in a drowsy haze. " Are you that tired?"

" Think 'm bout to be possessed again." He mumbled.

' Already?' They saw Rosie mouth. The Gods tend to prefer speaking to their favourite hunter in his dreams, so he gets very sleepy when they're demanding a meeting.

" Then, I guess we'll head out first." Eryn suggested, already awake. " Didn't your invitation say you've gotta be at the pick up area soon?" Aimsey cursed.

They all said their goodbyes, promising to visit again sometime. Beau stayed behind to help clean up while the kids helped Tommy to bed. Sam Nook meets them halfway down the hall and took over from there.

" The fuck are you again?" Beau said, looking down at the miniature bot staring up at her curiously. A flurry of words displayed the word 'chat'. " Okay. Are you gonna help?" Chat already wandered off, leaving Beau to do the dishes on her own until Sam Nook arrives to take over, insisting she goes to rest in the second guest room with Rosie as her escort.

It hadn't been two days and Finley reintroduces another face Tommy hadn't expected to see under any circumstances. Not even with the Delorean sitting in his enderchest right now. The morning started off just fine, Chat was helping to set the table while Tommy cooked with Sam Nook. He has a bit of a playful spat with Beau about his cooking then Jack Manifold shows up awkwardly, reminding them that he was indeed living in the towers now. They make breakfast, added two more chairs to the table and the kids either threatened to kill Jack (subtly), or talk to Beau about their adventures.

Now, he's faced with this.

" That's Sally, innit?" Jack muttered as they stared down at the figure beneath the cove's waters.

" Yeah." Tommy nodded.

" Hello, yes. Very clueless people on your history here." Micheal spoke up. " Is the water lady actually someone we should know or not."

" Ooh, this looks like a show." Beau leans against the cove wall. " Go on, give us the big reveal."

" Okay, so." Tommy breathed in and sighed. " This is Sally, Wilbur's wife, Fundy's mother and quite frankly," He turns to Yoghurt with a soft look in his eye. " Your grandmother, Yoghurt." The fox had their eyes fixed on the water spirit from the moment he mentioned Wilbur, her tail swishing back and forth in an excited manner. The kids muttered in excitement as they further approached the spirit, bombarding her with all sorts of questions. Chat was with them.

" On the other note," Beau whispered as she pulls the two men away. " Isn't she supposed to be dead?"

" Gods work in mysterious, unfair ways." Tommy shrugged. " I stopped questioning it after watching Aimsey get physically put and pulled out of Limbo."

" Ah, you have a point there." Jack nods along though he was very thoroughly fucking confused on just about the entire sentence that just came out of Tommy's mouth. You'd think you'd be used to nonsensical shit coming from him but now knowing that shit is real, he's decided to take the advice and not question it. " Do you think Wilbur knows?"

" Do you think he'd try fucking a ghost?" Beau asked instead.

" What the actual fuck?" Tommy says.

" I'm just saying." The woman shrugged. " You told me he's into weird shit."

" Shit that we don't discuss near kids!" He whispers harshly.

" Hey, Dad." Shroud called. " You talking about Uncle Wilbur's weird shit?"

" No! How do you even know about that? I never..." He trailed off as the kids exchanged awkward glances. Billzo would be dead if they told their uncle it was him.

" Just a side note, Michelle's got a boyfriend!" Micheal exclaimed before being tackled to the ground by the older piglin.

" I'm going to bury you alive." She growled.

" Michelle?" She cursed internally as she looks up at her uncle. She gives him an awkward smile as Jack pats his shoulder.

" Daughters, amiright?" Tommy elbows his stomach sharply, causing him to cough.

Time Apart III

Chapter Summary

Meet the uncles.

Tommy and Jack have another chat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Des stepped out of the portal just slightly, he's gotten somewhat used to the air in the Overworld and was more than excited to show Michelle later on. He thrilled at the thought of finally knowing her actual name. It meant she trusted him enough to tell him personally.

" Michelle." He lets the name roll off his tongue, feeling an odd sense of glee. He checks his outfit again, dusting off some of the pieces of netherack from his tunic. And, he found some boots! Look who's wearing boots in the Overworld now. That's right, it's Des. He's early of course, but he thought it'd be alright to surprise her. He can wait.

He freezes as arm hooks around his neck, he wanted to struggle but the grip was too strong. " So," He cursed internally as he recognized Meleager's voice. " **You're the lucky bastard who's been seeing my niece. I suggest you hold still and remain calm. Wouldn't want my axe to make one of your arms disappear now, would we?**" The tip of the axe hovers just above his shoulder and he stills. " **Nod if you understand.**" He complies. " **Good. Now I'm going to ask you some questions and how you answer them will determine what happens next. Understand?**"

" Yes." Des replied.

" Des, was it?" Shit, he remembers him. " **How long have you been seeing my niece?**" " **Just two weeks.**" He stammers.

" **A lot can get down in a day.**" The man says after a short pause. " **So tell me, have you been trying anything? Doing things you shouldn't?**"

" No, sir." He answers.

" Oi, Toms!" Another voice cuts and Meleager shoves him forward, letting him go. " Did you find something?"

" Jack," The armoured man greeted without taking his eyes off of Des. " Meet Des, apparently he's here to take Michelle out." The other man, with a lean figure and mismatched eyes looked down at Des with dismay.

" Who the fuck are you?" Not exactly fluent in Common, the piglin barely catches the question.

" Uh, Des."

" I gathered that. What do you want?" He stands close to Meleager.

" I wanted to take Michelle out."

" I heard." He says sarcastically. " How old are you?"

" 16?" He guesses if the calculations were right.

" 16?" Meleager echoed mockingly. " Bitch, you look at least 30."

" You do potions?" Jack asked and he shook his head vigorously. " Can you fight?" He stammered as the other man pressed on. " Well, can't you?" He unsheathed his sword, pointing it directly at Des and causing him to step back.

" Jack, Jack, calm down." Meleager told him.

" Says the man holding an axe." He puts it away but still looms over the young piglin. " I just wanna know if he can fight in case they get in trouble and he can't fight, then our niece might get hurt."

" Alright, that's enough Jack." He pulls the man away, now looming over Des himself with his greater height. " **We'll go over some simple rules. You go out with her, there'll be no cuddling, no handholding or kissing. If there's danger, you better put your life on the line to protect or by the Empress, I will give you a one way ticket into the void.**"

" Yes, sir!"

" **Good. We're going to get supplies. You bring her back in an hour, you hear? Any later and I'll hunt you down.**" They disappear into the portal, leaving Des to lean against the nearest wall before finally letting out a breath he'd been holding in.

" Think he got the message?" Jack asked as puts his glasses back on. It's always fun when he remembers he can use his mismatched eyes to intimidate people. Of course, Tommy seemed to be ignoring him again. He rolled his eyes, reminded how annoying this had always been.

" I'll be off for another job soon." Just like that, his entire demeanor had shifted from its usual guarded lax to something more...armed.

" Are you taking any of the kids with you?" He asked the Hunter.

" No." He replies simply as he rests his pickaxe over his shoulder. They spent their time mining for more netherite, not that they were in desperate need for some. It was simply because they needed something to do while they talked, otherwise Tommy had promised him

that he could keep everything they could collect, even things Tommy himself had collected for the entirety of their little trip.

" So, just to be clear, you did know you pushed me into lava before?" Jack speaks up out of nowhere as they mined.

" Yes. We've been through this. Repetitive, aren't you?" He says and the other man shrugs. " I was in a bad place, my mind was all fucked up so I just thought I was hallucinating."

" You also haven't told me about your leg." Jack prompted, changing the subject now.

" It was a year after I left. There was this big centipede thing called a Death Crawler, had lethal venom that I wasn't immune to yet and it bit me. It was my first monster too." He explained, shifting the very leg his prosthetic replaced. " I met the Gods while I was passed out, they gave me an offer I couldn't really refuse. I kill their pests, in exchange they give resources, rewards, a new life and prevented me going back to my old one for as long as I wanted." The man stared at him for a good long while.

" That's why we could never track you." Jack whispered. " That's why that not even Callahan could trace where you were or been. You almost literally vanished off the face of the server. We tried looking for you, you know? I know I did when Dream escaped." He admitted and Tommy paused. " I was actually worried he'd find you and do something horrible again. A real wrongun that one."

" Yeah," Tommy agreed quietly. " So, aside from the Egg dying, what else did the pandemic do? What was it?"

" Well, I'm not exactly big on the details but what I heard happened was that there was this other parasitic thing that just killed literally anything it touched. Like a mutated wither rose. It fought with the Egg, I think and won. Gods, that's when it really started. The thing was probably weak by then but it hurt so many people. It attacks the tissue and nerve sells of the body, makes you paralyzed for a while before rotting you from the inside out. The Eggheads were the first to fall sick, then it extended a bit to Kinoko of all places, and even Eret's castle. Everyone had to wear gas masks once we found out it was in the air. I moved out the moment the whole thing was sort of stable and after George and Sapnap died. We managed to stop the pandemic from spreading and killed the parasite thing after reviving them. Takes a fuck ton of regeneration potions but I suppose it's worth it, even if the potions only stop it from spreading throughout the body. Apparently, revival only fixed the part that caused the death but nothing else, so they're still infected. Then, Dream took the vow and that's it." Tommy stared at him for the whole explanation and continued to do so after. His brows are furrowed together and he's doing that face when he's thinking too hard.

" Do you know what the wither rose thing looked like?" He asked him as he placed an enderchest on the ground.

" It's black, with like weird twitchy thorns." Tommy takes up a book as he speaks, flipping the pages to the further end and shows Jack an illustrated image of a sickly looking bush, branches simply spilling from the centre like a fountain and waves upon waves of its thorns

surrounding a single little black leaf in the middle. " That's the one." He says solemnly. " How do you have this?"

" It's a book of my contracts. Every beast I've fought and slain, I specialize in poisonous, venomous and most toxic monsters. This one in particular almost took my arm, a Wither Leshen. They produce a poisonous pollen that spreads through the air, it kills anything within a perimeter between 500 to 18000 blocks. Depending on the age its grown of course and the environmental conditions." He chuckled. " I think I can still remember how the poison tastes." He rubs his throat absentmindedly, he could still remember how every breath burned but like every job, he build up immunity very quickly and was able to walk through the haze of pollen, black branches and thorns. " Point is, I know a cure to your pandemic."

" What?" Jack stammered. " You're serious? Tommy, oh Gods. That's incredible!" Jack moved to hug him, much to his disbelief.

" Right. Of course, I am!" He says a bright smile. " But, that's not exactly why I wanted to talk to you." He admits. " First, I need you to understand that different Gods tend to have different kinds of monsters to deal with. But the worst ones I have to deal with are always the jobs by the God of War or better known as the Blood God. I never bring any of the kids with me when he gives me a job. Among the problems with his jobs, aside from giving me impossibly short time frames to do them, I'm almost certain he wants me to die somehow so he could save me then make me one of his champions. Like Technoblade." He adds with a hiss. " I'm already connected with so many of the Gods, probably enough for either one of them to take over my body while unconscious but they never have. Least not to my knowledge. Listen, what I'm saying is, I need you to hold down the fort while I'm away."

" Toms," Jack mutters. " Of course."

" No, you need to understand something here, Jack Manifold." He stares him down as he tucks away his book back into its enderchest. " I'm only asking you this because I have a seriously bad feeling about this next job and I'm never wrong. I'm trusting you right now, alright? You, despite how you tried to kill me, how you abandoned me. I need you to promise me that you will watch over those kids with your life."

" Tommy," Jack places a hand on his shoulder as he removes his glasses to get a good look at the young man before him. He looks directly into those blue eyes, he could sense the uncertainty, like wind blowing over the docks near the ocean. How unpredictable it was to see if it were simply the sea breeze or the warnings of an oncoming storm. " I vow upon Her Majesty, The Blaze Empress that for as long as you are away, those children will not come to harm." Tommy's eyes widened briefly, that had been a Vow of Honour.

" Okay." He mutters as he nods along. " Okay. Thank you." He embraces his friends once more, holding him in a way he hasn't held him since L'Manburg had just been made. " Thank you."

Vow of Honour ; a vow to the Blaze Empress that allows a person to promise wholeheartedly to do something. Should they fail to fulfill the vow or recite it with no actual belief in their vow, their hearts will burn from the inside out.

Iron I

Chapter Summary

Tommy goes off on his mission

Beau and Jack bond with the kids.

The Blood God is a bit of a shipper

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Among all the trips he took, they've never liked the ones the Blood God would request. It's these trips where goodbyes were more difficult somehow, it's these trips that they trained for, ached to go with but Tommy never allowed it. He didn't break the news to them immediately of course. He talks it over after dinner, like he was currently doing.

" Don't leave yet," He reminded the kids as they got up to put the dishes in the sink. " There's something I need to tell you. So, a few days ago, I got another contract to for a few days, maybe weeks, he wasn't as specific about the time frame this time but I want you to know that I'll be going alone."

' It's another Blood contract, isn't it?' Rosie signed and the others looked to him for confirmation.

" You can't come with me." It was enough of an answer as it caused quite an uproar. " Kids, please."

" Come on, Dad! This is literally what we trained for and you never let us come along on Blood contracts." Shroud pointed out. " What good are we if we can't help you?"

" It's different this time."

" How?" Michelle asked. " Just because it's the Blood God."

" Michelle...!" Foolish Jr hissed. You do not make light of the Gods, especially not the God of War.

" You never tell us what happens on these jobs." Micheal began. " Like I get it's your right for the privacy but I still don't get what's so bad about it? You've let us come with you for literally every other God there is. Even the Nameless God's weird quests. We're not mind readers, you know." Tommy contemplates this and they see this dark sky, weapons askew on the ground, scavengers running here and there and just endless smoke.

" They're battlefields. Almost all of them." Tommy relents as he takes a long sip of water. " My job is to kill and clean up the things that get attracted to these battlefields. I'm talking the most vicious and cunning of all the creatures we've ever fought. Some might be smaller but they're smart. They actively follow armies into battlefields, watch happily as those people die and feast off the dead like a full buffet. Remember what I told you about monsters and how their strength aligns with what they eat?"

" The more sentient the prey, the tougher the predator." Finley answered.

" Exactly. I can't take that risk to guarantee your safety if I can't even guarantee my own." Shroud stands up, his chair scraping loudly against the floorboards. " Shroud..." The boy says nothing as he makes it to the elevator, Rosie follows him and soon the whole table was empty save for Chat, Nook, Jack and Beau. Chat comes up to his side and offers him a hug. " You know you can't come either, right?" Walter and Betty whine at his feet. " Neither can you two." The dogs whined again. He stands up but starts swaying almost immediately, Sam Nook catching him quickly.

" Looks like they want another word with you. We'll handle it down here, get some rest, Toms." Beau reassures him, he nods hazily and heads for the elevator. Jack silently helped the lady with the dishes, noting the calm manner she was handling things. " You know, he never took any of us with him either." She admitted. " You'd think after all the crazy shit we've been through together, he'd eventually take us with him. The Blood God only has one champion, and that's Technoblade. Since Tommy's freelance, he gets called by him for a lot of the work the Blade missed."

" Considering they're simultaneously the God of War, I'd imagine they're monsters to be worse." Jack hummed. " I don't even know why I still question how that kid is still alive."

" I heard he was apparently blessed by Fortune. He has immense luck in the most unluckiest situations." She responds as she finished up on the dishes. " Still, makes me pretty worried."

" When has he never made someone worried?" " Good point." She takes some wine from a hidden compartment in the fridge and pours it into two glasses. " You a lightweight?"

" Hah, not by a long shot." He answered as he takes the glass and downs it in one go. " I forgot to ask, does Tommy drink now? He's 27, ain't he?"

" Well, he tried." Beau shrugged as she sipped her own glass and tucks away the wine for later. " Better find out yourself. Goodnight!"

" I'll see you in a few," He doesn't mention if it were days or weeks and gives each child their goodbyes. " Jack,"

" Toms," They shared a quick hug, albeit a little awkward but it was somewhat nice. " Take care, mate."

" I'll be back soon, big man." They pull away and his attention went to Chat. " I know you're worried, but I'll be fine, Chat." He lets his dogs lick his face as he pets them goodbye and his eyes meet with Beau's. " Why the fuck are you still here for?"

" Watching you fuck off, bastard." Beau seethed.

" Bitch." Beau gasped as Tommy immediately reeled. " Wrongun." She retorts and it was Tommy's turn to gasp. " You look like shit." They argue for a good two minutes as the others watched, either confused or amused by the display of what looked like some sort of contest of who has the worse attitude. Beau won of course.

" Alright, see you in whenever." She tells him as she kisses his hand.

" Sure." He replies casually, kissing hers in turn. " Bye." He climbs onto his horse and trots off to the beautiful horizon, his family watching him disappear over the distance.

" What the actual fuck was that?" Jack gaped, looking between Beau and the kids, who were just as confused.

" I don't, huh?" Shroud was at a lose for words as he runs the scene through his head again. Beau scans over their expressions and laughs, clearly amused.

You two make quite a pair.

They're not dating, it's just a transaction of blessings. You know this, Blood.

I never said I see them in a romantic way. Had Fortune not claimed her, she would have made a fine champion. *You* would make a fine champion, little runt.

" I'm no one's champion, thank you very much." Tommy grumbled as he rode down an abandoned path.

Not even at the promise of immortality?

" Not even close." He snorted and heard the Gods laugh, both Exde and War. They guide him through the paths to a ruined portal, from there Exde's voice is replaced by the Empress herself. The Gods are more chatty when he's alone, probably because he can answer back more freely. His current mission was to track down and kill an entire den of Canus Adder. Horrid creatures love luring in their prey with false sounds of helpless whines, then they attack. The first bite would've been enough to kill a man in a matter of at most 2 hours, the least being no more than 30 minutes.

The following route is rather uncharted for the most part. The builds a new bridge across the lava lakes, making sure his horse stays close throughout his travels through the Nether. A taxing but fulfilling process, it's not like he'd have to rebuild the bridge when he needs to get back. He checks back the details for the nest as he rests and checks his communicator for the time. The kids are probably performing their next song by now.

" Did your father actually write this?" Jack asked as he waved the music sheets at the kids as they prepared to perform the song. Beau gingerly plucks the papers from behind with practiced ease, making the man pause before glaring at her.

" Oh, this is the one he wrote for L'Manburg." She hummed as she skimmed over the lyrics, refusing to hand it back to Jack again. " It was on the sixteenth of November, we were just finished going through the Nameless God's weirdest temple yet. It had puzzles and a lot to do with dancing which none of us were a fan of and the God was there the entire time just watching us and laughing. At the end of the day, we were all sitting around in this old ruined garden and Toms was writing this. Said it was for his old home." She hums some parts of the melody, knowing full well the kids were already paying attention to the story she told. " He told us he had a home with his brother and all his friends and one day, it was no longer home. To add, that very day was the day it was blown up. That's why all the lyrics are just really fucking depressing at some places. I mean, look at this."

They laughed and Shroud had an idea.

" So, Auntie Beau. You know all the lyrics, right?" He asked with a grin.

" Yeah, what about it?" Which was how she ends up behind the microphone. The kids were all holding different instruments as Jack looks through the lyrics again to act as supporting vocals.

" Why am I here?" He muttered as Chat prepared to start broadcasting.

" Uncle Mimi said you had, and I quote; just a little bit of a decent voice." Micheal answered as they each prepared the instruments needed for the song. " Are we on?" The button flashes to signify they were live. The song opens with Rosie on guitar and Beau takes a breath.

*Wars are raising for her
Crusades to adore her
The light of your afterword*

*Are you losing her true nature
When you loosen nomenclature
When you gift another moniker?*

Jack joins in on the following verse, his voice soft and holding a slightly higher pitch to blend well with the music. He doesn't sing the whole thing, but he emphasizes some of the parts he does. Like a highlight of the verses.

*What's true is like a sickle
It'll cut you to the middle
Your rose is without a thorn
But no, my mouth don't taste of metal
From the pot here to the kettle
I think we got a lot we gotta learn*

More instruments start to join in, filling in the bridges and gaps between verses.

*And even though by any other name
Her scent would linger sweetly, all the same
Call her briar long enough
And you'll tangle up the true and the fable*

*Your dowry isn't fooling
The pyrite is showing through It won't buy you that empty tomb*

*And no alchemic incantation
For a counterfeit salvation
Can appease your leviathan groom*

*No, love'll get you slaughtered
Like a ram at the altar
What is safe ain't the same as what is good*

*So lay compress to the aching
Of your body made for breaking
When we've got a lot of breaking left to do*

*'Cause even under any other creed
The crucifix and the hangman, they both agree
Change comes so cheaply
For those of us already at the table*

The members of the server indulges in the gentle tune, not caring who the new voice belonged to. Wilbur finds the song oddly reminiscent and warm in a way he couldn't express. It's like an epilogue to a story, a sad but accepting aftermath to its conclusion. It touches him in a way his own songs hadn't in ages. The almost dream like fables painted into these lyrics, drawing up an almost political view on the situation before reverting back to something more neutral. The word acceptance as a melody in whole.

Tommy continues walking down the given path, checking his supplies then and again. He's careful not to trip and watches over his horse as he passes by several fortresses and bastions.

The ghosts ignore him, the skeletons make way for him as he passes through their fortress to get to the other side and he continues to walk through the hot and smoking plains. He didn't need to eat yet, not when his next meal is going to be a pretty big feast later on.

Chapter End Notes

Beau is blessed by Fortune, she has immense luck that gets her whatever she needs.

Tommy is blessed by every God in the pantheon.

A transaction of blessings is when two individuals blessed by Gods exchange a gift of blessings. It has two ways, the first being a transaction of possessions, items they use as gifts to present ever lasting blessings. The second is through an exchange of action, the level of the blessing is based on the action.

Actions include, hugging, touching foreheads, kissing, etc.

Beau and Tommy prefer to use temporary blessings by kissing each other's hands. Mostly because providing an item imbued with blessings take a lot of time and energy.

This is known as Law of Transaction.

A law created by the Gods because they're really invested in the relationships of their champions. Best friends, lovers, brothers, etc. Like really. This is their soap opera on a daily basis.

Song used : Rose by the Oh Hellos

Iron II

Chapter Summary

Tommy hunts Canus Adder.

A bigger threat appears.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He ends up in the Overworld again, greeted by the cold air of the entire server. One that ultimately makes the Arctic Commune seem more tame compared to wherever the fuck he is on the snowy mountains. The Empress bids him farewell and Exde greets him once again, this time with Drista in tow. They find the first of these twisted wolves and track the patrol routes of the creatures, taking at least three days to do so. With a number of invisibility potions and wolf's bane extract in a bottle, he sets to work.

He tracks their den where bodies of all manners of creatures turned up dragged inside, he finds at least two or three of them guarding the entrance. He mines into the mountain, using his experience to make a hole right above the main dining area. With the hole secure, he climbs back out and with a few invisibility potions, he prepares a few stacks of gravel near the entrance while the wolves were out hunting. He buries a single block of TnT at its centre and waited for the wolves to return.

They return with their latest haul, at least two full grown polar bears and two cubs, already dead from the venom and dragged inside. He lights up the block and quickly hides as the gravel comes crashing down and blocking the entrance completely. The wolves that had been patrolling outside the caves would immediately be lured back to see what had happened. He takes the extract and laces the tips of his arrows with said toxin. He fires from his position, hitting each of the wolves directly.

Being a fast acting poison that were especially effective against wolves and much stronger than normal, their bodies were dead before they even hit the ground. With the ones outside settled, Tommy climbs back into the hole he dug and immediately drips the toxin over the pile of food. Every last drop. He leaves, needing to clean up the bodies outside first before anything. It may look easy at first but Canus Adder were fast learners, they would probably avoid the food pile after some of them have died. Which leaves survivors. Hungry and weak ones but survivors nonetheless.

He burns it all at a pyre. Waiting patiently to see what kind of parts would stay intact after being burnt up. As expected it was mostly the bones and stomach, considering how these wolves would sometimes eat torches to put them out, he wasn't surprised. His teeth and jaws

go through bone with ease, crunching with every bite as he finishes everything, not even the wolf's ever so valuable fangs. Such fangs provided a poison almost akin to the aconite extract he used but completely different. It's why most people wouldn't exactly expect the aconite would work instantly. You'd think wolves with such venom would be at least a little more immune to that shit but nobody can be Meleager.

The wolves from within the cave howled loudly, crying out as he assumes some of them have already died due to the toxins. He waits for two days, ignoring the calls, yelps and the way the wolves tried digging through the immense pile of gravel, not realizing it was also laced with wolf's bane and dying at the entrance, forming a sort of barricade of bodies. He waits for another three days before going through the hole he dug and was greeted with the smell of rot. He's careful as he slips down onto the poisoned food where rotting carcasses gathered around it and around the main entrance. He uses a shovel to dig through the gravel and sets the entire cave on fire.

He watches as the flames flicker, sword in hand as the bodies burnt and out of the fire, a half burnt wolf jumps through. Meleager ducks as the creature lunges towards him. It was smaller in stature, jaws snapping angrily as its yellow eyes glared at the armoured man. He glares back, sword in hand.

A runt recognizes another runt.

The Blood God says playfully as the wolf swipes at him. He imagines that if it could talk, it'd be cursing at him. He could relate. Probably more so than the wolf thinks. To each of their eyes, they were monsters. Murderers. The hunter has always known this when he's faced younger monsters like this one. The kind that recognises what you've done and you know it sees you. He knows what he is to them but he's long accepted that since he's killed his first mob. The wolf pins him down jaws biting down on his armour.

" I'm sorry for this." He mutters as he grabs the wolf's snout and closed it shut. His gloves were still stained with aconite, wearing off with time and soon the young Canus Adder grew weaker. It whines as it flops down on Meleager's chest, growling quietly at the proximity of his jaws so close to the hunter's neck.

" It's alright, let go." The wolf whines as the poison settles in and its breathing becomes more shallow. " It's alright." He hushed the monster, petting its head gently as the light dies from its eyes. He checks the armour's durability, looking a bit worse for wear. He supposes he did forget to take it to an anvil for mending first. Kneeling before the pyre, he gives a little prayer as he waits for both the venom and toxins coursing through his veins to wear off. His immunity should take care of it soon. Though not soon enough.

Within seconds he's on his side, barely jumping out of the way of a long blade. He doesn't need to look any further the moment he saw the long sword. The fucking Orphan Obliterator. He makes a grab for his enderpearl the moment Technoblade was distracted by the fire and barely managed to teleport away before he could try stabbing him again. He's not sure why the Blade was here or what he wanted, he just needed to leave.

" Why didn't you tell me your champion was here?" He hissed as he took a moment to swallow some healing potions.

I wasn't aware he was out here, little runt. I promise. His voices must've kept it secret from me.

Arrows break through the potion of swiftness before he even had the chance to splash it at his feet. He blocks the oncoming blow with his own sword, the metal meeting with a sharp clang.

They exchange a few blows, as the Blade's eyes glared into his helmet. He tries at every turn to slice off Meleager's neck but missed often. Chat seemed giddy and was already chanting for blood. He catches the slightest whiff of a familiar scent, the presence of his God.

Of course, he does what every other champion does at the presence of their own Gods, prove his worth. He fights more aggressively, ignoring how his opponent was clearly injured and struggling to keep up. The fool tried to run several times, making Technoblade chase after him. His opponent pearls away and he chucked his axe where the pearl landed, catching his prey's leg. They're back where they started, the fire in the cave still roaring.

" I needed those." He says as he leisurely walks towards the armoured man. He rips off the axe, finding it absent of blood and that his opponent had a prosthetic leg. He grabs the red cape, noting how mockingly similar it was to his own. His opponent ducks again as he swings his sword towards his head, cutting his cape instead. His prosthetic leg clicks the moment it hits the ground and kicks the piglin's side. Technoblade grunts as the foot blade digs between his armour but catches his opponent by the arm before he could escape.

With his piglin strength and the added help of potions, he's able to launch the man to the opposite direction he was running. His body hits the tree in full force, causing it to shake and scaring off whatever creatures were on it and caused snow to fall over him. The air knocked out of him, blood spills through his helmet as he coughed. He still tries to rise, trying to ignore the ringing in his ears or the concerned voices of the Gods who were watching him.

Large hands grab him by the neck, slamming him against the tree trunk. He hangs onto his offender's arm, trying to pry himself off of the other's hold.

The cold tip of a blade finds the space between his armour. Right below his ribcage and pressing into his skin. He freezes completely as the Blade looks down on him, he tries to speak. Barely opening his mouth when the metal runs through him. He cries out in pain, legs kicking uselessly in the air as his opponent holds him firmly.

Wood splinters behind him, he could hear the bark tearing as the blade twists. It eases another cry out of him as he tries to gather his bearings. The pressure on his throat didn't waver, only pressing harder.

" Tech..." He held onto the other's arm tightly. Barely able to gasp out from the force of having his helmet removed. His blue eyes looked up blearily, staring into deep wine red. The grip on his neck loosens, blood rushes through his veins as he gasps for air. His body sags ever so slightly, the sword embedded in his side reminding him to be still. He blinks away the fatigue that filled him, the cold making his fingers feel numb.

He nearly jolts when a hand presses on his shoulder, grabbing onto it instinctively albeit much weaker than before. Technoblade was speaking, he couldn't make out the words. The Blade looks at him in the eye as he takes the sword's hilt. Tommy's breath hitched, his body tensing as the other levels him with a sympathetic look in his eyes. He glances between the sword and the piglin, trying to control his breathing as blood drips from lip. He screws his eyes shut and nods.

Gasping in pain the sword is removed from his torn flesh, allowing more blood to spurt out between the gaps of his armour. He cold feel the cold air creeping on his skin as he slumps against the tree and slides down to the ground with a painful groan. He feels the fatigue of blood loss catching up to him.

Technoblade is trying to keep him awake, lightly patting his face as he's knelt down next to him. He stares up at his soon to be killer, the piglin who was now trying to get him to drink some healing potions but he couldn't move. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing more than blood came out instead. The other panicking, he looks oddly close to tears but it's probably the blood loss giving him hallucinations. He knows he can't keep his eyes open for much longer now so he keeps them trained on the sky. It was such a clear day, not a single cloud for the night as stars and moon twinkled above. It was nice, it felt warmer than the person holding him right now.

In fact, it was too warm.

Chapter End Notes

Some champions are able to recognize one another through the scent of magic. The Blood God always had one champion, if there were two then he most certainly wants them to fight to the death and prove they are worthy of his blessing.

Tommy's scent is based off which God is he working for or speaking to him. It can change based on the situation.

According to Aimsey,

Beau smells like lemon grass

Billzo smells rotten, sometimes spicy.

Aimsey apparently smells like cotton candy

Tommy's scent is usually a mix and they reflect a big location or a scene. He could smell like fresh rain over a misty forest or sometimes a market full of spices.

Those associates to the Blood God smells like metal and the air around them reaks of steel.

Iron III

Chapter Summary

Technoblade takes Tommy home.

Gods are very protective of their favourite boi.

The kids are not happy. Neither is Jack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He hadn't known what he expected to see when he ripped off that helmet. Perhaps he hoped to find someone worth killing. He knew his God loved it when his champions clashed and relished when they prove which one of them were more superior than the other. He was expecting the eyes of a man full of greed, war and bloodshed. Like his own. Adding to how the man had killed off what was possibly his only chance at saving Phil, he was livid and chat wouldn't shut up about it.

He didn't know he'd find blue eyes underneath the helmet and a head of golden hair that seemed brighter than Phil's. He didn't know who he'd find or what followed him. He didn't know he was killing his younger brother. And he still doesn't believe it as he holds the man bleeding out in his arms.

" Tommy, hang on. I've got you. I've got you." Tommy's eyes aren't focused on him and Gods, he's never seen them so blue since they were kids. He tried getting him to drink the potion but his mouth was already full of blood.

He looks to Tommy desperately and for a moment, he thought he saw those very eyes reflecting the night sky. He could see every star shining above him without even looking up and soon those blue eyes were starting to fade, slowly closing.

" No no no no...! Tommy, please. Hang on, please." He remembers the totem in his inventory and forces into the palm of the former's hand.

He holds it close to him, begging, praying it would fix the damages he's caused but the totem stays still and Tommy goes limp. Chat screams for him to replace the totem, afraid it was faulty or something and begged for him to fix it, to save Tommy but nothing worked.

He was close to tears when Tommy's eyes shot open but they weren't his. Blood red eyes glared at Technoblade as the younger's arms shoots up to his neck. Within moments, Tommy is standing, with a full height of 6 ft.5, having grown quite a bit since he was away. It's not enough to lift the piglin off the ground but just enough to keep him standing straight.

" You insolent fool." The voice laces over Tommy's, deep and growling. **" You dare refuse me, using your voices against me?"** He growled as he tightened his grip. **" You like to listen to them, hmm?"** Suddenly chat was back in full volume, Technoblade winced as they screamed and cried in his ears louder than ever before. Whispering, shrieking, laughing like never before.

He could barely hear his own thoughts and his ears were ringing from the voices alone that he could barely catch what the Blood God was saying. They died down in an instant and he's released from the God's hold. He doubles over, gasping for air as the voices whispered in hush tones, his God looming over him. **" We will keep the little runt alive, you are to escort him home and make sure he is safe."** Tommy's eyes rolled back and he falls once again.

It isn't a minute after he's wrapped up Tommy's wound did the blonde come to. Only it wasn't him. Blue eyes were now emerald green and were glaring daggers at the piglin. He didn't protest much as the young Goddess ordered him to check on the remaining corpses of the Canus Adder, to bring whatever's left back to them so she could help complete the Hunter's job. He finds the bones and some of the fleshy remains, though none of them had the venom he needed. He returns as he was asked and finds the Goddess had wrapped Tommy's body in his cloak and gestured Technoblade to bring the remains to her.

What ensued may haunt him for months as he watched Tommy chew through every piece of the monsters available. He goes through flesh and bone like nothing he's ever seen. The Goddess doesn't even bat an eye as she swallows the burnt and ashen pieces, swallowing every vile piece easily as if it were a snack. He wonders if it's actually Tommy that's eating that or simply the Goddess. She lays the body down and promptly flips off Technoblade before allowing the body to rest further. He stares at his baby brother briefly, no longer so little. The man had a fucking stubble. When did he grow a stubble?

On the following day, he finds Tommy's horse not too far from himself and with a few supplies that would help keep him warm. He wasn't sure if he should risk going through the Nether while Tommy was in this state and decides maybe he should wait until Tommy was conscious enough to make the trip.

The Gods disagreed. It started when the Hunter's hair turned from blonde to a deep black, dark as the night and his eyes opened to reveal blinding whites that gleamed like stars. A soft smile graced his lips and he looks to Technoblade with the most gentle gaze.

" Technoblade," He freezes at the new voice, how gentle she sounds. At first. He's torn a new one as Lady Death scolds him about all the shit he's done, chat agreeing with her wholeheartedly, the hypocrites. The Goddess assures him that Tommy needed to get home to recover more properly, that he could also provide Phil with the antidote he needed but only when he's home. They guide him to the Nether portal Tommy travelled through and soon Lady Death was then replaced by the Empress herself, his eyes now a bright orange with a few rods circling them. Tommy's body was only just strong enough to stay upright on his horse, and that's with Technoblade riding with him to support him.

" Keep moving." The Empress snapped when Technoblade paused momentarily at the sight of the fortress as the bridge leads through there. **" Have faith in your Empress, child."**

Not daring to protest, they continue onwards. The wither skeletons paying them no mind as they passed through, not even the clearly agitated blazes. The Empress guides him through the Nether until they arrive at a recently repaired ruined portal. From there, the Empress leaves and Tommy's body is taken over by a different God.

" I would recommend keeping tabs on Tommy's communicator." He doesn't recognize who this is. **" Oh yeah, uh, Father Time aka, uh, Jimmy Beast."** He introduced himself.

" How in the world are literally all of you connected to Tommy?" He asked, more than just bewildered by now.

" He's the pantheon's favourite hunter. He doesn't specifically belong to any of us but honestly he really gets the job done." The Beast shrugged. **" Also, I was serious about the whole communicator thing, keep tabs on it."** He winks at Technoblade before finally allowing Tommy's body to remain in its unconscious state.

He moves through much greener area now, the air was clear, the evening sun is already low against the horizon. From a distance he could see a sort of tower made up of stone, though it looked far more stylised and impressive than Tommy's usual cobblestone towers. He wonders wholeheartedly if this was his brother's new home. Within a few steps the communicator started to beep and as he glanced at the screen, he finds a cartoonish blob duck staring at him.

" WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE'S MELEAGER?" Meleager? He tilts his head slightly. That was one of the Greek heroes that weren't outright racists. A hand reaches up and takes the communicator from him.

" I'm right here, Ben." His voice is a bit hoarse but evidently clear from any form of ethereal additions. As of the moment, he swears it was more like he was staring into a small stream that was deathly close to drying up. " Tell the others to stand down. I can tell Rosie's already aiming for the head." He groans as he adjust himself, causing Technoblade to halt the horse's movements. Tommy climbs off the horse, staggering slightly but the Blade catches him. " We're coming home. With guests." He adds quickly and somehow the piglin feels oddly relieved.

" How long have you been awake?" He asked quietly.

" Since Father Time left." He answered simply.

He continues to help Tommy walk all the way to the tower's main entrance, looking much bigger and grander up close, passing by a barn with a cottage and was greeted halfway by a familiar face.

" Holy shit." Jack moved quickly to help Tommy. " What the fuck did you do?" He hissed at them both.

" Later." The younger man waves him off dismissively as Nook is already upon them.

" TOMMY INNIT, I WILL CARRY BACK TO YOUR ROOM..." Wordlessly, he allows himself to be picked up by the android and rushed immediately into his home, leaving the two men outside.

" How did you find this place?" Jack asked him before he went any further.

" How did you?" He retorts.

" Tommy brought me here."

" Bruh, same." The door of the tower swings open and there stands a spider hybrid dressed in a messy white shirt, jeans and a cowboy hat over his messy hair. There's a gun in his hand and he glares up at them both with his four red eyes, absolutely seething.

" Motherfuckers." He loads the gun and aims it at Technoblade.

" Shroud!" A piglin with an eye patch pushes the gun upwards, allowing the shot to be fired to the sky, the sound ringing through the air. Shroud hisses as the gun is wrenched out of his hands and another young piglin grabs him from behind, lifting him up in the air as his feet kicked off the ground.

" Get off! I swear, Michelle. Let me the fuck out! I'm going to kill him!" He hisses at the Blade angrily.

" Shroud, stop it." Michelle tells him sternly.

" Hey, buddy. Spidey. Focus." Foolish Jr steps out and faces Shroud, promptly slapping him in the face. Yoghurt snatches the gun and scurries back inside to hand it back to Rosie.

" What the fuck?" He holds his cheek as Jr continues to block his view.

" Sorry but I need you to focus. Your Dad's gonna need you. Right now in fact." He reminds the hybrid and the former calms down. Finley taps Michelle's arm as to let him down, which she does slowly and carefully. Shroud scuttles back inside, climbing up the vents instead of going through the elevator. " Man, he must be super cranky this time." The totem child laughs nervously. Their gaze is brought back to Technoblade, who was staring at them in bewilderment.

" Uh, hullo?" He greets them with an awkward wave.

Chapter End Notes

Gods don't actually usually possess people, not even their champions. They either have to be really deeply rooted to the God in question or in Tommy's case, simply built different. Literally.

THIS CHILD WAS MADE IN A FUCKING LAB. OF COURSE IT'S DIFFERENT-

I Love You I

Chapter Summary

Tommy officially adopts Rosie.

Tommy and Beau bond.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

" He fixed you up pretty good, I'll give him that." Shroud grumbled as he helped Rosie to replace the bandages. His father was sitting up, quietly ignoring whatever stings and strings of pain that followed with the treatment.

' The outer layer skin has been healed well but I'm afraid there's still some internal damage, especially on your stomach. Your kidney's probably gonna scare too.' Rosie informs him. She's learned a lot through both Tommy and Sam Nook as her mentor. Said android returned to the room with a few diluted healing potions to help with the healing process.

" At least he didn't cut out my stomach." Tommy says carelessly, drinking down the diluted potion. The two children don't look too pleased with his joke as he strains to smile at them. " He won't be here for long." He tries to reassure them despite how drowsy he still was.

" But what if he does?" Shroud pressed on. " He almost killed you. Again." Tommy's hand mindlessly trace the scar right below his chin where it reminded him of the pit. His neck had a nasty purple bruise from where the piglin had choked him.

" I know. I know." He mutters as he sighs. " But I can't turn him away."

' You're too soft.' She signed as she sits next to him.

" I know." He says softly as she leans against his side, Shroud moved to lean his back against the other side. " That was scary, yeah?" They both nodded. " I'm sorry I scared you two. I really am, you're both very important to me as I am to you. Cause you're me kids." He chuckles slightly as they both stiffen. Rosie looks up at him as he smiles down at her, Shroud glances between them with a grin slowly growing on his face. " It's horribly sudden and probably not the best situation but I admit I was scared I'd never have the chance to ask you. If that's alright with you." He says to her as Shroud nods from behind him. Yoghurt may be his partner in crime but Rosie was always the first person to truly become his sister.

Rosie nods, tears forming in her eyes as she moves in to hug Tommy and Shroud. He hold then close, almost as if he were afraid they'd disappear. Sam Nook's optics flickered a few

times, silently taking photos of the moment to keep later on. Benson owes him a whole ass extra memory chip now.

Treating internal wounds take longer than one might expect, especially when such wound happened to have been inflicted on his rather mortal stomach, which by all accounts is still physically abnormal compared to most stomachs with it's thicker walls and stronger acids. Where's his void stomach you might ask? It's there, just not visible to the naked eye, nor physically accessible unless Tommy somehow swallows a person whole. If he were to describe how he uses it, then it would be more or less like an blanket that coats itself all over his stomach, like it replaces his mortal stomach for a time. In that time, his mortal stomach cannot be harmed while his void stomach takes its place temporarily.

Which is why he's currently eating bones and raw meat in order to make his void stomach feel at least a little full. It doesn't make him hungry, it doesn't change at all. But, chewing things keep him from feeling skittish, it gives his teeth a sense of purpose.

He's writing down his newly officially adopted daughter's name for the paperwork. He writes down her name as Rosie Hetta Innit. Not really anything new, he gave all the kids middle names, just because. Yes, he's attached to every single one of them. Don't judge. The door swings open and he could tell who walks in as he braces himself with a scowl.

" You better not have poisoned my food." Beau scoffs as she brings him his tray. She'd been taking turns with Nook and the kids to deliver the food, only coming ever so often after dealing with whatever bullshit her town was dealing with.

" Please. I know your total immunity would've barely even had a dent on your health." She places the tray on his desk. " Eat up, Queen." She says simply, already walking back to the door.

" Queen?"

" You didn't like King." She shrugs and closes the door before he could talk back. He glances over the food, mainly being soft mashed potato, gravy, coleslaw and an iced cold drink. The kids don't usually make this, not even Nook. He scoffs at the thought of Beau cooking, though it was rather nice of her. He supposed five days all cooped up in his room should be good enough for him to come down by now.

He picks up his tray as soon as he's finished and brings it to the kitchen via elevator. He's joined by Chat, who's informed him that the kids were out. Michelle was meeting with her whimpy boyfriend, Micheal's her escort so it should be fine, Jr is practicing water magic while Yoghurt and Finley are talking to Sally, it seems the water spirit is planning on confronting Wilbur and Fundy soon, and Shroud and Rosie are sparring. He learns Jack was off trading in the town while Technoblade had decided to distract himself by tending the farm. Beau's in the music room. Unsurprisingly.

He recalls the first time he's met a number of his friends, or reunited in a way. The boy's had always been with him while he grew up, Billzo, Freddie, Eryn. They grew up in the same

village before Wilbur decided to move them out of their old house. It'd been evident at the time that Phil nor Technoblade wasn't coming back anytime soon anyways. No letters, no messages. It's real shit, honestly but it's not like it matters now. At least not much. He met Beau during his first few hunts, still green to his new career and lacking. He saved her town. Sort of.

"I don't need to be impressed by low-key swagger. These people need to be protected. You helping or not?" She'd glared at him.

"Fuck off, course I'd help."

"You have to understand." She cuts him once again. "I don't know you. You've been hundreds of blocks away from us, you creep around the forest foraging and cursing with no fucking filter, you're quite literally mumbling about your misfortunes like a whiny child."

"I am not child." He grumbles, though he's quite used to being insulted.

"You sound like you haven't slept in days." Debatable. "You talk to yourself." Well, she's not wrong. "I can tell you're obviously inhuman or at least part of you is human. And you look to me at least half crazy. But, you were my best bet in fighting off these fuckers." Her gaze flickers to the monster's corpse on the ground. "I need you commit in helping these people because I can't live with myself if I don't do anything to save theirs."

"You done?" Tommy quirked a brow at her.

"Did it work?" An amused grin slipped through his lips, a warm glow like stars graced his eyes.

"Yes."

"Then I'm all done." She smiles at him. "And that was an incredible entrance, King."

"Don't call me King."

Funny enough, he meets Aimsey on the same day. At the time, Aimsey had just been granted a sort of new sense. She could tell if you were related to the Gods in any way. He remembers her telling him that he smelled like a mixture of things, most notably that he smelled a lot like rain. Eryn wasn't exactly connected to any Gods but he does have traces of magic in his system, it smells like poppies to her. Beau smelled like a valley, full of green grass and wildflowers. As for Billzo, at first she said he smelled rotten and they had a whole argument about it then after a while, he was told that he actually smelled more like spices. They were weird as fuck. Ranboo and Tubbo would get along with them just fine.

He washed his tray and stopped by the music room, where he finds Beau fiddling with the mic.

" The fuck are you doing?" He asked aloud as he steps into the room.

" Just testing the mic. The kids are gonna be here soon for their next weakly radio show." She explained as she tapped the mic and tested her vocals.

" Really?"

" What?" He rolls his eyes and sits himself down on the piano, adjusting the mic there. " Now what are you doing?"

" Testing the second mic, today's supposed to be a duet. If you're going to test the equipment then at least test them both." He tests a few keys of the piano, playing a short piece as he shoots a smirk at Beau.

" Yeah, yeah. Anyone can learn the piano." She muttered. " Have you ever heard of Far from the Madding Crowd?"

" Vaguely." He shrugs and she casts him a look for not answering properly, which simply meant he knew and didn't want to say much about it.

*Come all you fair and tender girls
That flourish in your prime
Beware, beware, keep your garden fair
Let no man steal your thyme
Let no man steal your thyme*

*For when your time, it has passed and gone
He'll care no more for you
And every place, where your time was waste
Will all spread o'er with rue
Will all spread o'er with rue*

*The gardener's son was standing by
Three flowers he gave to me
The pink, the blue, and the violet true
And the red, red rosy tree
And the red, red rosy tree*

*But I refused the red rose bush
And gained the willow tree
That all the world may plainly see
How my love slighted me
How my love slighted me*

As far as they've shown their disdain for one another, the two had voices that somehow matched interestingly well as he played the piano. They cast each other a glance, their gaze somehow passing a whole silent conversation between them.

It is an acknowledgement of sorts. She knows what he was even before he told her, he knew what she's done to gain Fortune's favour. They are a mirror of each other's struggles, intertwined in a way that many may misinterpret.

He told her that she mirrored a past he wished he wouldn't have to remember, a life already cast into the void. To him, she mirrored the void. And she told him, that he mirrored a world she's never truly seen, details of life most would pass off. To her, he mirrored the world. It was an odd exchange. They would stare at one another as they do now. A void would stare at the world, and the world stared back. Both knowing, both living in their own way, both surviving despite their hardships.

Then they hear clapping. They both spun their heads towards the group on the other side of the recording booth, mostly just staring as Finley clapped and cheered. Foolish Jr smiled sheepishly as he stops her hands gently and gives an awkward chuckle. Tommy's gaze looks up at the blinking red light and pales. Gods, they were live.

" Turn that off!"

" Yes, sir!" Shroud immediately raises his head from beneath the control panel where he was hiding and immediately turned off the airing. The others followed suite and immediately ducked as Tommy comes marching towards them.

" Who turned it on?" He asks as he finds the group of teenagers huddled together. Micheal is pushed forward, he shoots a glare at the others before giving Tommy a nervous smile.

" Well, you guys sounded great together and since you've never been on the mic, I thought it'd be cool." He explained slowly, shifting his feet every now and then.

" Is it recorded?" Beau asked out of blue, cutting off Tommy before he could even speak.

" Yeah, yeah. We record all our sessions." Shroud nods along as he stands before the controls. He paused, looking through the buttons in confusion. " Uh, Dad?" He gives his father a pleading look and the man sighs.

" It's this button. How do you keep forgetting this?" Rosie quietly ushers the others out the door, allowing them to sneak out while Tommy explained which button did what. Beau gave them a quick wink before they left.

Chapter End Notes

Song used : Let No Man Steal Your Thyme

The idea of Beau and Tommy's relationship is like a juxtaposition of their characteristics.

Both are pretty chaotic in nature, both went through some shit and are pretty similar in terms of personality. They are opposing mirrors in a way. They see each other but display a different view of the other.

Their relationship is more like an acknowledgement that they exist at the same time. These two people of different suns but have the same light. They're similar but infinitely different.

She's like him but not like him.

They 'know' each other. At the same time they don't.

It's weird.

I would like to believe much of their interaction is more akin to being intimate in a non romantic yet non familial way. They wouldn't call each other family directly. They're like platonic partners in crime. Sorta.

I Love You II

Chapter Summary

The chapter everyone's waiting for....

DRUNK BOIS

Also, Techno doesn't know how to say I love you.

Chapter Notes

I love bedrock bros

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

" So," Tommy drawled. " You taught them how to shift forms." He glances over to where a young girl with long wild pink hair climbed onto one of the horses, another freckled boy with a short pink ponytail and an eye patch climbed onto the other.

" Might as well." Technoblade shrugged. " So, uh," He pauses awkwardly. " About why I attacked you..."

" You need the antidote for Phil." The man answered before he could finish. " I'm well informed." He doesn't doubt it. " As grateful as I am that you saved me, I'm wondering if the antidote is the only thing you want." He gives the piglin a pointed look and he returns it with his own.

" It is." He answers. He's already told Tommy before, shown how much he didn't care and yet finds himself regretting his answer as he gazes upon a scene of rain, thick mist surrounding a singular lamp that was already dimming. He realizes there were more than one lamp somewhere outside the scene and he knows more than half had already dimmed.

" I'll think on it then." " Think on it?" The piglin echoed. " I get if you hate me but Phil's life is on the line here." Tommy stares at him with the most offended expression he had to offer.

" I meant, I'll think on how I'll make the antidote, you presumptuous fuck." Tommy hissed. " Did you think I have the antidote all set at every call? That shit takes time and research. Did you actually fucking believe for a second I wouldn't consider ever making antidotes for you or Phil? Do you really think I'm that petty and selfish? Now that's," He chuckles, his voice

bitter and a tight grin pulled his lips. " That's fucking childish." He leaves without another word, not caring if Technoblade called for him or not.

" Tommy, wait." The man ignored him, already heading back into his tower, who's door is sealed shut whenever the piglin tries to come in. It's why he's been living in their old cottage house instead. " Shit."

That was several hours ago this morning. Tommy leaned forward, swirling the alcoholic beverage in his small cup which he never really understood why the cup was so tiny even after watching people get wasted after one cup. He attempts to recall the series of events that led him here.

Ah, yes. Beau had coaxed him into a drinking game at the cottage with Jack after the kids are put to bed. Once he's received reports from Benson that all the kids have gone to sleep in their rooms, save for Michelle who's sleeping in her art studio, he finally arrives at his starter cottage where upon entry he finds Jack and Beau already half drunk.

They had been trying to get Technoblade to drink but the piglin refused, until they proposed a game that centered around their experiences with Tommy.

" Okay, okay," Jack began, wiping his mouth. " Take a shot if you've seen Tommy eat something he shouldn't." All four downed their glasses. Beau whooped, dancing around despite the lack of music.

" My turn!" She says as she grabs the bottle and drinks it straight down.

" Hey!" Jack tried to reach for the bottle but stumbled. " Tommy! Tell her t' give me wine back!" He whined from his place on the floor.

" Beau, you didn't say the prompt." Tommy tells her in a passive voice.

" Oh, right~ Tek s'v'rel shots fer e'ery time ye smooched me hand." She says with a giggle as she pours herself another cup. The bottle is swiped out of her hands and she starts to pout, turning to glare at the thief who stole her booze.

The Blade stares at the bottle, eyes squinted as he glares at the inanimate object as if it has personally insulted him. He takes another glass and pours the alcohol into two cups.

" Techno, you're spilling it." Tommy sighs. " Again."

"...Sorry." He mumbled before leaning in much closer than before, Jack and Beau carefully watched with unnecessary focus until both cups are properly filled. They cheered for the drunk piglin for finally filling the glasses without spilling. " Yay..." Tommy snorts at how small his voice was.

The piglin tilts his head and lifts the glass to his face. He stares at it for a moment and opened his mouth.

" Take a shot if you've tried to kill Theseus." Though his voice was still pretty monotone, his words were slurred and his eyes were clearly unfocused.

He's not even surprised all three drank their fill but as he finishes his own glass, he notices three pairs of eyes were staring at him.

" What?" They continued to stare at him with sad drunk eyes.

" Das not right, Toms." Jack slurred as he slowly sat down. " Not even n'kes can kill youuuu."

" Bad Toms! No negative thoughts!" Beau said she walked over to him and pat his head, though it was better described as smacking his head. " Bad thoughts begone!" She pauses and then decides she wants to go outside. Tommy messaged Sam Nook to watch over her and take her back to her room.

" I think that's enough alcohol for today." Tommy says as he leans over the table and takes the last bottle of wine.

" Noooo." Jack whined as he poured the contents into the sink. " Das not fair, yer not even drunk yet!" Technoblade silently nods along in agreement.

" Jack, I physically cannot get drunk. My immunity extends to all toxins and poisons. Which means, I can't get intoxicated like the rest of you." He explained as he cleaned out the bottle, rinsing it clean.

" Oh." Jack then stood up abruptly, marching his way towards Tommy, surprising both him and Technoblade. He shoves Tommy away from the sink and proceeds to hurl. Tommy winced as Jack emptied his stomach and called Nook to come in and help him as soon as the android has dealt with Beau.

Soon it's just him and Technoblade. A very, very drunk Technoblade.

" So, Techno-"

" I don't get you." The piglin says without looking at him. " How are you connected to all the Gods? Why did you connect with them? This immunity you have is...it's...none of what you did was physically possible. What...What happened to you?"

He looks to the man, to his blonde hair and blue eyes. Looking more and more like Phil the longer he stared at him. This man who became the champion of the Gods, a Hunter. He, who is also a father to the children here. Whom had eyes that seemed to reflect the world, in all its scenes and incredible views. It is, on its own, an enigma.

Currently those eyes were shifting in a calm misty haze, draped over a dense forest of green. What secrets lie behind the mist, he wondered. What stories were those eyes able to tell him as he looked back at Technoblade with a soft gaze.

" It's a long story." He tells him. " And you, good sir, are drunk. I'll tell you some other time when you're sober, yeah?"

A loud thud echoes throughout the room, Tommy is frozen in place as his eyes widened at the sight before him. What he did was unimaginable, even to any other man, even to Phil. Especially, to Tommy himself. Before him, Technoblade is on his knees, head bowed low at the younger man's feet.

" I'm sorry." The words were whispered like a sacred prayer.

Tommy breathes in a shaky breath, those simple words rocked him to the core. It's a simple phrase but the weight it carried felt heavier than anything he's ever felt before. Perhaps because it comes from the mouth of the very one he called brother, one who's never apologized to him for anything. The phrase was undeniably rare when it came from his own family, especially one so sincere.

" You can't do that, Techno." He finally says, composing himself. " Tell me why." He needs to hear this, to hear him say it to him directly. No more backhanded insults, no half compliments and half truths.

" I'm sorry that I don't care enough." The piglin began, his monotone voice becoming more and more shaky with each word. " I'm sorry that I didn't love you like I should. I'm sorry that it took you bleeding out in my arms to realise how much you..." His voice starts to crack. " How much you mean to me."

He doesn't dare to look up, to face him now after what he said. But, he wasn't finished either. There's more he should apologise for, he knows. There's a long list waiting in the back of his head but with how fuzzy all his thoughts are, he's afraid he'd slip something he shouldn't. So he thinks to compensate the losses with his own.

" You must hate me." A sword flashes in his hand, his shoulders slumped. " And I don't blame you."

Tommy held his breath as Technoblade presents his sword to him, head still bowed.

" If you can promise me to at least give Phil the antidote he needs, then I don't mind if you killed me." He lets out huff. " You'd be the first man to kill me." Technoblade never dies, he supposed that phrase will no longer come to be. Unlike Tommy or Wilbur, he's always had one life and one life only. It is...acceptable in a way, to be killed by the hands of his own brother.

Tommy places his hand on the sword, letting the familiar tingle of enchantments grace his finger tips. He looks to his brother once again, fingers still on the sword's flat.

" No." The piglin looks up to the man, finding those blue eyes looking at him so softly. " I don't want to kill you, Technoblade." He gently pushes the sword back to its original owner.

In those blue eyes, he sees the mist cleared, rivers flowing steadily and silently much like the tears that drips down his chin. He kneels down, making himself of equal level to Technoblade as he speaks.

" I will never refuse to give aid to any one of you fuckers. Not you, not Jack and certainly not anyone else." He guides the piglin to put the sword aside, eyes downcast upon the sharp blade. " We have been children, Technoblade. Revenge is for children." He looks back at his older brother, smiling softly. " It's our duty to grow up, don't you think?"

The rest of the night had been a bit of a blur. Technoblade had passed out shortly after, there were tears in his eyes even when Tommy carried him to his room to rest. Regretfully, considering how drunk he was, he would most likely forget the heartfelt moment.

Even if the Gods certainly wouldn't.

The following morning, he then had to deal with three hungover adults. Considering his past experiences with his other friends, three was a manageable number. Technoblade had all but gone back to sleep, Beau was already recovering steadily by the hour and Jack is, well, he's built different. By that, meaning he barely felt the hangover and went on with his day as usual.

" How are you handling this so well?" Tommy asked as they tended to the stables together. Today's agenda was to brush the horses.

" You see, Toms, the secret is I'm not." Jack says proudly. " You didn't see when Niki left the server for good. You're not the only one with good immunity." He waves off.

" So," Finley drawled. " What you're saying is, you've drank away your days to the point hangovers to you are like poison to Uncle Mimi."

" That's just depressing." Micheal said. The young piglin was in his humanoid form. Part of his facial features looked more like Tubbo and some parts of him, like his hair reminded Tommy of Ranboo.

" Toms, the children are being mean to me." Jack complained.

" Good." They snickered as he sputtered at the younger man's reaction.

" I hate you."

" Anything else that's new?"

" Oi, Toms!" Beau waved at them as she approached the stables. Technoblade walked alongside her, with his cloak nowhere to be seen and his poorly tied hair indicated he probably just woke up.

" Ayup." He greets them both. " Nice to see you up, Tech. How's the hangover treating you?" The piglin stares at him in his humanoid form for a good long moment. " Technoblade?"

In a split second, he was wrapped into the taller's embrace. It takes him a good two seconds before he returns it. Piglins always ran warmer than most beings do, mostly due to being resident to the Nether. He wasn't unfamiliar with the warmth but it did startle him just a bit. Technoblade pulls away and they stood awkwardly in place.

" It's just a transaction of blessings." Technoblade would tell them later but Tommy knew very well it was not. He doesn't mind. His brother would probably use that as an excuse next time.

Chapter End Notes

Jack is rambling drunk

Techno is emotionally unstable and very unfocused, soul search-y drunk.

Beau is just crazy.

Tommy is forever sober. FOREVER.

I Love You III

Chapter Summary

Innit family bonding time!

I will officially call this Avinnitcena trio. (Avicenna + Innit)

Avicenna or rather Ibnu Sina, is a historical figure known as the father of medicine (irl)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was Rosie who finds Tommy in the labs, looking through his many journals and manuscripts on cures and ailments. The pages were open to the images of black vines and wither skulls. The first thing he does to create a cure was to first recreate the poison. Only he knew specifically how each poison tastes, writing them in detail so he wouldn't forget a single thing. He then creates the counterpart to the toxins, and then the antidote is completed. His antidotes were the most sufficient and effective ones to date.

No other person would've been able to do what he does because they do not know the world as he did. They do not see, smell or taste the same way. Some may call him a mere man, others who've personally met Meleager called him either a Godsend or a demon. They aren't wrong, simply...not given the specifics of the situation.

" Hello, my dear Rosie." He greets her with a smile, idly ignoring his work to give her his time. With blonde hair like gold and blue eyes that reflected the world, it was no wonder some people viewed him like he was some sort of ethereal being.

She remembers a caravan of travellers passing by once at the town, a few of them were craftsmen and among their display of artworks were portraits of Meleager and his companions. Each done by the same artist. Meleager's portrait had pictured him like a warrior, netherite armour fully equipped and looking threatening as they usually did to outsiders, but he didn't wear his helmet. Instead, it showed a head full golden hair, gleaming in an almost sacred way, slightly bowed and facing the ground. His blue eyes are closed, it was explained that the artist couldn't paint his wonderful eyes no matter how he tried.

What really took the cake was that it wasn't picturing him simply as divine or heroic, it seemed to show weight in the way he carried himself like he always did in real life. How in those rare moments where his disguise of ease and sunrises where nowhere to be seen, it showed a man fulfilling a necessary duty. A man whose seen the horrors and beauties of life, a man who is still kind despite the cruelty he is given.

She managed to get Michelle to see the painting before the caravan moved on again. She wonders where that painting went.

'How's the antidote holding up?' He invites her closer to take a look at his manuscripts while explaining his work.

"So far, I've already written gotten the formulas for both antidotes. While the process of creating the antidote for the Wither Leshen was already iffy at best, I think making an antidote for a poison with the same properties as wolf's bane but it's not wolf's bane was far more taxing. The Wither Leshen, I can actually pin down its actual unique taste but Canus Adder? That one was a bitch to deal with." He moves over to their collection of vials and test tubes, picking up a sealed test tube with a bubbly black liquid and a clear, almost normal looking test tube as well. "But, we'll deal with the Canus Adder situation later."

He glances over to Rosie who was watching intently and smiled.

"Do you have your special gloves?" She gingerly takes her gloves from the shelf and just about takes a step forward but Tommy stops her. "The tong?" She takes the apparatus from the clean set and stands ready. "Alright, take the dangerous stuff and put it in the gas condenser."

He enjoyed her smiles when she helped him in the labs. Especially when she gets to handle the lethal stuff which a) he's absolutely sure she can handle it, b) the glass the vials are made up of are shatterproof. They were part of one of his payments from the Gods. The test tube is placed into the holder and the glass cabinet is then sealed shut.

"Lower the temperature to 12°C, we can't have it too cold." Turning a few nobs, she moves to the glove station where she can fit her hands into a compartment connected to a pair of gloves already inside the gas condenser.

Tommy opens a small box on the side where he places the clear vial and closes it. With a flick of a switch and a familiar hiss of pistons, the vial is now within the box.

"Now we uncork the unholy one first, nice and steady." The gaseous liquid stays in the vial just as predicted. "Use a dropper for this one." He adds a dropper into the small box chamber and flicks the switch once again. "Steady."

Carefully, she lets one drop fall into the gas. The reaction was instantaneous, the gas turns into a cloudy white and forms strange rose shaped mists. The reaction starts to die down so with a nod from Tommy, Rosie adds in another drop. She adds it bit by bit until all the bubbly black poison turns into rose shaped mists. The form lingers for a good five minutes before it starts to dissipate, leaving an interestingly familiar pink potion that fills up half the amount the poison did.

"Incredible. I wasn't expecting this." He hums. Rosie pauses, looking up at him for a good moment before he finally looks back at her with a soft smile. "What?"

'You didn't test it before I came by?' She asked him and he shook his head. He always tested it first, showing it to Rosie later for her to repeat.

" I may have tested some of the steps but I never mixed them before. Well done Rosie, you've helped me discover an incredible cure to a deadly plague." The words bloomed in her chest, making her feel warm inside as she looked into those blue eyes which glistened with pride. She finds not a simple scene, or a view, she sees none other than herself in those eyes. ' Well done, my brilliant girl.' Tommy signed.

She leaps into his arms, causing him to chuckle fondly as he caught her. He plants a kiss in her wool like hair and sets her down.

" Alright, go put those gloves away and get your journal." He smiles proudly as she quickly discards her gloves into the hazard bin where Nook would later take them away for a thorough cleansing. She pops up a new page from her journal and begins writing away the formulas and information she needed for her book.

It'd been difficult the first time she tried writing the info in her journal because she wanted to copy it all down. Tommy had guided her, telling her to focus more on the basic information and remedial parts. Her journal was going to be full soon as it seems.

Then she stopped abruptly. Noticing the change in pace, Tommy looks over to see what the problem would be. He follows her eyes to the spare cure vial he had and found it was already somewhat disappearing. He passes Rosie a pair of goggles and puts on his own before turning on the higher intensity lights. It seems the liquid was turning to gas at a rapid rate. Uncorking the bottle, he finds the gas carried little to no effects, just like an awkward potion.

" Oh, this is a problem."

" This is...I don't even have the words for this." Technoblade looked down at the lady in the cove and awkwardly shifted on his foot.

" She's my grandma." Yoghurt says proudly, their tail shifting from side to side.

The water spirit gave him a stiff smile, arms crossed and looking like she could murder him in two seconds.

" Right." The piglin drawled. " Uh, hello?" She waves at him and proceeds to motion her hand across her neck.

" Man, she really hates you." Foolish Jr says with a wide, shark toothed smile.

" Unsurprisingly." Micheal added. " Considering your countless war crimes-"

" Which we won't discuss." The totem child added but the younger piglin continued otherwise.

" I'm pretty sure our aunt, your sister in law, has every right to be relatively pissed at you. Plus, you tried to kill my Dad like a couple times already."

" I'm sorry, who's your Dad?" Technoblade asked, though he never actually asked such a question.

" Ranboo Beloved." There's a pause there, the older piglin stared at him with the slightest hint of confusion. " Oh wait, you never tried to kill Boo. I meant Tubbo. He's my other Dad."

" For the record." He's going to ignore whatever context was behind those words. " I only killed him once and we've talked it out."

" That sounds...better?" Yoghurt says looking between them. " So, technically the SMP is at peace right now right?" She asked, gracefully changing the subject. Sally made a fifty-fifty gesture while Technoblade shrugged.

" It's more of a stalemate than anything. But, no one's been trying to kill each for a few years now which is a pretty good record, all things considered." He explained. " I'm pretty sure pets are a thing again. Which is nice. Everyone has like a sort of therapy pet, Puffy thought it was a good idea since even Sapnap is out of it. Just a shame it took something as an epidemic for it to happen." The three kids glanced between each other and the two adults with them.

" This has been...awkward. Who wants to go mining?" Micheal offered and the other two children raised their hands. " See ya, Uncle Tech. Bye, Aunt Sally."

" Bye Grandma!"

" Bye bye!"

That leaves Technoblade and Sally on their own as the kids escaped the weird atmosphere. He glances at the water spirit and she made eye contact with him for a solid two seconds before gracefully flipping him off and disappearing into the water. Now he's alone and he's very unsure what he's supposed to do now. In the end, he makes the trek back to the cottage where he ends up spending time with Walter and Betty because animals are always better than people.

Back at the labs, Tommy has started working on Canus Adder while Rosie tried to find a way to stabilise the cure longevity issue. He's already sampled the recreated poison and it's very close to what he needs but just slightly off. Which has been bothering him for some time now.

The elevator door dings once, showing that someone was on their way to the floor. The second ding was softer as the elevator doors slid open and out comes Shroud.

" Hey, Dad." He greets his father then glancing towards his newly acquired sister. " Sis." His lips twitched into a grin as she simply scoffed, rolling her eyes but he could see that smile.

" Shroud, care to share our troubles?"

" Ooh, what kind?" He leans over at his father's side first, taking a look at the open pages on Canus Adder.

" I'm close to recreating the poison but I keep missing something, a certain feeling to its taste. What do you think?" Putting on his apron and gloves, the spider hybrid takes a quick look between the manuscripts and the newly written formulas his father made.

" Have you tried heating it up to body temperature?" He suggested.

" I have. Not exactly much change." His father informed him with a sigh.

" What about with the soul fire bunsen burner? These wolves have a tendency to each torches, right? There's even witness accounts to them eating magma rocks and burning coals. And all accounts are straight before they attack." His father's eyes widened a fraction as he looked through his work space, he pauses and smiles.

" Could you show me?" Rosie smiles at this, knowing exactly what the man was doing.

Shroud grins wide, moving immediately to grab one of the blue bunsen burners and sets it down on a white tile. He lights it on, setting the flame to a medium light before using a pair of test tube holders to pick up the vial. He puts on his custom goggles and began to carefully heat the vial, he angles the mouth of the test tube away from his face in case of fumes.

The liquid starts to bubble and they noticed there were small traces of precipitate forming within the grey concoction. Turning off the bunsen burner, the trio watched for a moment as the precipitate swirled around before gathering at the floor of the test tube.

" Bottoms up, Dad." Shroud offered the concoction to him.

" Cheers, kids." He samples the drink and, yes, this was it. " You've done it. Well done, son." He told his son with a proud smile and a chuckle. Shroud whooped as Rosie clapped, making Tommy's heart clench at having such incredible children. Placing down the empty test tube into the rack, he moves on to Rosie's work space." Now that issue's been solved. Here's our next puzzle."

He takes the clear liquid, checking the timer his daughter had set and as soon as they've all gotten their light intensity goggles on, he turns up the light. The liquid turns into gas as rapidly as before, the moment the timer ticks to six hours.

" Oh, that's a problem." Shroud hisses, Tommy and Rosie nodded in agreement.

Chapter End Notes

I forgot to add that piglins tend to mirror people they are closest to when presenting themselves in humanoid forms.

Michelle looks a bit like Puffy but recently, she's shaved off half her hair and looks wayyy badass

Micheal is a mix of Ranboo and Tubbo. His hair looks more like Ranboo though.

Technoblade looks like Wilbur. He keeps his hair much longer though.

Tommy's eyes are very...otherworldly. Several artists have tried to paint his image/portrait but no one could get the eyes so he's often depicted with closed eyes. Some people might misinterpret him as blind, others that he was too humble. When asked, the artists would only say his eyes were blue but don't know how to properly pin down that look. They know the shade but they couldn't bring themselves to use it as it still wouldn't have the same effect. It wouldn't reflect the world.

The Golden Age I

Chapter Summary

Some important news on the cure progress

Bedrock bros moments

Chapter Notes

Ya'll I got a headache rn due to the weather in my area. It rains literally every night and it is cold.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A meeting was soon called in for everyone. It must've been terribly important if Technoblade is invited into the tower and finally able to sit in their living room. Tommy was already in the room looking a little different than what both Jack and Technoblade expected, then again he's always been doing the unimaginable.

Here, he was still wearing a pair of black tinted goggles over his head, a black shirt with its long sleeves rolled up to his elbows and rather visible eye bags.

" Don't bother them, they've been working with me all night." Even when he told them to rest was left unsaid as the others weaved around the two teenagers sprawled over the main couch, finally fast asleep. Once they were settled, albeit on the floor, Tommy began to explain the situation.

" Alright, we have good news and bad news. Let's start with the good news." He began as he tosses an object towards Technoblade. Catching it with ease, the piglin looks to see it to be a bottle of pills. " Make sure Phil eats them twice a day until its finished. Even after he gets better, he needs to finish the bottle. I've had enough experience to know some people don't finish their pills and the drawbacks come back in the most annoying and inconvenient way possible. Chat, the prescription."

Chat prints out the paper from a slot right beneath their collarbone and hands it over to the piglin. He thanks them quietly for it and read the pills were called *Philza's Old Man Pills*. No other description except how many times he needs to take it and before every meal time. Oh, Phil was going to hate this.

" We've also managed to develop a cure for the whole pandemic situation but that's where the bad news comes in." He presents a vial of clear liquid to the audience, held carefully by Chat. " This is Rose Water. It smells and tastes like roses but you see, while developing it we've come across a bit of an issue." He checks the timer on his communicator and nods to Chat, the little bot uncorks the lid and proceeds to dump its entire contents to the ground. To everyone's surprise and horror, the liquid turns to gas before it even hits the floor. " After seven hours, the cure will turn gaseous and lose all its properties to the surrounding area."

" It'll be useless by the time it reaches the SMP." Jack says with a troubled expression.

" Exactly. We have two options right now and I want all of you to listen carefully." Before he could get in another word, Beau bursts into the room with the most pissed off expression on her face.

" Don't mind me." She says as she makes her way to the kitchen and grabs one of the ice cream tubs. She takes three scoops into a bowl and pours in an ungodly amount of chocolate syrup.

" The first option would be to teach someone to make it and have them administer the cure's distribution there but I have trust issue on that. No offense, as much as I love you both." He says looking the older men who smiled a bit at the statement. " I don't trust anyone outside me and me kids to properly handle lab apparatus."

" None taken." They both said, glancing at each other with a slight annoyed glare but said nothing more.

" Which leaves us to the other option." He pauses, making sure they were all paying attention. Each of them could already guess what he would say but still anticipated the announcement. " We return to the SMP."

The children looked all around, initially muttering their excitement before turning their attention to Tommy with worried looks.

" Oh, Good on you lot!" Beau clapped from behind. " Mind if I tag along?"

" Don't you have like a town to lead later?" Yoghurt asked.

" The misogynists kicked me out of the council." She answered, shoving another scoop of ice cream into her mouth. " Not like I saved their sorry arses all those years ago when we were attacked by monsters. Noo, that credit goes to Meleager. And only Meleager. No offense, Toms." She adds.

" None taken."

" I know you all miss your parents and extended families, so there's no way I'll be forcing you all to continue to stay away at an opportunity and it's been an incredible decade with you kids. Which is why we're not leaving a single thing here in Novice Towers." He grins as Chat pulls the whiteboard from the corner. " We'll start by turning Novice Towers into the S.S.Novice." He began, showing them the planned blueprints for a small cargo ship with at

least three main components. The command deck, loading deck and lower decks. " I'm open to ideas. Oh, and Jack's the captain."

" What?" The bald man squawked, feeling almost honoured and proud, until the kids turn their attention to him like a pack of hungry wolves, even Rosie and Shroud were awake now. " Uh, Tommy? The kids are looking at me weird."

" Technoblade, my man. We need to talk over here for a bit." The man ignored him as he ushered the piglin to follow him.

" Uncle Jack?" He looks down to Finley, the youngest and sweetest- " I want a pool."

" No, what? There's literally water everywhere. If anything, we should get a whole new sparring room." Shroud cuts in.

" Are we still getting a music room?"

" Is there a space for a gallery? Or an art studio?"

" Ooh, Ooh! Can we spray paint the walls?"

" Vandalism!"

" No!"

" You bastard." Beau muttered as the three of them watch the kids crowd around Jack with all their question from the corner of the kitchen.

" They're like wolves." Technoblade shivered. Kids are scary.

" I'll help him later but I do actually have something to talk to you about." He told them. " Technoblade, I'm going to have to ask you to leave as soon as possible. I have sources telling me if you don't get back at some point, Wilbur's going to take Phil to Church Prime in case he dies."

" I don't think Phil's in any shape to be moving."

" Yes, and Mumza is not in any mood for Dream's power highs every time he revives someone." He informs him. " How quickly can you get ready?"

" Half an hour."

" I'll be telling the kids then. Meet you at the cottage in say 45 minutes."

Technoblade is already fully packed, Carl's reigns in hand by the time two of the tower's residents came over to bid him farewell. Both being of the non organic side.

" Where's Tommy?" He asked as the bots greeted him.

" TOMMY INNIT IS CURRENTLY OCCUPIED WITH A SITUATION IN THE LAB..." Sam Nook informed him. **" I HAVE BEEN INFORMED TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE TAKING CHAT WITH YOU..."**

" What?" He looked down at the smaller bot, all dressed up in a raincoat with a comically large hood.

Eeeeeeeeee
Bedrock Bros
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeee
Hiiii Techno
Technoblade
Da Blade
Hola Adios

" CHAT IS EQUIPPED WITH A LONG RANGE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM. TOMMY INNIT WISHES TO STAY IN CONTACT WITH YOU THROUGHOUT YOUR JOURNEY..." The android chittered. **" CHAT WILL ALSO ASSIST YOU IN ADMINISTERING THE CURE TO PHILZA MINECRAFT..."**

" Okay then..." He drawled. " Anything else?" The android smiled at him.

" JUST ONE THING..." He didn't even register when Sam Nook grabbed him but he was pulled off his feet. Only then did he realise that the bot was made based off Sam's height as well. His optic is red as he stares at Technoblade with an unmistakable air of menace. **" TOMMY INNIT THINKS OF YOU AS FAMILY, THEREFORE THE ONLY REASON YOU ARE EVEN STANDING RIGHT NOW IS DUE TO THE FACT YOU ARE FAMILY. KINDLY, KEEP IT THAT WAY IF YOU WISH TO CONTINUE YOUR BREATHING FUNCTION..."** The android lets him down, then kneels down to fasten a backpack onto Chat. He hands the smaller bot to Technoblade gingerly and waves them goodbye. **" GOODBYE TECHNOBLADE... SAFE TRAVELS... KEEP YOUR COMMUNICATOR ON."**

He's barely out of the android's line of sight when he gets a ding from his communicator and there was... a cartoon duck on his screen.

" Safe travels, Technoblade!" Ah right, Benson. " Man, he really has a soft spot for you guys."

" What do you mean?" Sam Nook literally tried to kill him not ten minutes ago.

" Tommy." Benson says, supplying no explanation whatsoever. He simply adds, " He's always too soft in the end."

The piglin wanted to scoff, Tommy was far from soft. Prickly even. But, looking back he was more than willing to provide places for both and Jack to stay. He almost killed him to the

point where the Gods themselves had to keep him alive and still didn't say anything about it, barely even brings it up in conversation. This wasn't different from before either.

He never mentions every time the piglin has threatened to genuinely kill him, nor did he ever bother to shed any attention on their fight in the Pit. It takes him forever to realize the kid was sixteen then. It's implausible to think Tommy would forgive him so quickly. Maybe it was trauma or fear, neither are any better but it was still options.

He's far out by the time he gets another notification from Chat this time. The scheduled radio show was going to start up again soon and the bot had already turned up the volume.

It starts with the strums of a banjo. The chords are warm and familiar in way. He can't help but think of a cabin out in the snow when he hears it and he can't put down why. Then the lyrics rolled it, a duet of voices, one of which recognizes almost instantly. It was Tommy's.

*When the feeling leaves you
It moves so slow
Like the loose change from your front pocket
You don't even feel it go*

*When the bitter creeps in
To bite you whole
A spectre unreflected, oh
It keeps you cold*

*When you keep your linens
Like virgin snow
Like a blanket of white
Unbroken by the soil below*

*The sound don't carry
Won't rise or fall
It damps the racket, chokes it back
A strangle hold*

*Ah-ooh
Ah-ooh
Ah-ooh*

*You paved your Hades
With precious stone
Made an heirloom to patricians
And the rich alone*

*And the toll for crossing
I'd owe Charon
Would atrophy a half of me
The heart of gold, ah-ooh*

*Well, I'm not quite ready
To turn to bone
To petrify the shred of life
I'm holding onto*

*There's no peace to upset
That spirit's flown
This ossified philosophizing's
Getting old*

He doesn't know how but throughout the melodies, he sees his days together with his brother back when Tommy was in exile. Only this time, he actually sees the haggard teen for what he was. Hungry, cold and yearning for warmth. The kind he could never give but knew his home radiated. His cabin, the only warmth in the Arctic, his only comfort.

He could practically see the snow muting their every step as the song described. He could also hear every time he dismissed or pushed Tommy's emotions aside. Letting him get warm, but keeping him 'cold'.

He sees Doomsday. His argument with the boy as they shouted to each other through the TnT and withers.

The worst part is that it's all shown in a way through Tommy's view. Through his eyes alone, reflected into a melody carrying memories like a hundred photographs.

He doesn't even notice the tears he's shedding when the song ends and even when he wiped his eyes tirelessly, they didn't stop. He stops Carl for a moment just to gather his breath, as shakey it was. Choked with sobs clawing at his throat as Chat tried to comfort him with hugs.

Because despite all the memories it showed, all the good and bad it did, despite the clear anguish Tommy felt when Doomsday happened, the boy in the song was thanking him.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy in my view is a very forgiving person, to the point it gets frustrating. He's petty, sure. But he's that forgiving.

Personal Headcannon :

The only difference now is simply that he no longer fears death. There is no agony awaiting him in the afterlife but he still holds much fear to the possible end. Because as much as the Gods loved him, none would tell him what truly comes after Limbo. It keeps him humble, this uncertainty and fear of the unknown. He treats it respectfully as life and death is not his right to know.

A devout follower of Prime, he believes that if you are alive then you must live. To keep living is to understand the importance of every breath, of every living being including the smallest of insects.

The Golden Age II

Chapter Summary

Some Wilbur POV

Chapter Notes

Have been having finals lately so excuse the delay.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Twice. He had sung twice and it was no doubt who the voice belonged to. Wilbur paced around the floor of the living room, playing the recorded version of the two radio sessions back to back from the days he first recognized who the voice belonged to.

He's waiting for a certain guest to discuss this with. Well, two for that matter and as soon as he thought of calling them, there was a knock on the door.

"Ranboo!" The dead man threw his arms out as he greeted the guest happily. Or so he would've. "Oh, it's you." His smile doesn't falter but his eyes do twitch at the man before him. "What brings you here, Warden?"

"It's just a routine check-up, Wilbur. Phil didn't hand in the report this time and I actually haven't heard from you guys in a while." Sam sighed and good God was the dead man a good actor because he was sweating buckets by now. Phil usually does the routine health reports for them and of course Wilbur forgot. "Is everything alright?"

He opened his mouth to speak but the image of Phil writhing in pain flashed across his eyes. The way he wailed and screamed, gripping the feathers on his wings so hard he was basically ripping them off.

"Wilbur?"

His attention is brought back to the creeper's eyes, which were looking down at him with hints of skepticism and a touch of concern.

"Is there something I should know about?"

"It's not another plague, that I can tell you." He sighs, gesturing for the taller man to come in.

"We came across a bit of a vile creature a few weeks back, Technoblade says it was only a

rogue so there aren't any others to worry about. He's checked." The creeper cocks his head inquisitively as Wilbur's comm continued to play the recorded songs.

" Is that...Tommy's sessions?"

" You recognized it? I never thought his voice could ever be that deep." The man chuckled as he leads Sam inside. He wonders if the inflections and tone were the same as before. He's not sure when 'before' should be. He's not sure if there was a 'before' he could be proud of.

" Well, Tommy's full of unexpected things." The creeper says and Wilbur isn't all too happy with that look in his eyes.

They are faced with a birch door, the wood seemed to creak even before he touched the handle. As if it were giving a warning.

" Phil, I'm coming in." He calls softly and carefully turns the handle. The door creaks open and it was hard not to wince when a lump on the bed flinches at the mere sound. Wilbur puts his finger up to his lip as he moves towards the bundle of blankets wrapped around a set of black wings. " Phil, Sam's here to see you." The lump shifts, he assumes the winged man was curling in on himself further judging by how much smaller the lump became.

" Is he...?" The rest of the question went unsaid but understood perfectly by the latter. He shook his head, allowing the creeper to sigh in somewhat relief. It meant whatever illness inflicted Phil wasn't like the plague that infected a number of members of the SMP.

" Technoblade's gone out to look for some sort of cure." Wilbur says as he carefully shifts the blankets, making it so Phil isn't crushing his wings with how tightly the sheet was pulled around himself.

" Is there any word from him?" Sam asked quietly as they exit the room once again.

" Not yet, no." Wilbur answered, closing the door behind him with a soft click. " Since you're done here, I believe it's time for you to leave. Ranboo will be here any minute with Quackity and I would prefer very much if you weren't here." He says with a glare.

" That's understandable." He mutters under his breath as he reaches for the door. " Tell me when Technoblade comes back or if you need anything." Wilbur gives him a dismissive nod, no longer in any mood to talk.

It was a rather surprising change to the Warden. How he shifted from locking up people, murdering an innocent young adult who was barely past eighteen to being the resident medic after Ponk had fallen ill. He looked tired, for sure but he seemed more satisfied with himself somehow. A certain peace to his conscience he supposed. It's what Wilbur didn't like most about the man before him. How easily he flipped the switch of change, taking care of people now. He had the gal to feel good about it too, as if this small act makes up for all the shit he's done.

It makes him sick.

Whatever schtick he has on trying to fix his fucked up moral compass, the dead man wasn't having it.

Sam opens the door and freezes. Wilbur curiously looks over his shoulder to see what exactly made him stiffen and finds mismatched eyes looking up at the creeper with a haunted look. Ranboo had taken a step back, mouth opening and closing but he made no sound.

" Back up a bit, Sam." Quackity says, popping up from behind the younger man.

" Right, sorry." The creeper says awkwardly. " I was just, uh, leaving. Yeah." He shifts back to let them in and winces internally as Ranboo hurriedly stalks past him and straight towards Wilbur. The creeper steps outside, glancing back every so often even when Quackity slams the door to his face.

" It's alright, Ranboo." Wilbur tells him softly. " Out of sight, out of mind. Yeah?" Quackity watched, still baffled just how gentle the ex-terrorist was to him.

" Y-Yeah, yeah." The enderman muttered. " Out of sight, out of mind." He repeated and took a deep breath, exhaling slowly. " So, you recorded Tommy's sessions?"

" Naturally." Wilbur says, gladly changing the subject to keep their minds off that annoying creeper. They've discussed it through texts that it was most definitely Tommy who sang this time. The inflections, the accent, it was all too familiar. Albeit how much deeper his voice had gotten, the boy was far too unforgettable.

" So, about the other two unknowns..." Quackity trailed off. The two new voices had appeared over a couple weeks ago. They were different from the kids, and didn't have any icons when they sang, much like Tommy himself. " You think one of them could be like his...you know..?"

" Or both." Wilbur shrugged. " You did." He flashes a sly grin at Quackity who only glared back at him.

" Dude, Tommy would never." Ranboo shook his head, finally catching on what the dead man was implying. " Do you even know him?" They both gave Ranboo a pointed look and the enderman smiles sheepishly. " Plus, I think that's Jack's voice. One of them, of course."

" Oh, yeah. It does sound like Jack." Wilbur says with a small hum. " Should've known."

" Well, it's not like either of us has actually paid much attention to the guy." Quackity admitted. " In all honesty, our community was pretty toxic. We either use each other or ignore their existence completely until we needed to use them." Wilbur winced internally, although he's apologized to the man upon his revival, his apology never really felt sincere. Or rather, he did try to be sincere but his tone and way of speech wasn't exactly very welcoming to hear.

They've all been attending therapy with the resident therapist lately and maybe Wilbur did become the resident crazy cat lady along the way with the number of strays he's adopted, but it never felt fulfilling enough. Obvious they knew what was missing, the ones they drove away with not one word from them in ten years until recently.

He wonders, how his little brother had grown. If he's changed at all, really. He wonders if his usual vision of Tommy, his usually loud and childish self, was simply how his own selfish mind had painted his younger brother. If he truly were simply selfish and careless when all his actions thus far had proven otherwise. Had he been wrong? On everything? It's these questions that tend to linger in his mind endlessly. It frightens him.

To Puffy's credit, she'd been a great help, truly. He's been able to answer his own questions lately. He chose to stay with his family this time instead of leaving, and they chose to actually be there for him. Well, most of them. He doesn't blame Tommy for leaving. Considering his impressions on the boy in Limbo were to laugh at his brutal demise, then praising the murderer as a hero. Looking back, he feels his gut churn at the last memory of his brother, how dull and grey his eyes were.

He wonders if his time away had allowed those eyes to return to its wonderful blue. Not that he would actually know, would he?

" Holy shit." Ranboo muttered and their heads turn towards him, looking down at his communicator with his mouth agape.

There was a knock on the door before either of them could speak. They paused, waiting silently for a voice or any other indication if it were Sam or any other unexpected guests. They were treated with a rhythmic knock, making Wilbur grin wide. He rushes to the door and swings it open, red eyes staring back into brown as his twin smiles.

" Hullo."

" Techno!" Wilbur exclaimed happily before wrapping his arms around his proclaimed twin. Usually his brother would awkwardly stiffen and simply wait until Wilbur pulls away. But, instead he returned the embrace, surprising the others present. " Affectionate, are we?" He chuckled.

" Don't mention it." The piglin chuffed. He makes the briefest eye contact with Quackity. " What's going on?" He looks between the three, confusing them just how relaxed he was to not even bat an eye at Quackity's presence.

" Well, we're having a little discussion about Tommy. He's sung twice now during the radio sessions." Ranboo explained. " We're trying to figure out who he's been doing duets with."

" That's-"

BEAU

Wilbur shrieked as the little robot person jumped up into the room. Their little screen face displaying an image of a lady with two-toned hair, half blond half ebony. What was even more baffling was that the image displayed was someone kissing her hand, though the person seems to be obscured by the camera's frame view.

There's a spark in her green eyes that matched Tommy's, maybe even wilder. Her lips are pulled just a little to the left in a smirk, either in amusement or irritation they couldn't tell.

" Yeah, and it's best to describe her as Tommy but Scottish and probably say....25% more chaotic." Technoblade says casually.

" How could you possibly know that?" Quackity quirked his brow at the piglin and the trio stared at him. " Did you...Did you find them?" At this, Ranboo and Wilbur's eyes widen and stared at the piglin with hopeful eyes.

" It's a long story and I'll tell you after I get Phil his pills." He hands over a bottle of pills labelled Philza's Old Man Pills and Wilbur bursts into a fit of giggles.

The construction of the ship had been as chaotic as Tommy expected. Jack took charge with whatever authority he could muster and since the kids can't really kill him, their death threats continue to go unnoticed. Not that Jack didn't notice because they aren't exactly subtle about it, simply because it was better if he pretended it did. Tommy did say it was a good method back when Jack was trying to kill him and he had to admit that it did ward off some of the kids.

" This might take a little longer than expected." Jack sighs as he glances over to where the kids were gathering stacks of iron and metal for their new ship.

" Don't worry, I've finalized the designs with Beau so it should bring things up to speed." Tommy says, glossing over the new blueprints. " We'll probably be ready in about a few months or so then it's von voyage and back to the SMP."

" Speaking of, are you actually okay with all this?" Tommy laughed, shaking his head.

" Absolutely not. My heart is palpitating as we speak. Not exactly fond of facing trauma unless I really don't have a choice." I.e. himself and Technoblade. " We'll cross that bridge when we get there. I got priorities, mate."

Chapter End Notes

Wilbur canonically changed for the better. Yayyyy

Worldbuilding plans next chapter.
Stay tuned.

The Golden Age III

Chapter Summary

Dream is a bitch

Tommy chose angst music

Also the Gods now be possessing two peeps.

Chapter Notes

Further emphasising the god complex with self worship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Kneeling before the carved statue, his head lowered and eyes plastered to the floor, he prays. The church echoes with every muttering breath, the words bouncing off the walls and back to him as if the prayer never truly left his lips. Going back to him with the same gusto, only with more echo-y and empty.

It was as if to say the church was not accepting his plight. For all his words, were falls.

His ghoulish green eyes continuously glanced upwards at the porcelain mask that covered the statue's face, two dotted eyes and a crooked smile. He finishes his routine prayer and stands up again, head held high as if challenging the statue before removing the mask it wore, placing it over his own face instead.

He grins as the church doors creak open and turns to find his Warden standing at the entrance. His eyes are focused on the masked man before him, glaring slightly as he approached.

" Hey, Sam!" Dream greeted him cheerfully.

" Hi." The creeper responded stiffly. " I'm just here for the regular checking in. Anything you want to inform me?"

" I'm perfectly healthy." He sings delightfully and makes the creeper standing before him even sicker than he's ever been. " My turn. What's today's news?" Dream hummed, grinning from ear to ear. Of course, they did take away his communicator after all.

" The usual. People going to therapy, people are sick, it's quiet." He trails off, his eyes wandering around the church briefly to make sure nothing was out of place.

" Yeah, yeah." He nodded along and there's a familiar uneasiness the longer Sam looks at him.

" I'm leaving." He states, already turning towards the door again.

" Do you believe in God, Sam?"

" Bye, Dream!" Sam quickly shuts the door behind him and walks briskly out of the holy land. He rubs the side of his head, as if trying to ease poison out of his ears. He makes it back to his base, almost thankful that was the last check up he had to do today.

Fran was whining and barking at him, circling the poor man in worry as he stumbled into the bathroom. Removing his gas mask and goggles, the creeper takes a moment to look at himself in the mirror. His reflection stared back at him, ragged breaths as if he'd been running, his hands were shaking as a long ugly scar greeted his sights. It extended from the edges of his hairline to the very edges of his jaw. He'd been extremely lucky to be able to even replace his own eye, despite lacking the right medical skills for the task.

It stung as if the wound was still there, torn flesh and blood oozing all over the place. He turns on the tap, letting the sound of rushing water to replace the ringing in his ears. Splashing water over his face, the cooling liquid soothed the phantom pains.

He looks to his reflection once again, his breathing more even now as he counted down to ten. He supposed he was lucky he still had some of Ponk's medical notes from way back when the doctor used to stay over. More often than not, the doctor tended to forget he even brought them along after work and would be rushing back to pick them up.

" Gods, I'm a mess." He says to himself and decided now was probably a good time for some therapeutic showers.

Everyone has their own healthier way of dealing with stress, especially after several sessions with Puffy. For Sam, he found comfort in refreshing showers and unwinding in long aromatic baths. Aimsey, a frequent visitor from another server, had been a pretty good supplier of bath bombs and scented candles. They even bring updates and news on Niki, whom had permanently moved to the server a few years back after Puffy put their engagement on pause.

She found out a lot about the attempts on Tommy, as well as a whole lot more messes through her many therapy patients. It technically doesn't quite breach the whole doctor-patient confidentiality thing since it was more of a personal affair between them. Plus, there was only so much one person could take.

Everything's on stand still now.

The water washes over him, running through his hair and scalp and feeling cool enough to feel just right. He lets his mind wander as he moves in routine, washing himself down with


soup and scrubbing shampoo into his hair. He massages his own scalp, making sure the conditioner settles in before rinsing it off.

Exiting the bathroom feeling refreshed, Sam allows himself to smile as he puts on a new t-shirt and some trousers. Grabbing a good bottle of beer, he plops himself onto his favourite couch and lets himself relax. Fran jumps up onto the space next to him, resting her head onto his lap as he drowns in the comfortable space just for a moment.

There was a time where he couldn't even afford the moment of luxury. Just a moment to unwind and let himself be. He sighs into the open air and closes his eyes.

The silence is broken by a familiar beep. He fishes his communicator from his pocket and finds a notification reminding him that it was time to tune into the radio show. He quickly switches to the designated channel and waits patiently for the next song. He wonders if Tommy would sing again. He'd give anything to hear from him again, to just get a glimmer of reassurance that he was okay.

The song opens with the strums of a guitar. The chords giving the rhythm a careful and cautious feeling, yet weary. There's a certain melancholy woven into the seems, laced with temptations of hope along its edges. It's a familiar feeling, not exactly well put into words. He's pretty sure he has heard it before. Before he could pin down what song they were covering this time, the lyrics started rolling in.

 : *I thought I saw the devil this morning*

*Looking in the mirror, drop of rum on my tongue
With the warning to help me see myself clearer*

*I never meant to start a fire
I never meant to make you bleed
I'll be a better man today*

*I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
Yeah, I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the times that I never could*

*My past has tasted bitter for years now
So I wield an iron fist
Grace is just weakness
Or so I've been told
I've been cold, I've been merciless*

*But the blood on my hands scares me to death
Maybe I'm waking up today*

*I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should (oh-oh-oh)
I'll be good, I'll be good
(I'll be good, I'll be good)*

*For all of the light that I shut out
For all of the innocent things that I doubt
For all of the bruises I've caused in the tears
For all of the things that I've done
All these years, no, yeah
For all the sparks that I stomped out
For all of the perfect things that I doubt*

*I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
Yeah, I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the times I never could*

*Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh
Oh, oh-oh
For all of the times I never could*

The song fades out and its listeners were genuinely appalled. Some found the song very enjoyable, others felt it somewhat relatable. Some more so than others.

Redemption.

The message was spread clear and it felt as if it were directed to each of them. Some in more ways than one. It felt like a request. A very personal one and very few would take it to heart.

★ : And now, presenting Micheal Underscore-Beloved. With the piece, 1930 café from the collection histoire du tango Piazzolla.

There's a small pause before he began to play the arrangement. His hands flew over the piano keys in fluid motion, pressing every note with precise timing and hands fully poised in position as he played.

The solo was one that seemed to hold a lot of emotion in the way it was arranged. Story-like with rising and falling notes, dramatic drops in the tone and sprinkles of emotions that felt akin to hope, peace, destruction, misery, anger and always presenting a vibe of acceptance. It was as if the tale was being retold to even those who'd been present in its story, almost to say that what was done is done and instead of being upset, they are accepting.

It's a familiar sort of kindness. A yellow rose barbed with prickly thorns that sting but only for a bit. The pain wouldn't compare to the flower's golden embrace. It is forgiving, it is sweet and yet to some, one would think it would so easily be killed and destroyed.

It ached, the thought of someone destroying something so wonderful. The excuse? The thorns were annoying. It was all it had for defense and it was what they removed first. Stripping the flower bare, then tearing (not plucking!) the petals out one by one. It was horrid and the implications it brought were mortifying.

It was easy once the thorns were gone.

Even if the flower had been made of pure gold, it would've met the same fate. People tend to seek out beautiful things, only to destroy it.

Technoblade had listened and as he watches his brother listen solemnly to the song, he wonders if anyone else felt the same. If they knew the messages Tommy was trying to invoke through the music. Of forgiveness, of acknowledgement, of love.

Chat monitored Phil closely, swinging their legs as they sat on the nearest chair. The screen displayed all sorts of messaged text, showing the multiple reactions they had in mind. From sadness to amusement. Funny enough, his chat is thinking the same.

But, there's this odd feeling he hasn't been able to rub off. It's worry but he knows it isn't for Phil or Wilbur. It's the kind of worry for things to come. A foreboding dread shadowing him and he knows it's related to his youngest brother.

He prays to the Gods that it was nothing and that his brother was alright. He prays his baby brother will make it back to them alright.

Tommy rubbed his neck as a chill travelled down his spine. It's an old feeling, one that always spelled something new. Things to come, he supposed. Usually nothing inherently bad. Usually.

" Oi, Tommy." He's pulled from his daze as a certain Jack Manifold called him. " Ayup."

" Ayup, Jack." He happily accepts the pepsi can offered to him. Jack had laughed when he found out the boy's carbonated drinks addiction hasn't changed one bit.

True to the Tommy Innit fashion, the blonde downs the can in one go. At this moment, Jack realizes that Tommy would've been a terrible drinker and he's not about to imagine what kind of drunk he'd turn out to be. Thank the Gods for that cheat immunity, Tommy will forever be safe and sober.

" So, how's the progress on the ship?" He asked.

" Well, we've fully reinforced the lab containment area, added soundproofing to the radio studio and completed the gallery for all the art projects and works the kids made and collected." Jack answered, pausing momentarily to take a sip from his cola. " Your kids are currently customizing their quarters for the- How many days was it?"

" Two weeks." Tommy answered.

" Right, for the whole two week cruise. You reckon Technoblade's already back over there?"

" He is." Tommy answered simply, flashing his communicator. " Chat is good at calculating coordinates to get there no less than five days."

" Hmm, shame we can't do the same."

" Not like we could actually bring the entire tower through the Nether. I'm not risking any of my resources or equipment in there. I'd rather go through the ocean than seas of lava." The blonde scoffs as Jack nods in understanding.

They blink, fatigue washing over them in waves. Jack's already stumbling and the notion that he was as tired as the Hunter surprised him. Before anymore words could be exchanged, the two men dropped to the floor, fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Shroud : Hey Dad, what songs should we play this time?

Tommy : The guilt tripping ones.

Micheal : Yayyy!

Tommy and Jack : Day be so fine. Then boom, possession.

Santé : Entr'acte

Chapter Summary

Jack meets some Gods.

Oh hey Karl is here :D

Chapter Notes

Chapter name is from the song Santé by Stromae

I think it suits some parts of Jack very well and is a reference to the time Tommy pretended to be a karen while Jack acted as the poor employee.

Man's bout to get a divine upgrade.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sound is what returned to him, specifically the notable ticks of a clock. It doesn't quite echo in the surrounding silence, present but not hauntingly loud or annoying. Simply, it seems to call for him. As gently as possible.

His eyes are blown wide open with a gasp. He staggers back, looking around to find himself surrounded by floors of quartz, an obsidian structure moves along, ticking with each second passing by. The sky is an empty haze of blue that looked too perfect to be real.

" Jack Manifold?" He raises his head, turning immediately to the source of the voice and finds Karl Jacobs standing before him. His hoodie was black and white, eyes a startling emerald green. " What are you doing here? You can't....unless..." He steps forward, his eyes blinking as they flickered between hazelnut, deep brown, green and occasionally a stone grey.

" Oh, you're finally here." They both looked towards where two portals were facing each other. Standing side by side in the space between the two portals were a pair of cloaked figures. Both were fully covered save for their faces which were shrouded in shadows and glowing eyes that stared at the two men before them. Each adorning the colours red and blue respectively. There was something about their voices though.

" The Overseers." Karl muttered.

" Hello Karl." The one in blue says. " It's nice to see you've grown up a bit." Hearing it more made Jack's stomach churn.

" Yeah. Sure." Karl says hesitantly. " Why- What is this? Why did you call us here? Why Jack too?"

" Karl?" Jack looked to him a little nervously. " Where are we?"

" You're in a dream." Another voice boomed. They looked up to find Dream XD's enormous form looming over them. " In all honesty, I was expecting to summon only Jack here. I wasn't trying to call you here, Karl. Must be because you're partly tethered to this realm."

Jack swallowed, before him was most definitely a God. The being was looking down on him with its head tilted, as if amused. Karl looked pale, taking a small step back with his hand out defensively in front of the other man.

" You leave him out of this." Karl hissed. " We're done. If Jimmy finds out-"

" Woah, woah, woah, easy!" XD chuckled. " I know you're distrusting after our previous...ordeal but I promise, I'm not doing anything of the sort with Jack." Karl opened his mouth to speak but no words came.

" We asked him." The one in red spoke up and now he was sure of it. Simultaneously they removed their hoods, their glowing eyes wrinkled in smiles as they grinned with their sharp teeth. " We really wanted to meet you." The demigod says in Jack's voice, slightly distorted and echoe-y but recognizable if you listen closely.

" What the fuck?" Jack stammered as Karl stood in front of him, unyielding.

" Be not afraid, Jack." Blue says, only to be smacked right over the back of his head by Red.

" That line never works. You know this." The demigod hissed.

" Well, like you know any other way to calm them down." Blue glared, rubbing the area the other demigod had hit him. Seeing the interaction between them stirred something inside the two man. They glanced between each other and somehow formed a silent agreement that allowed Jack to step up next to Karl.

" It's...nice to meet you too?" Jack began awkwardly.

" Why do you both look like Jack?" Karl says immediately, the other man nodding along.

" Well, you see, Gods and Demigods need a form to appear in front of mortals. We made ours based off of you." Blue informed them with a smile.

" Oh." Was all Jack managed to utter as he looked between the two Demigods in bewilderment. " Uhhh, 'ow do?" He says dumbly, almost regretting speaking at all once he noticed how much his voice was trembling. He's not sure what to feel about the situation. Should he be honoured the Demigods based their forms off of him? Offended maybe? And what the hell was Karl doing there? The other man mentioned someone called Jimmy. " I...why me?" He blurted out.

Make no mistake, he has definitely a lot more to ask these so-called Overseers, as Karl had referred to them. It's the first among many questions he's asking them and they better have a good reason for it.

" No one escapes Death scott free, you know." XD informs him. " There's always a price to pay for these things. When you left Hell, parts of the Limbo still clung to your soul and as much fun as it would be to watch you die slowly in painful agony, the Empress had decided to take pity upon you. With the remaining parts of your soul, she created Rewind and Nostalgia as assistants to Father Time." He explained, gesturing to Blue and Red respectively. " Which in turn, makes you one of the Empress' children by default. In short,"

" You're a Demigod." Karl finishes, his eyes now settling back to its natural brown as he stares at the other man in awe.

" Ehhh, I'd say more like...blessed."

" XD." A voice booms, echoing around them with seemingly no source. The sky above them bleeds red as the floor starts to crack. Flames flickered in between the openings, waves of heat washing over them as if they were in the Nether.

" Oh boy..." The God gave a nervous chuckle as the floor rumbled. " Looks like they've found us."

The floor gives away and Jack could barely look over his shoulder before he watches as Karl falls through with a high pitched scream. As he plummets down, his eyes wide with fear as he watched pools of lava circling beneath him. He screws his eyes shut and screams at the top of his lungs before landing on something solid, back first.

Groaning, he sits himself up once again and is greeted by a new sight. Ember eyes met his, glowing like the lava beneath him. Hair flowing down like melted rock, a dangerously bright red with several large beads and tassels woven into it. He glances down at where he was sitting and quickly realized it was an enormous pair of hands, cradling him carefully.

" Are you alright, Jack?" She asked him, her voice everywhere yet nowhere, her entire air was practically ethereal. It doesn't take long for him to realise he was speaking to yet another God.

" Y-yes, Empress." He stuttered out.

There's this spark inside of him as he looks up to her, to those ember eyes that look down at him softly in a way he's seen Tommy's mother look to him. It's warm and it beckons him to embrace what he already suspects.

" I hadn't planned for you to find out this way, my dear child." She began. " But, it appears XD requires another thorough ass kicking." He winced at the sound of her barely gritting her teeth which looked as white as pearls. " Though, I am glad you've finally met them. Your brothers, I mean."

" Brothers?" Jack echoed, his mind going back to Rewind and Nostalgia. " That's...one thing to call them." She smiles to him and he felt as if his heart was fluttering.

" Somewhat. I wanted to speak with you in private. If you don't mind, that is." Nervously, the man nodded and listened as the God spoke to him.

Chapter End Notes

Demigods can be born through many means. Among them is from parts of mortal souls and mixed with a whole lot more divine jazz.

This allows them to be able to relate to mortals better.

Immortals such as Angels, Demons, Champions and the such. This category also includes eldritch beings, vessels and blessed individuals.

Not all Champions are immortals and not all immortals are Champions.

About You I

Chapter Summary

The piglins don't want Meleager to leave.

Jack (almost) Mani-fall

Welcome Tommy panic attack

Chapter Notes

Chapter title taken from Caravan Palace - About You feat. Charles X (official audio)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The man walks through the portal briskly, ignoring the temporary nausea it brought upon its travellers as he makes his way down the designated path. He adjusts his jacket, pulling up the hood over his head since he left his hat in his room. Chainmail shirt tucked neatly beneath his turtle neck, masterly woven with enchantments of the highest caliber. He'd received the text not too long ago, there's a bit of worry in his mind he'd rather not admit to.

Tommy was the Pantheon's favourite. He reasons with himself. If anything happens to him, the Gods might riot.

Warmth greets him as he crosses brick bridges over lakes of lava and soon enough he finds the goal of his little visit. Tommy is standing in the middle of the bastion, speaking in Piglin to the locals listening in and as he spoke, a number of them were already frowning. There's a hum in his chest and he ghosts his hand over the spot between his collarbone, where a pitch black glass rock stayed embedded in his flesh.

When Jack finally comes to, he finds himself back in bed in his guestroom, tucked in. He takes a moment to recollect his thoughts as he tries to recall whatever the fuck that whole deal was. He feels warm, like warmer than usual. As if he's constantly standing near a cozy campfire, it's rather pleasant.

His morning goes on as per usual. He gets up, picks out what he wants to wear and heads for the showers. But, as he's about to brush his teeth, he notices something a little off. No, it isn't the little fang in the corner of his mouth, he's always had that.

No, it's the obsidian. Specifically the diamond shaped one currently embedded in his chest, right between his collarbone. He pokes it lightly, feeling the touch as if it were part of his skin, the warmth of his own finger tips. That's not normal.

" Tommy!"

To say he'd panicked at the time would be an understatement. Currently, from the bare lessons he got from Nook, he could grasp the context of what the younger man was saying. He was announcing his leave from the area, his thanks to the bastion and good wishes. Though as soon as he finished, one of the bastion chiefs, a female with a chipped ear, took off her earring and holds it up towards Tommy.

The younger man paused, his eyes blowing wide as he sputtered. Another chief stepped up, saying something about an inadequate offer and takes off their bracelets and shoulder bangles before offering those up to Tommy as well.

" Wait-"

Brutes and regular Piglins alike began to offer up various amounts of jewelry, some even offered up enchanted golden armour for trade but the man refused all of them. His face as red as valleys of terracotta, he's stumbling, stuttering refusals as they eagerly offer up their possessions to him. He catches Jack's glance and pleaded silently for help. The older man melted instantly as those otherworldly eyes reflected a pack of puppies with big droopy eyes, whining for help. He catches a few more words as he moves through the crowd and on such word seemed more repetitive than others.

" **Consort.**" As well as, " **Dowry.**", He marches through them even quicker, the idea already becoming clear and Gods, he was close to laughing.

" Alright, alright. Everyone back up. Toms is not marrying anyone!" He says as he steps towards the younger man, who shies behind him. He snorts at the idea that Big Man Tommy Innit, finally surrounded by women as he'd always claimed when he was younger but shies away from them ever so timidly. " Although he is single, he is unavailable." Jack continues. " So, why is everyone trying to marry you?"

" They think if he's bonded to one of the bastion members, he'll have no choice but to stay." Des explained, a little star struck that his mother was considering the idea herself but has respectfully stepped away after the first rejection.

The piglin bastion here is a rather unique existence, their way of life had been altered the moment Meleager appeared in their lives. As their savior, he is considered a very precious person already and because of his fluency of their language, the respectfull way he treats them and his outright good nature, he is considered the best among all the other Overworlders in existence.

Warriors are highly respected in their culture, especially ones who are known for impossible feats. Meleager meets up to all their expectations. A bonus, he has golden hair. Gold is their

grand obsession and a savior with golden hair is like a walking treasure for them. Though they are usually tempted to try and steal him away solely for his golden hair, what stops them from doing so were his blue eyes.

They were like soul fire. Burning a hauntingly bright blue, that looked as cold as the dead souls fueling it. By nature, they feared soul fire, knowing how the flames are able to consume them without ever burning out on their own. It itself is also known as the Eternal Flame within the Nether. So, they were always afraid at the first sight of his eyes. Somehow, the man is still able to draw them in.

A mixture of curiosity and an odd fondness for him. One of the eldest chiefs described that in some ways, he was like one of their own. When he met Meleager years before, he almost thought him as one of their juvenile runts before the day his eyes changed into what it was today.

Here, as they respectfully stayed away from Jack, Des noticed that something had changed in this man as well. The air around him, simply looking at him felt like soul fire but he also felt like a resident of the fortress. Their instincts seem to define the man as three existing entities, soul fire, wither skeleton and blaze. Whatever he was, it is unnatural and almost on par to Meleager himself.

Eventually, the crowd disperses and the two men were instead invited to discuss the apparent issue with the three Chiefs. The bastion's conference room is an enclosed space, guarded by the strongest of brutes. The three main Chiefs, consisted of two sows and a single hog. The discussion itself didn't take as long as they thought. The piglins practically treated Tommy like a king, much to his slight discomfort, listening to his every suggestion and request.

That event led to the current apparent adaptation training for all the members of the bastion. They aren't keen on letting their dear Meleager leave but they didn't really hesitate when the idea to simply bring them along, courtesy of Jack, eager on following him to new land. Besides, one of the Chiefs, a sow with a long scar over her arm and wearing a red woven scarf had been a traveller in the Overworld once. Her scarf had been a gift from a friend she'd met during her travels. She inspired an idea to have their bastion be the first to settle in the Overworld.

Nothing stokes a piglin's desire like pride, and gold. Gold is good too. The Overworld had plenty of it.

Piglins would practice shifting through worlds using Meleager's portal. Worried over their state, he'd built lava pools as to slowly allow them to adapt much better to the environment. Des grew to lead the younger ones through the process, teaching them how take longer breaths in the cool air and carefully monitoring their progress in case any of them were to fall sick.

The rest of the inhabitants of the Tower helped wherever they can while also working on reconstructing parts of their new ship to fit in the whole bastion. The kids were pretty cooperative despite some of the grumbles from using up most of their social battery once they were each promised aloe time on the ship to do whatever they wanted. Tommy didn't want them to hold high positions in the ship at such a young age, he's not Wilbur. Kids should

learn to handle responsibilities, yes, but they're still just kids. Tommy himself feels that there isn't exactly a shortage on adults who should and are most certainly capable of handling more complicated affairs. No one would dare to argue with his decision anyhow.

Jack Manifold was surprisingly rather absent during most of the training, following Meleager's suggestion to focus more on the ship. He wasn't fond of the lava pools situated there anyway. There were times when Jack stumbles way too close to the lava but gradually stops himself rather quickly.

" Oi, Shroud." The spider looks up at the bald man lazily, four eyes squinted slightly in annoyance. He holds back from hissing, a habit of his whenever he faces the man who quite literally threatened his father, considering it practice so he doesn't come off as rude to the others when they get back to the SMP.

" What?" He says flatly.

" Is everything alright with your Dad?" He asks, eyes shifting to where Tommy stood talking to Beau, he's been hanging around her a lot more often lately. Shroud hummed, shrugging. " He's been...reserved." The teen simply raises his brow. " More than usual." He added with a small annoyed huff but the teen stayed silent, waiting for him to elaborate. " Like, he seems a little more jumpy and I think I see him twitch sometimes." He's ignored these signs before and that always ends up with him lonelier than ever. Shroud sighs deeply and Jack wonders why this child was so unbothered.

" Think about it, Manifold. We're going back to the SMP." He says slowly. " The very place he was running from? Where, oh I don't know, he was abused, neglected, lost all his lives, forcefully revived? Any hints there, pal?" Ending the sentence with a hitch of his southern accent. " Look, this is rough for him. We know he's not okay but you have to let him tell you that. He isn't the same lost kid you ignored when he asked for help. He knows where he can get it now." They both glance to where Tommy stands side by side with Beau, smiling as they shared petty banter and the lady looks satisfied that he was returning the insults. " Maybe you should give him some space, Uncle Jack." Shroud pats his shoulder and walks over to Des.

Left with his thoughts, Jack lets himself wander around the camp. It's been maybe a couple weeks since the obsidian appeared, around twelve days since they started the whole training camp for the piglins. He felt off, of course he would with a piece of rock in his chest, but it felt as if something within him had changed. Awoken more like. He couldn't quite name it but it made him feel warm, somehow more alive since his escape from Hell. He finds himself walking along the edges of the lava pools, installed with neat railings as to avoid any accidents.

Without much of a thought, he got onto the railings and started balancing precariously on its edge. He wasn't sure if it was some sort of childish urge or nostalgia taking over that made him do it. Sometimes people do dangerous things without even thinking. The human urge to just get up and do something stupid. He smiled to himself a little. He wasn't doing half bad, the edge wasn't even that scary. He makes sure not to fall to the temptations of looking down, knowing full well it'd freak him out how close he was to the lava.

The obvious happened, he slipped.

Time slowed down for him, though not in the dramatic life or death situation sense, it literally slowed down for him. He felt the obsidian in his chest hum and a cool sensation filled him, coursing through his veins like running water. He was still falling, ever so slowly now to the point he was practically just hovering.

Are you alright?

Jack blinked, confused as to where the voice was coming from.

" Nostalgia?" Surprised by his own ability to speak, his eyes widen more than it already has.

Oh, it's just lava. You'll be alright.

" Just lava?" He echoes at disbelief at the demigod.

Yes? The Empress gave you her highest blessing. You're immune to all manners of fire.

" Oh." He breathes out in relief.

What's happened? Do I need to reset five minutes?

An identical voice asked.

" Oh, hi Rewind. No, um, Nostalgia just said I'm immune to lava."

Ah, I see. Is that Tommy?

Jack looks briefly to where Tommy had stood with Beau. He was looking to where Jack was falling, eyes wide in panic as he's already moving forward. His blue eyes were shimmering, like quivering glass. Those eyes reflected a looming obsidian grid, in those eyes he could almost picture a block of TnT just over his own head. It was clear that Tommy Innit was terrified, for him. There was a ripple of black scaling over his skin, his eyes growing sharper than before as the black ripple waves over them.

" What?" He whispered under his breath and suddenly time sped up again. He falls flat on his back on the molten rock which hardens on impact. He quickly gathers himself, running on traumatic instinct to get out of the lava despite it not even coming close to burning him. He's barely over the railings when Tommy grabs him.

The younger looks him over quickly, brows knitted in worry. Finding nothing, he starts to frown and an enraged scowl forms on his face. His opens his mouth, aiming to shout, to scream and Jack was ready for it but nothing more than a squeak makes its way out of his throat and before he knew it, the hunter was holding him in a tight embrace.

He was trembling, fingers gripping into Jack's shirt as if he would disappear at any moment. The display had the older man in shock as he awkwardly returns the hug, pointedly ignoring the odd bumps forming on the younger's back. Beau is upon them in a flash, rubbing circles over Tommy's back and somehow smoothing out the bumps with a wave of her hand. In a

brief moment, Jack notices the grip on his shirt had changed. Like the fingers had shifted in size. He hadn't even noticed the claws earlier until it poked his skin before receding. Shooting a puzzled look at Beau, he wonders what the fuck is going on.

Chapter End Notes

The degree of one's blessing can differ in accordance to the Gods' will(favoritism). Each blessing gives a certain gift, subtle or otherwise.

Example :

Blessing of Fortune Tier 1 : 15% better luck

Highest Tier : Absolute omnipotent luck. Even any accident that occurs will turn out good in the long run.

Note : Does not apply well with Blood God. He either invests in you completely or not at all.

About You II

Chapter Summary

Sweet wholesome time with Tommy, the fam, Chat and Beau.

Chapter Notes

Song : Passerine - The Oh Hellos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sitting awkwardly across each other, Jack sips the hot cocoa provided for him. Blanket draped over his shoulders comfortably. Across him in a similar position, Tommy cradles his mug, feeling the warmth seep into his fingers. Shroud sits himself next to his father, mug in hand as Rosie takes the other side, handing a pair of noise-cancelling headphones to him with a soft smile.

" That's okay, sweet. Not today." Tommy says softly to her. They sat in silence, the room quietly filling up with the rest of the crew now sitting around all over the living room. They chatted in quiet voices, giggling softly as they recalled stories and adventures together. Beau sits with Finley and Jr, listening to them excitedly talking about their ocean monument raids they had with the rest of their friends.

There was a certain sense of peace in the room, soft and warm. Jack briefly catches Tommy's eyes and finds him back to eighteen, sitting on a log near a fire with the rest of the original residents of L'Manburg. He was in his old uniform again, they were just hanging out during one of the few peaceful nights they had during the rebellion. A sweet moment of comfort among the chaos and a familiar warmth. It was in those nights they could forget about the war, of conflict, of any dread of the possible violence that would ensue the next day. It was nights like these, he realized, Tommy treasured the most.

The vision fades and soon Jack finds Tommy had lulled to sleep on the couch with Shroud snoring next to him on the couch. Rosie places their mugs safely onto the coffee table before curling up in her blanket and dozing off. One by one, he watched as the kids yawned and fall asleep between piles of blankets and pillows that he hadn't noticed before. He catches Sam Nook placing a pillow under Yoghurt's arm as the young fox snuggles even further into the thick weighted blanket wrapped around them. Micheal is sleeping over said fox, muttering something like " Chicken." sometimes " My chicken." Michelle had long moved away from the two and was currently the only teen awake as Finley rests her head on her lap while Jr

opted to sleep leaning against the older teen's shoulder. She refuses the blanket Beau offers her, insisting she was warm enough in her piglin form.

"What was that?" The lady looks up at Jack curiously. He watches her, not needing to repeat his question as she gives him a hard look. "Do the kids know?" He whispered once she settles on the single couch next to his.

"No. Not yet at least. We're still trying to find the words for it." She sighs. Jack hums thoughtfully, sipping his drink once again as the obsidian in his chest seems to grow warmer every time he takes a sip. "You really scared him."

"Yeah." He still finds it hard to believe.

"I've only seen him like this a couple times. There's you and well, me." She began. "It was way back when we were in our early twenties, I think. Tommy and I were separated from the others in this musical labyrinth maze thing with a weird dance puzzle. It's one of the Nameless God's old temples. It was supposed to be a quick clean up, clearing out the traps and a little looting because we were allowed."

"It was...fine. We finished the puzzle and were on our way out but the exit was blocked by this heron monster. At the time, we didn't have much weapons on us and had to rely a lot on our armour." She recalls the way she shouted as Tommy was knocked into a wall, crashing through with a loud thud and going so still she was scared that the impact had killed him.

She was cornered with nowhere to run or hide, with all the luck she's had serving under the God of Fortune, it would have seemed her immense luck had run out. But she wasn't afraid, her God would not abandon her and she knew so, felt it in her heart. As she stands there, her eyes caught movement through the hole Tommy had crashed through and by the Gods, the way he screamed as the heron lunged forward. A beam from the roof snapped off in time, falling straight onto the heron's neck and breaking it.

"He was terrified." She says quietly, remembering how he cried on her shoulder when she rushed to his side to help him. It was innate fear that laid dormant for a while. The fear of watching someone you care about die before your very eyes and being able to do nothing about it.

Looking back, if it weren't for the Empress' Jack would've been dead. Tommy was too late to catch him and he knew that if that horrid possibly ever came to be, the man wouldn't have been able to forgive himself. The same had been for Beau. Her luck had saved her and Tommy simply watched.

"It's new." Beau tells him, changing the topic now. "We've been trying to figure it out first, get used to it before we tell the others. It's not exactly a noticeable change not unless he'd tell you or you'd have to be pretty much a God to notice." She explained. "So how'd you when two little born demigods couldn't?" He explains to her Nostalgia and Rewinds intervention, the ripples he saw over Tommy's skin.

"In real time I'd say it was probably happening in half a second or less." He tells her. "But whatever's going on, I'd like to know if there's anything I can do to help." She thinks it over,

weighing her options and nodding.

" I'll talk to him about it tomorrow." Jack hums to this and leans further into the comfy cushions of his seat. " Say, what happened to Sally? I haven't seen her around."

" Oh, she said something about pimp slapping a bitch and left."

Wilbur watched cautiously from afar as the small robot clung to Phil's side, practically glued there as the older man tried to move about the area. Sure, it was sent by Tommy but the thing was like spoiled brat. It shrieks when things don't go their way, runs around the house non-stop like a child, makes a mess of the chests Wilbur worked oh so hard to organize and worst of all,

STINKY RAT MAN

It calls him that. Phil laughs every time even as he's currently sat down at the table with eggs and toast on his plate. Before he could protest, Chat was already dragging him to the vacant seat next to Phil and had all but shoved the napkin onto his lap.

Breakfast.

It displayed the word on its screen before heading outside and promptly T-posing in the morning light.

" What the actual fuck is it doing?" He scowled.

" *They*," Phil corrected him. " Are recharging. Turns out Tommy's chat runs on sunlight or something. Quite the technological marvel." He chuckled as he spots Technoblade approaching the cabin but pausing in front of the bot.

Chat turns to him, still T-posing, and stares. There's an awkward silence between them they locked eyes, Techno automatically tensing when the smaller bot takes a small step forward.

What's he doinggg??

T-pose back!!!

Assert dominance

E

Blood?

Robots don't have blood.

ASSERT DOMINANCE

The piglin flinched back as Chat takes another foot forward with a loud stomp, thudding against the porch.

ATTACK

The bot screeched as they lunged forward, arms still stretched out in T-pose. In a spur of the moment, Techno immediately starts sprinting as Chat followed behind him. He doesn't even

know why he's running from this little medical bot but the voices were insistent that he should do so.

The problem was that the bot was programmed to stay close to its intended target, the way its designed makes sure it catches up to the target no matter what. He doesn't even need to look to know the bot's already teleported close behind him again, trying to close the distance.

He sees someone ahead of him, squinting his eyes slightly while cursing for forgetting to put on some glasses. But, the black and white color scheme was more than enough. Unfortunately, he would probably be no help.

" Ranboo!" The enderman hybrid perked up at his name.

" Techno?"

" Ranboo, I'm being chased by a tiny robot!" He shouted as he ran past him.

" A tiny...robot?" He glances at the second set of footsteps and there was a small robot fucking Naruto running towards him.

RANBOO
BOOB BOY
BOOO
RANBOO

His name flashed in a wall of texts, in menacing all caps. His own chat, the ender particles that follow him everywhere, reacted.

RUN

He obeyed, already following close behind Techno.

" Get back here!" The robot played a clip audio of Wilbur shouting. Ranboo screamed as the bot now teleported closer to him, still T-posing. Technoblade paid his screams no mind as he ran for his own life, promising to avenge the poor enderman later. " Techno!" He turns around at the sound of Phil calling him, maybe he got the bot to calm down but nope, it's right in front of him now.

He's more than grateful as he's plucked off the ground and finds himself up in a tree next to Ranboo, who was holding onto him like a lifeline. Chat is now at the very trunk of the tree, trying to jump up and climb but failing. The relief was brief as they slowly started to grasp the concept of climbing. They both watched curiously as they learned, there is an odd familiarity to it neither could name at first. They almost miss a step, making them both tense and lean forward as if ready to catch them.

" Watch your step." The enderman said without a thought, surprising just about the three of them there. The little bot looks up at him, screen tilted curiously before carefully making another move forward, not missing any steps. There's a small gasp, Chat's antenna starts to twitch.

Suddenly, an apple falls straight into their screen, knocking it down. Technoblade moved quickly, already nearing the ground and catching Chat right before they hit the ground. Ranboo scrambles to get down and check on them as the piglin carefully helps them sit up.

" Oh gosh, you okay?" He asks softly. The little bot looks up at them and they winced as the wide crack webbed over its face is revealed. To top it off, the screen was glitching, static was buzzing from the audio and one of its antenna was bent awkwardly.

" Oh no." Techno said. " This is bad. Uh, you good?" The screen flickers and clicks before a rebooting image appeared. Then there was music, a channel number displays itself as the audio is tuned to make the sound more smooth.

*Like carillon bells, the house of Augustus rings
With the echoing hymn of my fellow passerine, they took to it
Like a fox to a burrow, like an eagle to an aerie
And my god, it's getting hard to even hum a single thing*

From a playful fox, to an eagle, to a menacingly beautiful harpy.

*You were the song that I'd always sing
You were the light that the fire would bring
But I can't shake this feeling that I was only
Pushing the spear into your side again*

The void's darkness scales over him in waves, like a deep abyss or chasm with a million secrets just waiting to show themselves. But, those eyes have always remained its lovely blue.

*See, my birds of a kind, they more and more are looking like
Centurions than any little messiah
And as I prune my feathers like leaves from a vine
I find that we have fewer and fewer in kind, but*

Whether he towered over her or barely reached her knees, her gaze remains all the same.

*My palms and fingers still reek of gasoline
From throwing fuel to the fire of that Greco-Roman dream
Purifying the holy rock to melt the gilded seams
It don't bring me relief, no it don't bring me nothing that*

The voids spits out more and more remnants of the monsters he's consumed. Growing both fantastical and horrific, some further enhancing his connections with the Gods.

*You were the song that I'd always sing
You were the light that the fire would bring
But I can't shake this feeling that I was only
Pushing the spear into your side again
And again and again*

Their eyes never change, be it with him growing hooves and horns like a white stag, cautious and careful. Nor when she dances with the usually treacherous black horses known for tricking humans who approached them at rivers or streams.

*When he comes a knocking at my door
What am I to do, What am I to do, oh lord
When the cold wind rolls in form the north
What am I to do, What am I to do, oh lord*

They stop near an underground lake, she laughed as he overturns her boat in a playful manner. He raises his head above the waters, snorting as she spits water back at his face. Hissing and groaning, he shakes his head and pauses as the reflection of his own blue eyes stared back at him.

*When he comes a knocking at my door
What am I to do, what am I to do, oh lord
When the cold wind rolls in form the north
What am I to do, what am I to do, oh lord*

His breath hitches as he hauls himself back to shore. Tears mixing with the water as he coughs, shaking his head in disbelief. What was he if he became the monsters he consumed? It confuses him, twists his already muddled brain in agony.

*When he comes a knocking at my door
What am I to do, what am I to do, oh lord
When the cold wind rolls in form the north
What am I to do, what am I to do, oh lord*

Like all those times before, she is there. Her forest green eyes that reminded him of the deepest forests looked directly at him as she speaks her reassurances. The void stares at the world and the world stares back at the void. They were so vastly different but the same. Fortune is on their side as it guides them with a singing songbird. Hand in hand, they leave the caves to brave their new reality. Two gems of the same cut, of different colors, of the same material.

They know not to fear the changes that were upon them.

Chapter End Notes

I wish these two could interact more without people shipping them. I think they're more likely to be like twins, sibling figures in a way. Juxtaposition. The same but different.

That's why I'll refer to them as two gems of the same cut.

About You III

Chapter Summary

Time to make a cane for the old man.

Chapter Notes

Callahan my beloved

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil groaned softly as he slowly stretched his wings, yawning as he sits up in his bed. There's a beep from the chair across the room as Chat online. The small bot jumps down eagerly from their seat, morning greetings flashing over their screen. The Angel returns the greetings in kind, smiling softly.

Holding onto the lamp desk next to his bed, he carefully stands up only to stumble awkwardly on one leg. Chat is immediately glued to his side, helping him stable himself before getting ready for the morning. He's grateful neither of his sons have seen him like this and he intends to keep it that way. Aside from avoiding very obvious jokes about his age, he doesn't think he could burden them any further than he already has.

He was horrified when he vaguely recalled the things he said during his poisoning. He thinks he could still picture the look in their eyes when he uttered those horrid pleas. Especially Wilbur's.

These days, they never mention what had unfolded that day. Ignoring issues and trauma as always. Maybe some things deserve to be spoken, to be discussed, but he thinks neither of them are ready for that yet. Not even himself. Chat is programmed with the whole patient-doctor confidentiality thing so he could keep a few things secret.

The poisons have just about been cleared from his systems, or in the process off. But, even for an Angel, there were limitations. His leg was healed but a number of his nerves were irreversibly damaged, Chat had worked hard to remove much of the dead tissue with utmost discretion upon his request. They are kind in that way. Some parts of his flesh had no feeling and his limp was unfortunately due to the lack of nerves that never grew back.

The little bot hands him his daily pills and he scoffs at the label fondly, as he did every day. It was somewhat reassuring to know his youngest was doing so well, it also pained him. He knows he's failed. What sort of parent was he to make his own child go through all those

things? For him to be so painfully independent, because there was no one he could lean unto, no one he could truly trust aside from himself. Or perhaps that's simply something Phil was assuming. He sighs to himself as he pops the pills into his mouth.

Making assumptions was a habit he needed to curb. After all, it's probably what drove Tommy away.

He's assuming again but comforts himself that it was probably partially why Tommy left.

Maybe he should commission some sort of prosthetic to help him move about easier. A cane maybe but then his limp would become known. He definitely doesn't want to call Sam, the impromptu resident medic was on his black list for a reason. Maybe he could consult Chat about it.

" Chat." He called to the bot and both itself and his murder of crows looked to him. " Tommy's Chat." He corrected himself and the birds go back about their won business of preening their feather and snooping through his chests. The little bot walked over to him with a glass of water, some texts jokingly stating it's been spat on while others assured him it was fine. He doesn't trust it very much. " Do you know anything about prosthesics?"

Tommy wears one

Leg gone

L in the chat

L

L

L

L

L

L

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He pauses, the information being relatively new to him but he brushes it off to ask Techno later.

" Do you anything about making them?" He inquired hopefully and the little bot giggled.

NOPE

Get a cane

CANE FOR THE OLD MAN

Oooh we telling the Bois?

Cane cane cane cane

He groaned at the idea, unsure how his sons would react but then the little bot started chanting the word non-stop. The crows catching wind of what they were chanting joined in.

Lol Oldza

OLDZA

Caneza?

Caneza

Cane

Can we put stickers on it? :3

Cane cane cane cane cane cane

He knew they weren't going to stop until he agrees that yes, he would get a cane and finally tell his sons about his limp. He felt awkward as Chat helped him move towards the door, but before he could reach the handle, it opened with a creak.

" Phil!" Wilbur whined. " Techno's-" He pauses, halting mid sentence as his eyes fell on Chat. He wasn't subtle with his disliking of the bot and it certainly wasn't subtle with its own insults. " Chat."

Rat man.

" Anyway, Techno's bullying me." He continued as Phil chuckled.

" Am not!" He calls from the living room.

" Wilbur, I..." He sighs, gesturing Chat to let him go. Using the doorframes to support himself, he smiles up at Wilbur weakly. " I need to talk with you both."

All things considered, they took to it pretty well. Sure, Wilbur suddenly apologizes to Chat for some unknown reason, apparently for constantly insulting them and maybe Technoblade did leave without a word and hasn't come back in a couple hours, but it could've gone worse.

" I'm back!" The aforementioned piglin announced, dragging behind him what was probably an entire pine tree.

" What the fuck, mate?" Phil squawked.

" Thought you'd need the material for the cane, plus I brought an expert." He motions the figure forward, allowing him to come into full view.

The first thing they noticed was the lightest sound of bells. Christmas bells to be exact. The next was the iconic red nose he had, sticking over his painted face. He catches Phil's blue eyes with his own, reflecting each other's ethereal glow. He ducks under the door so his antlers wouldn't bump into the door frame, a deep brown darker than any oak with the aforementioned bells seem to hang off, somehow without making any sound.

The demigod regards the people in the room and glances over at the pine log Techno brought forth. He reaches into his deer hide cape and drops a number of tools onto the floor. Not one person makes a sound or move as the renowned demigod began to work, carving the wood as though he were drawing through sand.

The demigod of the seasons was a well known observer of the server. The truest of all neutrals. He is known mostly to appear but never really interacting with anyone. The few people that have been regarded as his companions included a one Lady Alyssa, as she is often referred to by him whenever he speaks of her. Ever since the event of L'Manburg's

independence, she had been taken to another server for her safety as soon as he heard of her being involved in an incident during the wars. The fact she was used as a mere distraction was enough of a reason for Callahan to no longer trust Dream.

He was favoured by the demigod for his fun-loving nature and overall good humour but there was always something different behind that mask and it showed itself more and more as the days went by. Then Tommy showed up and he remembered the moment when their little game turned into an all out war. He had been there to see the man detained and put into the prison, he had seen the boy become a haunted shell of he once were.

He was no God to meddle in their mortal affairs and since Alyssa, he's decided not to aid any side. The demigod of the seasons simply did as he was supposed to, changing the seasons and managing the weather. Though, with the return of the God of the seas, much of his work relating to the wind and seas was now alleviated.

That boy, now a man, had brought along yet another change. The Gods had reviewing and further investigating anomalies all across the realms and since then, there's been a certain increase in their attentiveness. He was more than glad for it, how it made his work feel more...full.

Without the Egg and any wars, the land seemed to heal. Much of the wildlife has returned and the ecosystem seems to be recovering rather well. It didn't simply stop at the smp either. In all the places Meleager has visited, much of the original ecosystem has begun to improve. Without the monsters, which were technically an invasive species, life began to thrive where once there was nothing. Hostile mobs are of course still around but they've always been there and have never interfered with any of the local wildlife.

He gave him his own blessings as thanks. The blessings of the Seasons are a rare gift after all but it was sufficient for the hunter.

He picks up an old metal cup and tosses into the furnace, letting it melt down as he continued his work. He never really did much handicraft but watching people can be boring, so had picked up the hobby over the years and honed his skills. There's a small tap over his shoulder and he looks up to find the Blood God's champion offering him a drink. Declining, for Gods and demigods don't usually need to eat, he'd almost forgotten there were others in the room with him.

His carving tools were a gift from the demigod of Crafts. Apparently, they got kinda bored of their old hobby and picked up crocheting. Usually they keep their tools of their hobbies but it seems they believe wood carving simply won't stick.

By the end of the day, he presents the Minecraft family the cane they requested. He smiles as Phil tests out the cane and moves around the room with much more ease. Chat clapped their hands in delight, jumping up and down happily. They thanked him and even though they insisted, he declined their offer for payment. He was just bored anyway, plus they still have to clean up the mess he made in their living room.

He's halfway down the porch steps when something tugged at his cape. He looks down and finds the little bot looking up at him excitedly. All sorts of texts of praises and cheers flashed

over the screen, they were waving something at his face. He takes the small object into his hands, a little origami deer made with blue paper, and smiles. He leans down so he's the same level with the little bot and presents his own gift for them.

' Trade.' He signed as he places a small red bell into their little hands. When Chat looks up to thank him, the demigod had vanished without a trace.

" Chat." They hear someone whisper and looks around. Eventually they are drawn to the pond beneath porch. " Over here." The voice sang and a beautiful red salmon was swimming among the smaller pond fish.

Sally!

" Are we ready to depart, Captain?" He smiled to the other man.

" Just about." He grinned back as he adjusted the pirate hat Tommy made him. " All Aboard!!"

" Aye aye, Captain!" The children cheered playfully as the piglins smiled with excitement.

Chapter End Notes

Demigod of Seasons : Under XD's jurisdiction of Overworld rule.

- Is in charge of the four seasons
- He loves holidays and festivities
- Christmas is his favorite
- wears a deer hide skin as a cape
- can also turn into deer
- mask? Nope. Face paint go brrr
- deer man

Demigod of Crafts/crafting : Mostly independent.

- Has a million handcrafting hobbies.
- probably has ADHD
- anything related to the craft or crafting
- Also reads books from time to time
- Though not usually seen, it is said the demigod of Crafts usually appears as a veiled woman who laughs like a bird.
- (It's literally me. Who am I if not a demigod in my own books?)
- Handicraft go brrr

Philza's Cane

- Made up of Death's pine trees. Yes, those are hers. They grew out of nowhere.
- Painted green like his hat.

- Has a perched crow as a handle made from one of the twelve old goblets of the End King. (Philza knows this but says nothing)
- oldza lol

Note : Do not question where Callahan gets his materials.

*Note : Those blessed by the Seasons find resources more easily. Those blessed by craft tend to be talented in their chosen hobbies.

Glorious I

Chapter Summary

Hello fam, I is back with new chapter. Tho I cannot guarantee that my updating schedule would be the same as usual, I will try to keep uploading. Enjoy this chapter!

Chapter Notes

Sally is one mean lass

Ranboo paced around his mansion, straightening portaits he passed by, dusted literally every carpet and all that's left now was to mop the floor. His lips pressed into a thin line, tail swishing side to side as he waits for the services he's enlisted to respond. He hates having to deal with water, since it always burns him up but he certainly can't leave the mansion this dusty. There's a knock on his door, his ears perked up to the sound.

Gladly, he abandons the mop and bucket, careful not to spill its contents. The enderman bounds to the door of his enormous mansion and turns the handle to greet his latest visitor.

"Hi!" He pauses in his greeting, what faced him was a man who was once a corpse. A man whom he had worked with, whom he'd known as a ghost and currently still getting to know as a living being. A man, whom for all good reasons, had a bruised cheek and busted lip. "Holy shit, what happened to you?" He ushers the man inside, puzzled by his odd silence.

"Got kicked out." The hobo mutters. Ranboo raised a brow in curiosity, he wonders what could've caused such a wound on his friend. As he guides his guest to the living room, he wonders who could have done this and why. Well, to be fair, Wilbur had the tendency to invite people to just clobber him. Goading both allies and enemies, angering everyone he knew enough to just take a hit. Quackity namely had been one of those he was purposely teasing.

"I've got some potions if you want." Ranboo offered, to which the man accepts. Speaking of the hobo, he's uncharacteristically quiet. Usually he'd be laughing manically or growling something spiteful after such a blow. Now? His eyes are simply wide, caught in a sort of fuzzy daze the enderman couldn't describe, lips twitching to smile or frown. Overall he looked extremely entranced. "What happened?"

"She hit me." He mumbles, taking a swig of the potion. As the concoction takes effect, his eyes grew clearer, blinking out of his stupor. "Holy shit." He touches his cheek, wincing

slightly at the sting as the wound wasn't fully healed yet.

He recalls falling ass first onto freshly fallen snow. The way the slap stung like a blazing fire. He looked up to those familiar eyes, deep as the ocean blue, filled with secrets and wisdom locked behind a body of water, scales and pure energy. Phil had initially reached for his sword but Technoblade held him back, looking just as shocked as he himself felt. Being his twin, he'd known a number of things of Wilbur's life growing up. To be expected, the man never knew when to shut up even as a child. With it, he's practically memorized every detail of how Wilbur described his first love.

She gave him an earful, scowling beautifully as she rose out of the water like a maiden of the sea. Sally, whose spiritual form had solidified by that point into a humanoid figure rather than the salmon fish she was, stepped onto the snow barefoot with her skin as pale as water dew. Her hair a much deeper red but still waved about like a raging flame. As he watched and listened to her complaints, her rightfully angry gaze locked down on him, he couldn't help but think of how beautiful she was.

Ranboo tilts his head, giving Wilbur the most confused and disgusted look he could muster as the man was now rambling almost drunkenly of his love. It was...mushy. So damn sappy.

" A gift!" He shouts, standing abruptly. " I need to get her a gift! After all these years, I should get her something. Right?"

" Uhhh....sure?"

" Ranboo, you need to help me." He says quickly, grabbing the younger man's shoulders.

" First off, I'm not giving you any of my stuff." He says, causing the man to deflate slightly. " Second of all, would she even want a gift?"

" You're right. Sally isn't one for too much theatrics. It needs to be perfect. Could you discuss it with me?" He pleaded.

" I could... But I'm supposed to be mopping my mansion-"

" I'll do it!" Wilbur jumps up from his seat. " I'll mop your whole house, I'll even clean your windows. Just... listen, please." Ranboo gives him one look and sighs, bringing up his communicator to cancel the cleaning services he ordered.

So listen he did, to this lost odd man's ramblings as he cleans. He speaks fondly of Sally Saline, his wife and first love, of her beauty, her wits and storming energy that reminded him of deep raging seas. The devastation he felt when he thought he'd lost her, his anguish and anxiety to have to raise Fundy alone. Upon mentioning the fox hybrid, he is immediately engaged with the idea of having a family dinner together.

Ranboo had winced by himself at the thought of Wilbur's dysfunctional family all gathered together in one table. Which may or may not have occurred to him that he might be part of by now. Though, he doesn't believe he could attend it while Tubbo is still unconscious. " Why are you cleaning your house today?"

" I can't leave it all dusty. Plus, I live here? It's kinda important to keep a clean environment where you live." He answers, easily lying through his teeth. No one else needs to know about the messages anyways. Then, a thought comes to mind. " Do you think Fundy knows?" The enderman had asked. Wilbur immediately gaped at him in surprise. " You haven't told him?!"

" I just found out earlier!" The man says, defending himself. " Besides, how am I supposed to tell him that his presumably deceased mother is back and she decked me in the face?"

" You decked him right in the face?" Quackity echoed, screaming laughter fills the casino. Schlatt apologizes as the water spirit glares him down and excuses himself from the room. " That is pretty funny though." The duck admits.

" It was." He had to hand it to Wilbur, he knows how to choose them well. Sally was a thing of beauty, straight out of a fairy tale kind of beautiful. The fact she's a water spirit seems to add more to her fae like charm. " Is Fundy here? I'd like to see my son."

" Already called him. He should be here any minute now." He informs her with an easy smile. " I gotta say, when Fundy told me he wanted out of Las Nevadas, I was actually scared someone from his shitty family was trying to manipulate him or some shit." She raises a brow at this. " I'm honestly glad it's the sensible one who's here to see him."

" Well, my side isn't all too well either." Sally sighed, reminiscing how her own mother and father practically murdered one another. It isn't anything new. Sirens tended to attack humans out of instinct after all. Which is why hybrids were encouraged to help better relations between them.

Something pulls her gaze from the man before her. A force unlike any other, forces her to turn around before the door was even knocked. Suddenly she's nervous, like when she first met her little fox in a small bundle of blankets and cloth. She remembers her trembling hands as the nursemaids handed him to her, how small he was. As the handle turns, she feels her breath caught in her throat. Golden fox eyes met her deep ocean blues and for the briefest moment, the two couldn't help but stare.

Sally made the motion to move first, stepping forward and raising her arms towards him but faltering. She didn't want to seem overbearing or too forward. Instead, Fundy rushes forward, straight into her arms.

Her tears fall fast as she holds her son close. Her baby, her everything. Her heart ached as she realises that he was crying as well, that he was in as much anguish as she was. So they sat there, holding onto each other as they wept without another word.

For no words could describe the relief of a parent reuniting with their child.

From the other side of his desk, Quackity watches on with his own smile. It warmed him to witness such a sight. He leaves them to the casino, free to do whatever they wished as the pair caught up with one another.

He catches a whiff of a cigar, his face contorting into an ugly snarl as he glares at the source.
" Hey,"

" Hi." He answers, monotonous. They stood in awkward silence until Schlatt offered him a cigar of his own. The duck accepts it, a gesture both neutral and familiar. It was one of the few things the two can share with each other without the active insults and banter, aside from rearranging how the casino should be run every once in a while. Being mutual smoking buddies.

" So," The ram drawled. " She sticking around or is she gonna go live out in the woods with the fu- the fox?" He quickly corrects himself. Fixing a lifetime worth of slurs was a messy and long process with plenty of hitches but he was getting the hang out it. Puffy has been especially watchful of him, even outside their therapy sessions.

" Beats me." The duck shrugs carelessly, huffing an a puff of smoke into the air. " I'm just hoping fucking Wilbur doesn't try coming around more often than he already does just to see her." Honestly, he doesn't think he'd mind her company. She seemed like the kind of gal he could get along with, the spunk in her step definitely marks her up as a good drinker. He could use a hand at the bar.

" Speak of the devil." Schlatt sighed, looking through his communicator. Quackity glances at his own in turn and sure enough, Slime caught Wilbur trying to cross the border. Again.

" I got him." The duck sighs, putting out his cigar as he makes his way the borders of his nation. He finds the dead man, still wearing that ratty old coat, talking to Charlie. " What the fuck do you want now, Wilbur?"

" Quackity!" Wilbur threw his arms wide open, grinning from ear to ear. There's an odd light in his eyes, a spark he's never really seen before, at least not this close. It doesn't fizzle like a fuse ready to blow, no it...just sparkles. Like glitter. " Is Fundy around? I need to talk to him. Family emergency!"

" You say that every time you come over here." The duck groaned. " Let's try again. What do you want? I need a specific legitimate reason." He felt a smirk tug the corner of his lips as his eyes trailed the subtle bruise on his cheek. " If it's a bad one, I'll get Miss Saline to slap you again."

" Sally's here?" His eyes were full on glittering, there's pure adoration in the way he smiles. It makes the duck want to gag.

" With Fundy. I'd rather you don't ruin their time together." He suggested honestly. The poor kid deserved a good parent that doesn't boss him around or use him for whatever stupid war or elaborate plan.

" Of course!" Wilbur nodded eagerly. " Wait, this is perfect! Quackity, I need your help."

" No."

" Hear me out."

" No."

" Quackity of Las Nevadas, Wilbur from the Arctic is not being malicious." Slime says. " He's...in love. Very hopelessly."

If there was any rare moments one could capture, Wilbur blushing redder than a tomato was one of them. He pulls up the collar of his coat, hiding his face as he mutters incoherent ramblings.

" Motherfucker. You for real?" Quackity barked a laugh. " What the fuck are you blushing around for? You think you're some pubescent teenager or some shit?" He continued to laugh.

" Shut up!" The reaction irked the duck to laugh even harder. " Oh sure! Yeah, laugh. Choke on it even. Die." Slime joins the laugh, sounding monotone and awkward as usual but it still hurt. " Are you done?" Wilbur asked and Quackity responds by squeezing out one final wheeze. " I hate you."

Glorious II

Chapter Summary

Hello again! I is back and have brought you family drama!

Sally is as sassy as ever and back at it with the shade!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A typical family dinner would usually be very happy occasion. Or as it is presumed to be. Wilbur hummed happily as he placed the final main course on the table and sits down between Fundy and Phil. Technoblade takes the seat opposite to the fox while Chat sat between him and Sally. " Well then, it's been a long time since we've all had a meal like this." The dead man says as he takes a piece of chicken and passes it around.

" Wilbur, we've never had a meal like this." Sally replied bluntly as their son takes the chicken onto his plate. " Thank you, sweetie." She crooned as he passed it to her next.

" No problem, Mom." He says quietly, still embarrassed to finally be able to use the term after all these years.

" Chat, you can't eat." Techno chided the little bot and his own mental chat.

" Oh, let them. They just wanted to be part of table." Phil chuckled as Techno now takes the plate of chicken.

" Like Tommy would've?" Sally interjects sharply, cutting through the chicken with her fork and knife.

Wilbur coughed into his own hand. " Um, Phil. Could you pass the salad?"

" Of course, mate." He replied immediately.

" I have to say however," Sally began again and Techno opens a bottle of wine. " This chicken is amazing."

" Oh," Phil blinked in surprise. " Thank you."

" I don't think Tommy could cook like this either." She says with mirth in her voice.

" Well, Toms usually burns down the kitchen." Wilbur joked, sharing a laugh with Phil while Techno downs his first glass of wine.

" Well," Sally's voice grew sharper. " Not that either of you actually took the time to teach him." Fundy throws Techno a look and the piglin obliged, handing him the wine. " Being one with the ocean and all, you hear all sorts of things. I'm pretty sure dear old Toms once had considered eating crows because he didn't have any food during exile but they reminded him too much of you." She takes a bite out of the chicken wing.

" I didn't know what was going on during his exile." Phil began but she cuts him off again.

" Not that you bothered to check." She takes her own sip of wine, giving her son a small cheers as he quickly downs his own. " Aye, would've been a whole different story if it were Wilbur. Wouldn't it?"

" Wilbur didn't know." He says before the man himself could speak.

" No," Sally agreed somberly. " He just left him. On his own. Again and again." She scoffs. " Are you sure you're all brothers?" Techno coughs, having choked on the wine a little. Chat offered him a few pats on the back to help him out.

" My boys," Phil began but Sally was relentless.

" Are dead, traumatized and a terrorist. No offense, Techno." She adds passively.

" None taken?" He passed a confused look with Fundy and the fox shrugs, handing him the bottle after pouring himself a glass full. The piglin pours his own glass full and the two shared a quiet toast before drinking down their glasses. The fox finishing first. " One more time." Techno says, pouring yet another glass before passing the bottle back.

" Cheers, hog." Fundy toasted, words starting to slur.

" Speak for yourself, mutt." They raced their glass, not taking notice of the other three watching them.

" Are you two taking shots?" Phil asked in disbelief as Sally broke into laughter.

" Pour me one, lads!" She howled with laughter, joining in their little competition. Wilbur and Phil exchanged one look and decided 'fuck it', drinking down their glasses in the same fashion.

Within moments, the whole table was drunk. Wilbur was singing sad love songs in a corner while Sally and Fundy talked excitedly about berries and cake. Phil, being the only one sober enough, finished his meal while Techno stared blankly at the table.

" Everything alright, mate?" He asked, the piglin only giving a gruff chuff in response. He shakes his head fondly, leaning against the palm of his hand as Chat sits at the opposite end of the table, recording. Chat's screen panned from one side of the table to the other, kicking their feet in the air. It was then he felt something was off with how Chat moves and sat up a little straighter. " Chat, what did you do?"

" Holy shit, you're all drunk as shit." All activity ceased as they turned sharply to the voice being emitted through the little bot's speakers. " Um, hello?"

" Tommy!" The table cheered in unison.

" Fucking hell, calm down." He muttered, voice grumbling faintly as the family struggled to keep it down.

" Toms, how are you?" Wilbur says, bouncing in his seat.

" Better. I think." The younger man answered. " When Chat called me I thought you'd all be more...sober."

" Tough luck." Fundy giggled, earning at least even a small chuckle from Technoblade.

" I suppose since I'm already on call, I should say something. Right?" The room grew silent, awaiting him to continue. " I have so many issues with you lot and I know you know this too. I don't..." They could hear him take a shakey breath on the other end. " Gods, talking is hard." He gives a dry laugh before taking a deep breath. " I'm coming back. I know a cure for the epidemic so I'll be returning to fix whatever mess is there. I just... I need some time off when I get there. I'll say it now that when I return, I will be giving priority to those who are effected first and foremost. So, yeah. That's that then. Goodbye." He hangs up abruptly before anyone could speak and the room is filled with silence evermore.

" Chat, call Tommy." Wilbur says.

" Wil-" Phil began, reaching out to his son.

" Call Tommy, please." He pleaded. Regardless, Chat shook their head. " Just, call him!"

" Wilbur," Sally calls him, voice soft. He looks up, finding her already by his side. Before long, he's enveloped in her embrace, melting into her hold.

" I just wanted to talk to him a little longer. I wanted...I should..." He trails off, sniffing.

" He still needs time, love." Sally says. " But, he's always loved you. All of you." She tells the room. Fundy smiles knowingly, pouring himself another glass to drink down.

He remembers the moment when he found out that the boy was leaving with Shroud. It surprised him when he heard how others Tubbo had asked him to immediately take Micheal with him and how Puffy followed after with Michelle. He didn't hesitate to hand over his beloved kit to the boy then either. Tommy had fully accepted them all and promised one day to return once things have settled.

He felt his heart ache recalling when they had to cut off communications the moment Dream broke out. From then on it'd been nothing but radio silence. Until he started getting messages from an unknown number, from his kit. He only ever shared this with Ranboo, whom had shared his enthusiasm by showing the messages he himself had gotten from Micheal. Their two kids get along rather well in the labs but it was clear Foolish Jr was always there as a mediator and third lab partner of theirs.

They talked about how far they've come with their redstone projects and the fox couldn't have been any prouder. He already knew the kids were coming back even before Tommy's

announcement. They'd left a week or so and would take another week of smooth sailing to arrive.

He glances over to Technoblade, the piglin already close to passing out due to low tolerance. He knew it too, that Tommy was coming back. Especially since he brought back Chat with him.

He glances over to Phil, his grandfather only in name. The angel had now finally decided to ditch the glass and drank directly from the bottle itself. He'd be drunk in no time. He snorts at idea of a drunk angel of Death just wandering around the SMP with his crows and cane. The image tickled him.

He looks over to where his parents were now speaking to one another in quiet voices, whispering little reassurances and hushed promises.

Yeah, he's definitely going home alone tonight.

Tommy leaned back against his chair at the command deck, massaging his temples with a long sigh.

Are you okay?

He smiles hearing Drista's voice, nodding absently. "I'm alright."

"Glad to hear it." Beau says, announcing her presence in the room.

"Ayup." Jack waved, walking in.

"Ayup." Tommy replied. They sat with him as he stewed his thoughts, not really saying anything but keeping themselves close. It felt comforting to him, the weight of their presence in the room kept him company enough. "How is everyone?"

"The usual. The piglins got over the seasickness for now and the two little demigods are swimming." Beau reported.

"Shroud and Yoghurt are using the music room, Rosie's in the chemist lab, Michelle's painting, I think, and the other two are having a debate." Jack finishes. "About vegetables."

"Ah, the classic 'Carrots VS Berries.'" Tommy nodded. "They'll probably be at it all night." He hums, mentally noting to himself to set Sam Nook on them if they stay up too late. "Guys, I think I'll get a heart attack when we reach the shore."

"No, no you won't." Jack says immediately. "You're 27 not whatever age Philza is."

"He is pretty old." Beau shrugged. "But, yeah. Otherwise if you die, the gods will riot." He could hear the pantheon muttering in both agreement and uncertainty, some of them are even considering causing some sort of calamity as they speak.

" Please don't give them any ideas." He groaned, running a hand through his hair. " But seriously, this is stressing me out."

" Do you want me to get you some tea or hot chocolate?" Jack offered kindly. Tommy gives him a raised brow which the other man mirrored, causing him to break into laughter. " I'll be back." He announced, leaving the deck.

" Hm, let's ditch him." He didn't need to voice his agreement as they both stood up and left the command deck, Benson watching them from one of the screens with the most curious gaze his cartoony duck blob eyes could muster.

They walked over the vacant deck, recalling some of their adventures together. They eventually got into another fit of snarky remarks thrown between each other back and forth. It was like a chaotic dance of fire and chaos but the two were clearly familiar with it. Speaking of dances,

" Do you remember that time in one of the Nameless God's temples?" Beau asked, to which he replies with a deadpan look.

" Which one?" Because of how diverse the Nameless God's understanding of reality was, they had a rather interesting reign over frequency in particular. Sound, light, existence.

" The musical trap." He hums, remembering how the two were trapped in a room filled with nothing but pressure plates and any wrong step would lead to them either getting skewed by falling spikes or falling to their deaths.

" It's not even activated yet." Tommy said curiously, looking around cautiously at his surroundings. " Try not to move, we'll figure this out."

" About that," Beau said, gazing upwards. " I think I already have." The previous room they were in had been the very same size and had footstep patterns decorated on the floor. The ceiling had the exact same painting with the image alluding to the shape of an hour glass. It had images depicting people falling to their deaths or getting skewed by spikes.

The room prior wouldn't let them leave until they've followed every step the pattern made. It was a dance of sorts, a mixture of old country dances and a waltz. Tommy had reluctantly followed her instructions and swore he'd never dance again when they left the room.

Now however, it seems his vow is rather short lived. " You have to be fucking kidding me."

" Well, it hasn't activated yet. I'm assuming the first step should get it started." Beau looks through the pressure plates with a low amused hum.

" But we'd only have two minutes to finish the steps or we'll dropped regardless." She looked up to ask him how he knew and he simply tapped his head. Right, Gods.

With a mischievous smile tossed his way, she takes the first step and floors immediately moved.

Chapter End Notes

The Nameless God is also known by many names. Though he prefers his true name, which cannot be pronounced by mortal tongues, he is also known as the God of Music, God of Mischief, God of Limbo and the Disgraced God of the Stars.

Or you can call him Beep (only Aimsey can use this)

Glorius III

"I hate you." Tommy glared as the room moved, trapping him amidst spikes and fallen tiles he hadn't even stepped. Beau shrugged, looking ahead at the tiles laid out before her and took the first few steps carefully. She tested the rhythm of her movements and as she moved, the tiles she stepped on before would fall away, she she would have no way of going back.

He tilts her head as she starts to hum, her steps now becoming more fluid as she practically skipped over the tiles. She spots the lever where she'd initially stood next to Tommy, finally unveiling itself in full view. It was placed in a way Tommy certainly couldn't reach, forcing her to dance across the room according to the pattern laid out to her. She reaches the middle barely glancing down just enough to see the middle tiles had not given way as the others did and continued to make her way to the lever.

She arrives, passing a triumphant smile to the other as he scoffs. She pulls the lever to release Tommy from his confined corner, barely giving him time to decide if he really had to break his vow or find out earlier what's in store for him in the after life. Yeah, death isn't a very appealing option as of late. He leapt forward, taking more careful steps at first before he too fell into rhythm.

Seeing Beau's demonstration beforehand, he was able to hasten his steps. The next lever had appeared at the opposite end of the room and Tommy practically waltzes his way towards it. Beau covers up her laugh with a cough, trying not to break the man's concentration until he finally reached the lever.

With a pull of it, the traps released Beau and the two made their way to the middle of the room as the tiles around them fell. Arriving, exhilarated and smiling, the two poised at the end of the remaining tiles gathered at the middle.

Tommy moves first, one hand behind his back and giving a small twirl before extending it towards Beau. She follows him, the two meeting in the middle laughing as their hands intertwined.

The two laughed as they danced, moving swiftly across the deck. Each snarky comment a challenge to one another as they got faster. He even dips her at least once and she gets to twirl him a couple times.

As said before, the two were juxtaposed with one another. The world stares at the void and the void stares right back. Jewels of the same cut but differed in colour.

Beau's movements were more firm, her steps carried more weight and she made sure you could hear every stomp of her boots upon the metal deck. She wants people to see how good she was, what she could do. Tommy was quicker, his feet were silent but moved more flamboyantly. Though silent, his movements were loud enough and if not, his laughter echoed in its place.

The two waltz across the deck, hand in hand as they moved. They are unaware of a mischievous little duck recording their very performance. None dared to interrupt them even as they finished.

They bowed to each other, gasping and smiling. Beau knew he needed this. All that time stuck on the ship with little to do, she could tell the anxiety would eat him up inside if he didn't do something with all that extra energy aside from his usual patrols and lab visits.

" Wow." They turned towards Jack, grins falling. " Are you two done?"

" Fuck off, Jack!" Tommy said.

" What ya starin at, ya wee posh cunt?!" Beau shouted over him.

Micheal stared at the screen of the monitor, sipping his morning tea loudly. On the screen, behind cartoon bars was the blob duck himself, Benson. " Stop staring."

" No." The piglin continued to stare before taking a picture and sending the image to his father.

" Michael." Tommy called, entering the room.

" Yo."

" Have you tracked where else he sent that video?" The hunter asked him.

" Well, the whole ship and apparently our parents." He informs him and the man groans, running his hand through his hair.

" Benson, you are in duck jail for the rest of trip." He says pointedly to the blob duck.

" No!" The AI whined. " Then who'll monitor the ship?"

" Nook." The android waved from where he sat, wires hooked into his forearms as he's connected to the ship's systems.

" I WILL DO MY BEST!..."

" You're mean." Benson pouted.

" And you're reminding me more and more of your creator." Tommy shakes his head. " Are you comfortable, Nook?" He asks the android.

" I AM ALRIGHT, TOMMY INNIT..."

" Good man." He smiles, they basked in the sunny glow of his grin, clear blue skies and healthy green valleys.

" Dad!" Shroud called cheerfully as he arrived with the other kids.

" Hey, kids!" He pats his kids' heads first. " Alright, since Benson is in duck jail, Nook will be taking over security until we arrive. That means we'll be making dinner ourselves with Beau," The kids were already cheering. " And Jack." Their cheers turned into groans.

" But Uncle Jack sucks at cooking!" Yoghurt whined.

" Hey!" Jack says as he turns the corner, offended. " Tommy, the children are mean to me."

" Good." He gives the younger man a glare. " Anyways, we all need to get along. When we get there, I need you all to help me with moving the piglins to the crater."

" The crater?" Jack echoed. " Are you...Are you sure?"

" We've fucked it up enough anyways. Besides, they're probably better at using the space than any of us. Not like we were doing anything remotely good with it." Jack looks concerned and the teens can understand why. Though Tommy might've been able to play it off if he wore a helmet, his eyes reflected a nostalgic scene of yellow and black walls, of campfires, hot dogs and writing songs in the middle of the night.

" Don't lie to yourself, man." Jack advised him and he sagged. " Look, we'll figure out where we can house the piglins without interfering with the local bastions and the environment on the Overworld. Let's just focus on making it back to the SMP in one piece, yeah?"

" The only time I actually might want to agree with you." The hunter says, emphasising might. But his grin betrays him and his blue eyes reflected a view of a hotel that never came to be, fully furnished and decorated. It tugged at Jack's heart remembering how the hunter had genuinely wanted to start a hotel with him at the time.

" Not the only time." He replies confidently.

Dream wakes up in cold sweat, sitting up from where he was sleeping between the benches. He reaches up to run his hands through his face and finds himself crying. He rubs his eyes furiously, grunting.

He walks over to the holy water to wash his face and finds his mask at the very bottom of the pool, broken into pieces. He tenses, surely no one had bothered to visit him unless it's Sam.

Sure, the doors were never locked but they were loud. He would've woken up if it was. He paces the church, finding no signs of break ins or traps waiting to be sprung. The entire building was empty and the silence only broken by the sound of the holy water's unending stream.

Speaking of, he doesn't remember how the water even appeared. He built this church with Tommy, mostly the base and some of the interiors. But, who added the water? He returns to the holy water, looking up where the stream flowed from above.

Who was it?

He hears something scuttling further inside the church and doesn't hesitate to investigate. It was fine, no one would kill him here. Not on the holy land. There's an eerie quiet, his eyes trailed around the benches looking for anyone who would try to jump him.

They can't kill him here. Especially not when he has the one thing keeping people alive. He's even brought back his best friends. Or, are they still his friends? He doesn't know anymore.

He hears it again and whips his head sharply to the windows. At first it didn't seem like anything was amiss, the stained glass paintings had all sorts of wonderful images. He looks back at the altar and right before his eyes, the statue he fervently prayed too had completely vanished.

He jumps back with a startled yell, there's movement in the corner of his eye. He looks around, finding the stained glass had changed. They depicted images of several deities and demigods of the pantheon. Their gaze bore into his soul, some glaring, others looking more bored than anything. Though, he could sense a large number of them were angry. Seething even.

Black liquid, thicker and darker than the deepest ink began to flow from them. The images turned pitch black and began to spread to the walls like infesting vines. He stood frozen in fear as the darkness surrounded him, turning everything black, lanterns and glowstones snuffed upon its touch and soon he could feel the darkness pool at his feet. He reaches around him to climb onto the benches but couldn't find them.

He checks his inventory for any blocks he could use to stack up but found for once in his life since his imprisonment that it was empty. Barer than a looted chest. He struggles to find somewhere to run but there was nothing. The darkness was rising quickly, going up to his waist.

The liquid was heavy and thick, making hard for him to move. For a second he was afraid it was tar but there no smell and he couldn't feel his legs. Dream reached out, calling for help and trying desperately to swim as the liquid rose regardless.

Tears pricked his eyes as he reaches his hand up, crying out for someone, anyone to help him.

" Even me?" The voice sends shivers down his spine and he could almost imagine the boy standing on a ledge over him, looming.

" Please, Tommy!" He pleaded. " I'll do anything! I won't bother you again, I even took the Vow of Life. Please, I don't wanna die!" Someone takes his hand.

" You promise?" He hears the boy ask.

" Yes! I promise!"

Liar.

" Tommy?" Dream called nervously as the grip holding his hand turned lax. " Tom- Tommy, I'm slipping. Tommy? Tommy?!" He gets no answer as he starts to slip. " No no no no no!

Tommy, please! I won't lie to you anymore! I'll be nice! You can't leave me! That's not like you!"

Bingo!

A voice laughs and Dream stills.

Tommy is too nice for that. Very sweet.

The voice says fondly.

That's why you lied. Again and again.

" No..." He says, voice trembling. " No, please."

Serpents have always been such a problem.

The voice lamented mockingly. " Please, I'll do anything!" The liquid is already at his neck. " Please!"

You would do anything. For yourself, that is. So, what's stopping me from doing whatever I want for myself?

The voice mocked in George's voice.

You still haven't changed.

With that they let go. " No, wait! I can change! I can-" The liquid engulfs him, he's submerged in overwhelming darkness and left to drown. He couldn't feel anything, couldn't even hear what would should be his arms flailing about in the liquid as he would in water. No sight, no sound, no smell, not even any ground to rest his feet.

It was like he was simply stuck, he doesn't even think he's breathing anymore. Drifting in neverending darkness. In loneliness. He stays there for a while, no longer moving as all the fight had left him and he could feel his tears no longer flowing as though he'd literally run out of tears.

Somehow the nothingness caused an ache greater than any wound he suffered. He wanted to scream, cry out, shout but there was nothing.

Absolutely. Nothing.

Dream wakes up in cold sweat, sitting up from where he was sleeping between the benches. He reaches up to run his hands through his face and finds himself crying. He rubs his eyes furiously, grunting.

Welcome Home I

Chapter Summary

Here it is! The kids come home

Chapter Notes

The beginning of an end.

This will be the last arc

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo paced his mansion, waiting impatiently for his guests to arrive soon. He looked out the window repeatedly, making sure the docks were wide enough since their renovation and the decorations would make it seem more welcoming. At the first knock, the enderman was already sprinting to the door.

" Hey, Ranboo!" Puffy greeted him cheerfully, holding her arms out in an inviting hug.

" Puffy!" He says just as cheerfully, hugging her wholeheartedly as his tail moved side to side in excitement.

" I've brought cake! Oh, and a lot of carrots too." She added. " Do you mind if I borrow your kitchen to make golden carrots?" He nods eagerly, closing the door behind him and leading the way.

Halfway through making the carrots, he hears another knock and a doorbell. He leaves the kitchen to answer the door once again.

" Hi, Ranboo!" Fundy says with a wide smile and a wave. " My inventory is like 90% berries and chicken right now."

" Hey! You could make a lot of berry cupcakes." He suggested. "

I intend to." The fox replied with a firm nod.

He leads him into the kitchen where Puffy was now carving open a pumpkin to make pumpkin pie. She greets the two and offered to help Fundy make the cupcakes.

By the time his next guests arrive, they had just preheated the ovens to back the massive amount of cupcakes. Once more, Ranboo answers the door and found himself in one of the rare occasions where he has to look up. As in way up.

" Hey, Foolish!" He waves the God down and the golden being places down entire chests worth of food near the door.

" This should be enough for a good welcome feast right?" He asks him.

" More than enough!" Ranboo states with a hum. " Head on in first, Puffy and Fundy are making the desserts first." The God shrinks himself to a more average height and heads in with a short bow. He makes pretty good progress with bringing in most of the food when someone else appears. " Ranboo?" His ears perk up at the voice and turns to see her.

" Niki?" The woman now had blonde hair, though her tips remained the soft cotton candy pink as it had been on the day she left. " I didn't notice you coming back." He says honestly.

" Yeah, I...is Puffy here?" She asked quietly.

" Inside." He answers, hesitantly leading her indoors. Foolish had looked up to ask if he needed help but pauses.

" Foolish, why'd you bring back so much steak?" Fundy asked, he freezes immediately seeing Niki, eyes blown wide.

" Fundy, get back here! I am not cooking all this by myself." Niki held her breath as Puffy emerged from the hall. " Fundy?" The sheep hybrid pauses, her eyes locking with Niki's and hand instinctively going over the ring over her finger. Niki opened and closed her mouth, trying to speak as the others watched, not daring to interfere.

" Do- Do you-" She struggled and cleared her throat. " Do you need any help?" She offered, brushing some of her hair back.

" Sure." Puffy replied easily, smiling softly at her. " It is a big day today, the boy's will fill you in but right now we've got to make food to feed an entire bastion." The captain led with ease, smiling knowingly as Niki ran up to catch up to her.

" A whole bastion??" Niki echoed in confusion, but smiling all the same.

" That went well." Foolish said.

" Guess I'll put away the wine then." Fundy says nonchalantly as he tucks the wine he brought back into his inventory.

" Oh no no no, no alcohol today. You're tossing that into my giant ass fireplace." Ranboo reprimanded.

The day goes on, by evening they set the tables and made sure to cover all the food to save heat. They've added more wood to the fire so the room would stay warm. They take a break, talking about where they've been and how they were doing. Niki told them of her friends in

Bear SMP, what they did together and how much she missed everyone. She wants to see Jack, to apologize but she find him. Not even in Manifoldland which she found to have been abandoned and its people scattered to the winds. She expressed her concerns for his safety but they assured her he was fine.

They showed her the recorded sessions they had from the kids' biweekly radio shows and the ones that even had Jack in them. She smiles, glad to know her friend was safe. She felt a pang of sadness as she realizes that even the boy she tried to murder was able to give him the company he needed while she left him alone. Ironic.

They showed her the video of Tommy's dance with Beau. Granted, she has met her a couple times but didn't expect her to be friends with Tommy. She admits they are somewhat similar in their own way.

" It's time." Ranboo announced, putting away his communicator. The sun was setting low and they helped each other dress for the cold weather.

" I hope the kids have warm clothes." Niki says.

" It's Tommy. Of course clothes aren't an issue." Fundy shrugged, shifting the thick jacket he wore.

They sat near the docks, waiting patiently for the cold mist to settle as the sun sinks, its light already fading. Foolish, who had feet in the water immediately stood up. He smiled, feeling breathless as something emerges from the horizon. " They're here." He announced, grinning from ear to ear as the enormous ship drew in.

Upon the deck of the ship, the children were each bouncing on their heels and a few of them screamed once they spotted their parents. " Uncle Mimi!" Jr called him, standing over the railings with Finley. " Can we?"

" Please?" The younger totem child asked with a toothy smile.

" You're children of a God." He laughs. " Do as you please." With that, they dove head first into the sea.

Foolish could feel them, see how their trail beneath the waters as they rushed towards him with the strongest surge of water magic he's ever felt. He stood at ready, growing slightly and steadied his arms out.

" Daddy!" Finley shoots out of the water first, ramming right into her father's arms. Foolish laughs as the force makes him stumble a little before fiercely returning her hug. Jr comes in second, rising out of the water more calmly and smiling.

" Hi Dad." He says, smiling the exact same way his father does. Finley and Foolish didn't hesitate to pull him into the hug.

" Oh, my children." He whispers as he kisses their heads. " Oh my- look at you two!" He laughs triumphantly, crying tears of joy as his children joined him. " Papa." He says, looking

over to the docks where Puffy has her hands over her mouth.

" Hey, Gran Gran." The two totem children waved at them, Finley more enthusiastically than Jr. Puffy, at a loss for words, beckons them near and they both piled into her embrace. " We missed you." Finley says, burying her face in the sheep's wooly hair.

" I've missed you too." She sniffed.

Tommy ushers the others to get ready at the loading bay and they clambered into the bay as Nook piloted the ship to dock. Benson, freed from his prison, appears on Tommy's communicator. He didn't want to miss seeing the reunion first hand. The kids were growing more impatient. Micheal was tapping his foot while Michelle tapped her fingers against the wall. Yoghurt was practically vibrating in place, so much so that they'd shifted to full fox form.

Rosie and Shroud stayed by Tommy's side, holding his hands as they felt the ship finally dock. The door opens, everyone held their breaths. Everyone except Yoghurt. They jumped out immediately in their fox form, looking out at empty dock facing the sea. They whined a little until they hear a voice call their name.

" Yoghurt!" Fundy called, running forward. The younger fox yipped and barrelled into his arms, tackling him to the ground with a heavy thud. The impact forcing Fundy to be in fox form while his child adopted their humanoid one. Yoghurt stared at him, both breathless before they shifted as a fox and ran to the snowy ground. Fundy followed after them, yipping happily to catch up. The two foxes chased each other through the snow as the others watched on.

" Dad?" Ranboo's breath hitched as Micheal climbed down. His sweet baby, now all grown up walked towards him. Ranboo steadied his breath as his son paused in front of him. He raises his hands, shaking. " Uh, hi-" The enderman doesn't let him finish, pulling him into a tight embrace with his long limbs. Micheal melts into it carefully, almost as if he found it hard to believe he was actually here, that he was home.

" Papa!" Michelle rushed past them to hug her parent. Puffy cried, yelping in surprise as her daughter lifts her up.

" Oh Gods, look at you!" Puffy cried out, holding her daughter tightly before pulling away. " All of you." She mutters, smiling as she invites the rest of her family into a group hug. Niki watches on with a warm smile, wiping a tear from her face.

" Niki?" She gasps, turning around to see Jack standing behind her. He removes his glasses, eyes wide in disbelief. " You're back." She nods quietly, trying very hard not to break. She waits for him to shout, to scream at her for leaving him alone all this time. Instead he pulls her in, crying silently into her shoulder. She swallows a sob, hugging back just as tightly.

Tommy smiles at the warm sight as he exits his ship, carrying the lab supplies he needs alongside Shroud and Rosie. " Alright, everyone!" He lets his voice boom. " Let's take this inside, yeah? Snowchester's nippy, innit?"

" Tommy!" They called out happily.

" FRAGILE LAB SUPPLIES!" He reminds them as he already makes his way to the mansion. " Come on, I'm hungry."

" I thought I just gave yer mashed tots." Beau says, emerging from the ship with more than a dozen piglins in tow.

" I'm a growing man!" He shouts back.

Ranboo led Tommy to one of the empty rooms where he can set up his lab for the cure. The moment the man placed the shulker down, he was immediately lifted into a hug. The sudden action caused him to tense but he immediately relaxes once he realizes it was just his friend. Though, his reaction didn't go unnoticed. He stays there, letting the enderman hold him close as though he'd disappear at any moment. " Ranboob."

" Yeah?"

" Put me down?"

" No." He huffs, giving his kids a nod as they placed down more shulkers. " Have you met my kids again?" Tommy asked, pulling away gently.

" Kids?" Ranboo echoed.

" Yup." Shroud said, popping the p. " Shroud Charlemagne Innit, nice to meet ya!" He reintroduced himself to his Uncle. " This is my sister, Rosie Hetta Innit."

" Oh! You adopted Rosie!" Ranboo gasped.

" Dad," Micheal called his father, there was small giggle in his voice. " Can I see Pa?" He asked quietly.

" Of course!" Ranboo says, finally putting down Tommy. The man mouthing his thanks to the teen as he leads the enderman out.

" Tommy." Puffy called now. The man sighs.

" What? Does everyone on the SMP need to hug me?" He says sarcastically but his arms were already opened wide.

" Probably." Puffy says, hugging him as well.

" Cringe." That earns him a laugh. He spots Foolish at the door with Niki following closely, the latter seems to be trying to hide herself. " What the hell. Come here." He holds out his hand to them, successfully pulling Niki in as well. Fundy comes in with Yoghurt, talking in fast paces about anything and everything. " Fundy!"

" Tommy!" The older fox doesn't hesitate to join the embrace.

" Good to see you big man!"

" What the fuck happened to your voice?" Fundy says jokingly.

" It's deeper than yours, that's for sure."

" Hey!"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter took a whole loop of emotional songs to write.

Welcome Home II

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They had dinner together, with the whole bastion and shared a few laughs. The parents were in awe of some of the prominent changes Tommy had. From his prosthetic to how blue his ethereal eyes were and the scenes they reflected. It made the mansion feel so much more warmer than its ever been. By late night, as the majority of the mansion went to sleep, Tommy went to work on the antidote.

He prepares vials accordingly for each patient he would soon visit the next day. He plans his route and who he would visit first, starting of course with Tubbo before going straight to Kinoko Kingdom for the others.

" Tommy?" He sighs, looking over to where Ranboo stood at his door.

" Ayup."

" Shouldn't you sleep?" He asked.

" Not yet. I need to give Tubbo his dose tonight and prepare the ingredients for brewing the next morning." He says calmly. He'd already sent off his kids to bed in one of the guest rooms Ranboo prepared, they would've stayed up all night if they knew he already started without them.

" You've got a lot of gloves." And aprons too, went unspoken.

" Hm?" Tommy turns to him momentarily to see what he meant. " Oh, those aren't mine. They're the kids'." He explains. " My kids love tinkering in the lab, especially since I started being a hunter. Couldn't really say no to them so I just made sure they had plenty of safety equipment." Ranboo carefully picks up a pair of goggles with four eyes, clearly made for Shroud. He then looks back at the shulker box's label, finding the names of the Innit children on them.

" Most of the shulkers here are carrying chemist equipment. Micheal takes after Tubbo." Tommy informs him.

" Oh no. Nukes?"

" Not directly, no. Alternative power." He recalls exchanging messages with his son, how he had typed a long paragraph of how his waterwheel worked. The most troubling detailed texts he'd ever sent were ones where he discussed using lightning rods and actively chasing thunderstorms to harness all that natural electrical energy to power of their home.

" I see." Ranboo smiled softly. " Do you...need any help?" Tommy considers it for a moment and shakes his head. " Okay, don't stay up too late." The enderman advised him.

" No promises." Tommy scoffed in return.

He opens his eyes slowly, sound and smell filling his senses as he comes to. He groans, trying to move but failing, his head flopping back onto the pillow. He huffs at the futile attempt, instead trying to flex his fingers first.

Once he had that down, he moved his arms. Gods, they were so skinny. All that muscle he built carrying nukes wasted. He doesn't give in, not until he's finally sitting up in his bed. He looks around the room, rubbing the fatigue out of his face. His hair had gotten much longer than before. Last he checked, it hadn't been this bad.

Then it hits him. How is he sitting up right now? The leshen's poison should've rendered him immobile yet he's already starting to get feeling in his legs again. The door swings open and he looks up expecting to see his incredibly tall husband. Instead, in walks a young teen with pink hair. What struck him odd wasn't the eye patch or the furred coat but the fact that this teen's face had a bare resemblance to his own. His hair did look more similar to Ranboo's and the bit of tusk peaking from the corner of his lip gave away what he really was.

The teen freezes as he meets the older man's gaze. He glances to the door, opening his mouth to shout but thinks against it.

" Who are you?" Tubbo asked, voice rasping from disuse. The teen, a piglin no doubt, takes a deep breath and shifts to his original form. As Tubbo stares into his red eyes, he feels something familiar stir inside him. A familiar ache echoing deep within his heart.

" Hi, Pa." Micheal says warmly, smiling his best. The goat's lips quivered, he reaches out to the teen, shaking his head. The piglin doesn't hesitate to take his hand in his own, giving the man a reassuring squeeze. " I'm home."

" Micheal." Tubbo gasped, cupping his face. He leans into the touch and soon the two were hugging each other tightly. " Gods, oh Gods..." He cried, holding the younger tighter.

Tubbo stares at the man before him as he checked his vitals. From the golden blonde hair, to the stubble and even his bright blue eyes that he hasn't seen so brightly before. " Okay, it looks the antidote cleared up most of the poison. You should be alright in... I'd say a few days." Tommy tells him, finishing his assessment.

" You look old."

" You look older. You have a goat beard." Tommy remarked.

" I do not!" Tubbo reached up to touch his chin where much to his shock, a beard had certainly grown. " Ranboo, get the shaving cream!"

" But, we don't have any shaving cream?" Ranboo says, tilting his head.

" I could make some." Tommy offered nonchalantly.

" Yes! This is why you're my favourite." Ranboo gasped loudly at the statement. Tommy scoffed, but there was no hiding his smile.

" It would have to wait." The hunter says pointedly. " I have to go around giving the antidote. My kids should be done with the doses I need for the day." He explained, picking up his things once he was done with his assessment.

" Are you staying?" The goat asks him.

" Well, I don't think I could get used to living in a mansion like this everyday." He chuckled but it wasn't well received.

" Are you staying in the SMP, Tommy?" His childhood best friend reiterated. The hunter is silent, facing away from them so they couldn't see his blue eyes.

" I don't know." He answers honestly. " I'll be going now. Buh-byeeee!" He announced his departure with a cheerful note and closing the door behind him before either of his friends could speak.

" So, how'd it go?" He was surprised to find Micheal waiting in the hall. " I figured since you were standing there for five minutes staring at the door before going in you'd come out wheezing or something." Tommy simply sighs, exasperated.

" It's not exactly a conversation I'm ready to have yet. Ten years and it's still hard to find the right words. Pathetic, innit?" Micheal says nothing, instead moving in immediately to give him a hug.

" You're not pathetic, Uncle Mimi." He tells his uncle seriously before pulling away. " Shroud and Rosie are already suited up. They're waiting for you downstairs." The hunter smiled, giving the young piglin a good pat on the head before heading down the stairs.

" Hey, Dad!" Shroud greeted him, as cheerful as ever while Rosie waved with a delightful smile. " Ready to go?" He does a once over his inventory, unbeknownst to him his children does so as well. Once satisfied, they make their way through the door but were stopped halfway by the sound of a thud.

" Did ya really think yer could leave without me?" Beau announced, suited up and smiling wide.

" Fuck off." Tommy hissed.

Beau lifts her head up, eyes looking back at the hunter gleaming deep forest green. " Make me." He rolls his eyes, scoffing as she reaches his side. They exchanged kisses on the hand, Beau first. " Let's go."

With that, the group of four head out to cure the victims of the epidemic. Leaving behind a gaping group of adults who simply stared after them dumbfounded.

" What's going on here? Did Tommy leave already?" Jack asked, arriving at the scene with his cup of morning coffee.

" Tommy just kissed a girl." Foolish said slowly.

" If it's Beau, no he didn't." He takes a calm sip of his drink. " Transaction of Blessings." Niki still seemed confused while Puffy and Foolish nodded in understanding.

" What the fuck's a transaction of blessings?" Fundy asked, breaking the silence.

" Did Phil never tell you?" The captain asked the fox.

" No." He says, pouting now.

" I can explain!" Yoghurt volunteered, tugging a smile on their father's face as she offers him another berry cupcake.

" I should probably pick up Chat first." The hunter says as they trudged through the snow. Shroud is practically glued next to Rosie, the pair sharing the comfort of being wrapped up in Tommy's cape while Beau gave him a thick blanket to wrap himself.

The morning in Snowchester was cold, the Arctic bound to be much colder. He had already promised Chat he would pick them up as soon as he reached the SMP's shores but looking at the state Shroud was in makes him feel like he should reconsider the action.

" Yeah!" Shroud agreed. " Wouldn't want to keep the little guy waiting." He grinned, and as much of a strong front he's putting on now, Tommy knew very well he might not be able to handle the Arctic's harsh climate. Even now he clung to his sister, who's long soft locks insulated much of the heat he would've lost.

He glances to Beau, the lady tilting her head and shifting her gaze from him to his kids. He takes a breath and smiled at them.

" How about this, you have mixed the doses, yeah?" He asked them, receiving a nod in return. " And I know you're both just as good if not better than I am in administrating the doses or at least preparing for it." They looked at him in both confusion and surprise before he continued. " Then, the three of you should go ahead to Kinoko without me."

" What?" They exclaimed. Rosie gives a nasty look to which he gives her a patient smile.

" Listen, I am giving you two a very important mission. A solo quest of your own, if you will. I'm not leaving you out on anything and I promise that this isn't much too different from what I've done in some of those adventures I've been on." He flicks his gaze to Beau, she could see glimpses of grey stone walls and sick children in bed. " Do you remember that time we were commissioned by the Empress to find a cure for the Ember Lung disease in the Nether?" Catching on quickly, the lady smiles wide.

" Yeah. The village might've been in the Overworld but it's citizens had an active portal to the Nether which connected to an old fortress there where hybrids lived alongside Wither Skeletons." Beau began her tale. " Come on, I'll tell you kids on the way." She ushers them away, weaving her words to captivate them in her tale even as they sent hasty goodbyes to their father and sent him several glances of concern. But, the hunter simply smiled and waved them off as they disappeared down the road.

Tommy breathed in relief before turning his gaze to the unmarked path to the Arctic. A snowy, long trek to the cabins laid among thick woods of dark pine. He gathers himself, his head rather empty for once in ten years. A silence he isn't accustomed to and find awfully annoying. The boy from ten years ago would've been outraged by how he's actually grown to miss the many voices that invaded his mind. Even so, he knew he wasn't alone.

They've always watched him, looking over his progress and feats, guiding his way through the realms. It is without a doubt they are still with him now, just not as vocal as they once were. The contract itself had gone null the moment he set foot upon the docks and he doesn't regret it one bit.

He finds the way to the nearest Nether portal and from there, made his way to the portal set in the Arctic. As he stepped out, he finds the air a little more colder than he remembers. He takes in a deep breath, thinking of ash and brimstone, the heat in his lungs and his own hot breaths. Before long, a pair of horns grew over his head, similar to the ones Sapnap showed off proudly.

Vapour filled the air like puffs of smoke as he breathed, eyes a gradient of blue to red. He walked, not bothered by any amount of snow as his natural body temperature had changed to accommodate the shifts in his form.

Within a few minutes, he could already see the cabin. Surrounded by a wooden fence and nestled between Death's deep dark woods of pine. As he stepped through the very woods, the trees swayed almost in greeting, though he quietly noted the lack of wind. He pauses before the fence's open gates, eyeing the tripwire that would alert the residents of his arrival. He takes another deep breath, shifting back to his original form and stepped through.

Inside, a melodic note could be heard and the residents were immediately gazing out their windows to see who'd stepped onto their territory.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy is now a very special existence.

He's a shapeshifter of the highest calibre, able to shift into anything he's already eaten.

Welcome Home III

Chapter Summary

The swallow at the end of a journey, the ship that finds its dock, the home rebuilt and reclaimed.

The moment they heard their tripwire activate, the three occupants of the cabins stood up simultaneously. They cast each other a glance before finally Wilbur reaches the window first and took a look at who'd come over this time. Sally was in the other cabin with Chat and he could tell she was probably peering out the window like he was. As his eyes laid upon a figure walking through their yard, wearing a thick jacket for insulation, the fur of their coat covering their necks, he starts seeing something that isn't there.

Like a flash of nostalgic memories, he sees the figure walking through various places with varying heights like they were reflecting themselves through his memory. How his outfit changed accordingly to the place he'd appear in, a uniform in L'manberg, a red and white shirt through New L'manberg, a torn version of the previous outfit through a freshly exploded crater, armour over obsidian ground, bloodied clothes over obsidian with the notable dim orange glow of lava. He shakes his head, rubbing his eyes until he sees the figure as they were, a man in a winter jacket walking towards their cabin.

They heard the door unlock from the opposite cabin and out comes Chat, running down the steps and leaping straight into the figure's arms.

" Hello, Chat!" The voice was audible enough for all to hear, making Wilbur flinch. Phil's eyes were wide and glassy while Techno seemed weirdly relieved.

" Tommy!" He hears Sally greet him from the balcony and how he returns the greetings. Techno moves first, heading outside immediately.

" Hullo." He says in his monotone voice, warmth apparent in his tone.

" 'Ello, Tech. How do?" The man greets his twin, smiling like never before as he opens his arms in invitation. Technoblade doesn't even hesitate to hug him with a fond chuff.

" I'm good. Let's get inside, it's freezing."

" Please, only bitches freeze. I don't feel a thing." The piglin scoffs at the remark, guiding them all indoors anyways.

Techno gives the other two indoors a look as he steps in, followed by Sally who'd laughed at something the man had said. Finally, in walks the man himself stood at their doorway, Chat

holding his hand with visible excitement. His golden hair caught Phil's crow eyes with how the light bounced off it, gleaming.

His eyes, the bluest they've ever been, shone in a way that made them seem so endless. A deep chasm that held secrets only he knew of. The awkward silence they shared was broken by Tommy himself as he smiled to his sister in law and brother.

" I could use some gapples actually, Tech. Can I have some?" He asks him. Catching his hint, the piglin snorts.

" That really the first thing you ask for?" He says with a fond look in his eyes, already moving towards the kitchen.

" I'll make some tea." Sally announced, patting his cheek as she once did when they were younger before following after the piglin.

Tommy takes his seat at the dining table with ease, placing himself directly opposite to Phil. Wilbur shifts in place for a moment, thinking of what to say. " So, you've finally came back to us." He began, awkwardly seating himself next to Phil.

" I didn't come back for you." The man says to him in an even tone.

" Tommy..." Phil chided softly but was met with the flickering sight of a child, staring curiously at cold icy blue eyes, shadowed only by the rim of his striped bucket hat. He shakes it off, immediately realising he should avoid the hunter's gaze for now.

" I have so many things I wanted to say to you both." He leans back a little, closing his eyes for a moment. " Though seeing your faces now, I don't think I can."

" Toms," Wilbur began softly, but the hunter gave no reaction and kept his eyes closed. " I know I haven't been...that I wasn't..." He swallowed a lump in his throat, words failing to form as the once eccentric president of a nation stuttered and fumbled. " Look, I want you to know that I'm sorry."

" Okay," Tommy nods, eyes still closed. " I don't forgive you."

Any relief Wilbur felt initially disappeared in an instant. " Toms, I said I was sorry."

" And that makes everything better? Everything you've done to me, Wil. They weren't okay." He adds, humming softly. " You aren't asking for forgiveness, you're expecting it. Demanding in fact."

" But, I-" Wilbur leans forward suddenly, prompting Tommy to lean back, hand over the dagger hidden between the folds of his waist sash. " I apologized. That must account for something. Please."

" Believe me, it does. But you need to understand that not everything can be fixed with one apology." Tommy states.

" Now, Tommy. Isn't that a little unfair? Wil's been trying for years." Phil said, attempting to keep the peace between the brothers. He fails to recognise one fact, they were no longer children.

" Haven't I been trying?" The hunter remarks sharply, his eyes now staring straight at Phil. His gaze holds him, trapping him with reflections of the moments he'd been set aside, of being put after literally anyone else had been settled. " Where do I even begin with you?" He hummed, his eyes flashing to his childhood. To the times Phil and Techno had left without a word, to moments where interactions between the two looked not as father and son.

They looked more like friends. The way they talked, the way Phil spoke to him casually about getting a drink once he was old enough.

" I love mud." He says out of nowhere. The images instead flickered to little hands playing on muddy ground, getting dirt everywhere. It nearly prompted a snort from them until Tommy spoke again. " It's always easier to eat when you can shape into whatever you wanted." The image shifted to those very same hands shaping the mud into round little cakes. The area around them drifted into sandy beaches, the scorching sun beating down on a lanky form hunched over a smooth rock. They watched together with Tommy as the mud baked, he added little blades of grass on top as some sort of seasoning. " It helped a lot during hard times." Tommy blinked and the images were gone.

They stared at him, mouth moving but no sounds made their way out of their throats. They wanted to ask desperately what he did with those mud cakes despite already knowing what the implications were.

" Thinking back, Phil. I don't think you ever truly accepted that you had kids, at least not me." Tommy says softly. " No, you enjoyed the idea of having me. Of adding me to your already wonderful collection of kids. The one to complete your rule of Three." He levels them with another look, the two immediately shifting their gaze as to not meet his gleaming blue eyes.

" Got your gapples." Technoblade announced his return with Sally following closely. He was sure they've all heard what he said. He eats the gapple whole, barely chewing before swallowing it all in one gulp. " Wow, great table manners."

" Fuck off, Tech." The nickname stung for the other two men but the piglin seemed happy with its use. " Well, my kids are probably waiting for me in Kinoko. I'll see you around, yeah?" He smiles brightly to the group, ushering Chat to come along.

" Toms!" Sally called out as he swung the door open.

" Yeah?"

" I gave Chat a flask full of your favourite tea. It's in their inventory." She informed him with a toothy smile.

" Chamomile?" Tommy practically sang happily. " I'll be sure to return the flask."

" Keep it! Chat told me you didn't have one anyway." She laughs as he closes the door behind him after expressing his gratitude. She eyes the room, Tommy certainly tore them a new one, aside from Technoblade of course. Silently, she wishes the hunter good luck.

" This tea is amazing." Tommy muttered as he took a break on the Prime Path, sipping his tea.

Tea time

Pog

Pog

Pog

Pog

Guiltburt

Guiltza

~Shay-ma-mo-lay~

SILENCE HEATHEN

" Hello?" He nearly chokes on his drink before spitting out the rest of the tea in his mouth. " Oh, shit. I'm so sorry." One emotional moment is already pretty exhausting, two is straddling the bar, but three? Three might give him a panic attack. " Are you okay?"

" I'm fine, Sam." He wipes his mouth with his sleeve as yet another grown adult was staring at him like a ghost. While he could probably shift into something similar, he doesn't think it would be an appropriate time.

" Tommy?" Glad they've never forgotten his name. He feels somewhat warm seeing Sam and he couldn't help but give the man a sympathetic gaze as his blue eyes landed on the scar across his eye. The man seemed bewildered for a good moment before he turned his gaze away. It's always overwhelming for first timers, though he never cared how others reacted to his eyes before. Especially since his kids seem to love them. " You look...well."

" I weirdly am." He agrees. " I'm assuming you're on your way to Kinoko?"

" Oh, yeah. Tina called in that some strangers turned up claiming to have a cure and that they were sent by you." Sam explained, the hunter simply nods, showing that those strangers were in fact sent by him.

" They're me kids and Beau, friend of mine." He says as they began walking down the path together. " So, Sammy. How do?"

" I've been better but I think I'm okay." He shrugged. " Just some things on my own."

" Emerald for your thoughts?" Sam chuckled softly.

" It's alright, you wouldn't want to know." He tries to shrug off gently.

" It's Dream, innit?" He guessed quickly and the creeper felt somewhat relieved over the lack of reaction before noticing Tommy was flexing his fingers. Clenching and unclenching his fists. He takes a deep breath, holding it in for a couple seconds and giving a lengthy exhale. " Later. I'll deal with that snake later."

They arrived at Kinoko Kingdom where Tina led them to where the sick reside. The three members of his immediate family were just about administrating the cure to Ant, Bad and Skeppy. Tommy didn't hesitate to instruct Sam for the procedure, to add just a few millimetres worth into their IV bags. Considering the specific nature of the medication, they have to be added drop by drop as to slowly introduce the substance into the body without any rejection. He monitored the creeper as he performed the procedure for Ponk before he himself decided to give the cure to Punz.

Surprisingly, it was the most human among the group to stay conscious. He had eyed Tommy suspiciously with tired eyes glaring and baring his teeth until Purpled reassured him that it would be alright. The effects were immediate, he felt every muscle in his relax for once without even the slightest bit of pain. The growing numbness in his chest was fading and he actually feel his fingers again. Without even realising it, the man starts to drift into peaceful slumber.

Tommy and Beau together administrated the final doses to George and Sapnap, watching as the two slept on with more relaxed expressions. " Thank you." He turns around to find Karl, the man whom was the closest to Father Time at the moment. The time traveler hugs him, allowing the law of Transactions to take place before he pulls away suddenly. He looks to Tommy with wide eyes, mouth hanging agape as the hunter smiled down at him. " How...?" He barely muttered as Tommy prepared to leave.

" What can I say?" Tommy shrugged, glad that the others were busy looking over the improved conditions of the sick. " Prime loves me."

They headed down the path, no one uttering a word or gave any indication where they should go next. For that, Tommy was glad for it. They came to a halt of an old dirt shack, fenced off and a large sign spelled out 'Do Not Enter. Trespassers will be punished.'

At Tommy's first instinct, he took out the Axe of Peace from his inventory and swung down. The rest of his family followed suite, tearing down the fences apart and even knocking over the signs with a few good kicks. Once the fence was gone, they took one look at the old dirt hut and each took out tools from their inventory. Beau and Rosie immediately went wood cutting and sand collecting while Tommy, Shroud and Chat worked on taking down the old build and expanding it further.

They spontaneously decided on the rooms and spaces, making sure there was space for a kitchen, bedrooms, storage, forging and even made preparations for an underground lab. Shroud immediately went mining, using his heightened senses to feel through the stone and minerals to find exactly what he needed. Iron.

The girls soon returned with the wood and other building materials for the job, including her father's beloved cobble. They made quick work of the new house, having already laid out the foundations and divided the work based on their personal rooms and kept in mind of each

other's preferences. Some of the members of SMP had come looking for them but seeing the four of them so focused on their task, smiling and joking as they worked, no one had the heart to ruin their moment.

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Here's the finale!

Finished this while waiting on a train.

While this chapter may seemed a little rushed, it's simply the wrap-up of all things. I didn't have the energy to write any extensive angst and whatever questions you have will be answered in the comment section below.

End notes for some explanations.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading everyone! It's been a wonderful journey!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A year had passed since the hunter Meleager stepped onto the shores of the SMP, a year since a cure was given to the SMP members struck down by an epidemic, a year since Tommy's old dirt house was turned into a proud oak house with a cobblestone sniper tower and an underground lab for testing. A year since a bastion of piglins moved into the L'manberg Crater, carving their homes within the crater's walls, respectfully sectioning off historical sights and living among the members of the SMP.

Tommy dresses in his robes, ready to start his day at the church. He eats breakfast with his family, waves Beau goodbye as she goes off on another adventure in the name of Fortune, kissing her hand before she leaves. Shroud and Rosie dart off as soon as he let them go from his daily hug, eager to Netherite mining with the other kids.

As he walks down the Prime Path, he greets the many residents of the SMP. From Jack who now manages an amusement park he built together with Sam Nook and Niki, Sam and Ponk who were still on their very long honeymoon, Tina and Karl, even Phil and Wilbur as they returned from visiting the Blood God's temple.

His heart ached quietly as he recalls the loss of his beloved brother. The greatest Champion of all, went down fighting as he always did. To what, well it wasn't hard to guess. Wouldn't it?

Sapnap was on an apparent apology date with Quackity at McPuffy's since Karl already took him eating sushi. Schlatt was...singing 'Giga Pudding' with Charlie. How the two came to be close friends, he hasn't a clue. But, he is glad the ram is able to find himself a friend. He guesses Foolish and his kids would still be out at sea. Puffy and Michelle were definitely at McPuffy's earlier and the rest of the kids had gone mining with Fundy lightly supervising.

He recalls Tubbo working on a private project called 'Project : Fireworks' after completely purchasing the entirety of the prison. The funds for such a project are undeniably paid for by Ranboo.

The last question you would probably have in mind would probably be about Dream.

" Hey, Tommy!" Dream waved as he walked past, George whining by his side, complaining about the difference between purple and pink. " They aren't the same, George!"

" They are to me!" He retorts, pointing out at his very obvious colour blindness.

Prime is merciful and as her vessel, so would he at least try to be. He arrives at the holy land, which stood tall and proud as its two builders now found peace.

After a long review of their history, their actions, he comes to see just how broken Dream was as him. The difference being he'd broken himself. With high expectations he'd placed on his server, with giving in to his crippling anxieties and fears that warped his mind. He bargained at Tommy's feet, begged him to listen for once. He recalls the man's disheveled appearance, the tears that streamed down his face as he struggled stay awake.

But what good was the word of a snake that bit itself? Dream knew he'd trapped himself with no way of getting around the rules this time. To be pushed into such a state, the Gods must've been really pissed they'd lost their favourite hunter to Prime herself.

He asked for two things. One, is the freedom from the Vow of Life. He reasoned that the moment night falls, mobs would be crawling all over the place and he would have no way of defending himself. Two, to end the endless cycle of his living Limbo. Every moment he isn't awake, he's tormented by the same fears, the same nightmares. He's terrified. Desperate.

Honestly, it wasn't the kind of thing Tommy had any taste for. Though, one question changed all the stakes.

" What will you give me?"

As a hunter of the Pantheon, he has been rewarded with treasures and riches far beyond what Dream could try to pay him in the same ten years. He still didn't trust Dream, not in the slightest, but he pitied him enough to give him a fair offer.

The first payment is his tongue. He will no longer be able to lie to anyone. With that, the Vow of Life was lifted. The moment it did, Dream struck out with a knife and stabbed Tommy in the stomach.

Whatever relief he felt was short lived as the man gripped his arm and lifted him into the air. He lets him watch helplessly as he consumes the knife, not a single drop of blood on the floor.

" You wish away your nightmare. Shall I replace them?" Tommy grinned wickedly as the skin melted off his skull horrifically before returning them to its former state, the flesh reaching out reattaching itself to his skull.

Dream screamed and begged for another chance.

" And how many more would I have to give you?" His voice had changed, blue eyes glowing softly and a soft knowing smile graced his lips. Flowers grew at his feet, butterflies flutter into the church as he gazes at Dream with a long stare. " How many, Dream?" Prime asked him softly. " Had I not been merciful? Had I not been kind, dear child?" Dream shook his head shakily, unable to grasp how the Goddess of All Creation was now speaking to him through Tommy of all people. " Yet, you've harmed my vessel. Why must you seek to hurt? Can you not have peace?" The man cries now, apologising under his breath as Prime lets him down gently. " Child, for all you've done, I will you a new chance. But first, you must feed the abyss. Pay it forth."

" How?"

" With your knowledge."

Every word from the Revival Book, every page, every memory of it of all those who've laid their eyes upon it, were collected by Prime and fed into the Void, her Vessel upon the mortal realm. All memories of corruption and poisoned perfection cured through the Void's consumption.

So, now stands Father Meleager, head priest, father of two wonderful children, guardian of the server and Prime's Golden Hunter.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy's current shapeshifting abilities all revolve around his void stomach. He becomes whatever he's eaten. Any poison he's eaten, even that of emotion or memory, can now be ingested and cured but the price is always heavy.

Unknowingly, Dream has condemned himself to an afterlife in Limbo, in Tommy's Void.

But what is in the Void now? Does it become full? Does it reflect itself on the world it gazes upon?

Who knows but Prime.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are appreciated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!